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Plays

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OLD PLAYS;

BEING A CONTINUATION OF

DODSLEY'S COLLECTION.

WITH

NOTES,

CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR RODWELL AND MARTIN,

(Successors to Mr. Faulder)

NEW BOND STREET.

1816.

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THE

THRACIAN WONDER:

A

COMICAL HISTORY.

BY

JOHN WEBSTER AND ROWLEY.

THE

THRACIAN WONDER:

A

COMICAL HISTORY.

AS

ACTED BY

JOHN WEBSTER AND ROWLEY.

VOL. VI. L

As the "Vittoria Corombona," and "Dutchess of Malfy" of Webster, were strongly recommended to the notice of the Editor in one of the Reviews, he wishes to state the reasons that have influenced him in prefering for this selection "The Thracian Wonder," a drama certainly inferior to either of them. In doing so he must recal to the recollection of his readers, that when this work was first projected he stated that it was principally intended by it to remedy (in part at least) a grievance very severely felt by the admirers of our ancient dramatists, the difficulty and expense of procuring their works: it was part of the plan therefore, and announced as such, not to reprint any play to be found in Dodsley or Reed, or included in any modern publication whatever: "Vittoria Corumbona," and the "Dutchess of Malfy," (the one to be found in Reed's edition of Dodsley, the other in a later publication which differs but little from it) could not in consequence have been admitted by him without an express violation of his engagement. It would indeed have infinitely abridged his labours to have availed himself of the suggestion of those gentlemen, but he could not have justified himself to the possessors of those works, the majority he conceives of the subscribers to the present.

For the many errors that have, no doubt, escaped his notice in this play the Editor must claim, and conceives himself in some degree entitled to, great indulgence; and he believes it will readily be conceded him when the reader shall be informed that above *two-thirds* of the whole have been restored to verse. It is impossible for any one acquainted with the quarto to deny the propriety of this attempt: the execution is submitted to his candour, and the Editor cannot doubt but that he has sometimes exceeded, and sometimes fallen short of the intention of the poets. The plot is the wildest that can be imagined; and with some distant resemblance to the "Winter's Tale" of Shakspeare, greatly exceeds it in improbabilities of every kind. Its authors most probably followed some story then pretty well known; but it seems entirely to have escaped the notice of Langbaine. To recapitulate the incongruities would be loss of time; and the reader, like the Honest Citizen and his Wife, in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" of Beaumont and Fletcher, (in the instance of the Princess of Cracovia) must be content to hear the parties talk, without inquiring how they came together.

THE

STATIONER TO THE READER.

GENTLEMEN,

IT is now the second time of my appearing in print in this nature: I should not have troubled you, but that I believe you will be as well pleased as myself; I am sure that when I applied myself to buying and reading of books, I was very well satisfied when I could purchase a new play. I have promised you three this term—" A Cure for a Cuckold" was the first; this is the second; and the third, viz. " Gamer Gurton's Needle," is ready for you. I have several others that I intend for you suddenly: I shall not (as some others of my profession have done) promise more than I will perform in a year or two, or it may be never; but I will assure you that I shall never leave printing, so long as you shall continue buying. I have several manuscripts of this nature, written by worthy authors; and I account it much pity they should now lie dormant, and buried in oblivion, since ingenuity is so likely to be encourged by reason of the happy restoration of our liberties. We have had the private stage for some years clouded, and under a tyrannical command, though the public stage of England has produced many monstrous villains, some of

which have deservedly made their *exit*. I believe future ages will not credit the transactions of our late times to be other than a play, or a romance: I am sure in most romantic plays there hath been more probability, than in our true (though sad) stories. Gentlemen, I will not further trouble you at this time; only I shall tell you, that if you please to repair to my shop, I shall furnish you with all the plays that were ever yet printed. I have seven hundred several plays, and most of them several times over, and I intend to increase my store as I sell: and I hope you will, by your frequent buying, encourage

Your servant,

FRANCIS KIRKMAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Pheander, King of Thrace, father to Ariadne.
King of Sicily, father to Radagon.
Alcade, King of Africa, father to Lillia Guida.
Sophos, brother to Pheander.
Radagon, son to the King of Sicily, and husband to Ariadne.
Eusanius, son to Radagon and Ariadne.
Leonardo, a Thracian Lord.
Two Thracian Lords.
Two Sicilian Lords.
Two African Lords.
Antimon, an old shepherd, father to Serena and the Clown.
Tityrus, a merry shepherd.
Palemon, a shepherd, in love with Serena.
The Clown, son to Antimon.
Two Shepherds.
Two Shepherdesses.
A Fisherman.
A Priest.

Pithia, a goddess.
Ariadne, daughter to Pheander, and wife to Radagon.
Lillia Guida, daughter to Alcade.
Serena, a shepherdess, daughter to Antimon.
Chorus and Time.

Soldiers, Shepherds, &c.

THE THRACIAN WONDER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter PHEANDER *with his Sword drawn, two* NOBLEMEN *holding him;* ARIADNE *flying before him with a Child in her Arms.*

1 *Lord.* GOOD my liege!
2 *Lord.* Dear Sovereign!
Phean. Why do you keep the sword of justice back
From cutting off so foul a blasted branch?
2 *Lord.* Oh, let your milder sense censure this fate,
And cast her not away in hate of spleen.
1 *Lord.* Consider, sir, she is your only child,
Your kingdom's heir, your country's future hope,
And she may live——
Phean. To be a strumpet, sir. Do not vex my soul
With extollation of a thing so vile.
Is't possible a lady of her birth
Should stain her royal race with beastly lust,
And mix the blood of kings with a base issue?

(To Ariad.) Was it for this you were so long
mew'd up
Within your private chamber?
Was it for this we gave so strict a charge
To have your tedious sickness look'd unto?
But our example shall be such on thee,
As all the world shall take a warning by.
What man, or devil in the shape of man,
Was he that durst presume for to pollute thee?
Either confess him, or by all our gods,
I'll plague thy body with continual tortures:
That being done, I will devise a death
That time to come shall never pattern it.

Enter RADAGON *with his Sword drawn.*

Rad. There's not the smallest torture while I
live
That shall afflict or touch her tender body.
Phean. What traitor slave [is he] dares interrupt
The passage of our will? Cut him in pieces!
Ariad. Oh! hold your hands: for mercy let
him live,
And twenty pierces * in my bosom give.
Phean. Death! now 'tis probable: I'll lay my
life
This groom is father to the strumpet's brat.

* The quarto reads,

"And twenty *pieces within* my bosom give."

If *pieces* should mean *fire arms*, the reading might stand, although the anachronisms (as the oracle of Delphi is introduced) would be glaring, and the passage very obscure: I think there can be no doubt, however, of the propriety of the alteration.

A guard there! *(Enter a Guard.)* Seize him!
make the slave confess;
And if he will not, kill him instantly.

Rad. Villains, unhand me! I'll reveal the truth:
I will not die in base obscurity.
Pheander, know I am not what I seem,
(An abject groom) but royal as thyself:
My name is Radagon,
Son to thine enemy, Sicilia's king:
This thirteen months I have continued here
In hope for to obtain, what now I have,
My Ariadne's love. 'Tis I am father
To this princely boy, and I'll maintain 't
Even with the utmost hazard of my life.

Phean. Thy life, base lecher?
That is the smallest satisfaction
That thou canst render for thy foul transgression:
And were 't not 'gainst the law of arms and nature,
These hands should sacrifice your guilty souls,
And with your bloods wash the foul stain from off
Our royal house.
As for the brat, his brains shall be dash'd out;
No base remembrance shall be left of him:
I'll have my will effected instantly.

1 *Lord.* Dear sovereign, let pity plead this case,
And natural love reclaim your high displeasure.
The babe is guiltless of the fact committed;
And she is all the children that you have:
Then, for your country's cause, and kingdom's good,
Be pleased to take her to you grace again.

2 *Lord.* Besides, my liege, 'tis known that Radagon
Is by his noble birth a worthy lord,

Princely descended, of a royal stock,
Although not heir apparent to a crown:
Then, since their hearts have sympathiz'd in one,
Confirm with love this happy union.

Phean. This hand shall be his priest * that dares again
Presume to speak for her.
What worse disgrace did ever king sustain,
Than I by this luxurious † couple have?
But you shall see our clemency is such,
That we will mildlier sentence this vile fact,
Than they themselves can look for, or deserve.
Take them asunder, and attend our doom.

Rad. Before you speak, vouchsafe to hear me, sir:
It is not for myself I bend my knee,
Nor will I crave the least forgiveness,
But for your daughter; do but set her free,
And let me feel the worst of tyranny.

Ariad. The like submission do I make for him.

Phean. Stop her mouth!
We never more intend to hear her speak:
I would not have a token of remembrance,
That ever I did bear the name of father.
(To Rad.) For you, lascivious sir, on pain of death
We charge you leave our kingdom instantly:
Two days we limit you for your departure;
Which time expir'd 'tis death to tread upon
Our Thracian bounds. *(To Ariad.)* But, housewife, as for you,

* The allusion is to the sacrifices, in which the victim was slain by the priest.

† It is almost needless to remind the reader, that *luxury*, in our ancient dramas, is the appropriate term for *incontinence*. See note, vol. iii. p. 353.

You with your brat, we'll send afloat the main,
There to be left, never to land again:
And that your copesmate may be sure to lose
The chief content of his desired bliss,
You shall be guarded from our kingdom's confines,
And put to sea, with several winds and tides,
That ye may never more enjoy each other:
She in a small boat, without man or oar,
Shall to the mercy of the waves be left;
He in a pinnace without sail or pilot,
Shall be dragg'd forth some five leagues from the shore,
And there be drench'd in the vast ocean.
You hear your doom, which shall for ever stand irrevocable †.
Make no reply. Go, strumpet, get thee hence;
No sin so vile as disobedience. [*Exit.*

Ariad. A heavy, bitter sentence! when for love
We must be banish'd from our native right.
Had his high rage but suffered me to speak,
I could have [made] my chastity as clear
As is the unspotted lamb of innocence.

1 *Lord.* Alas, good lady!
Now, on my faith, I do believe as much:
I'll back return unto his majesty,
And urge him to recal his heavy doom.

Ariad. Oh, no; I would not for the world, believe me, sir,
Endanger you in such an embassy.
Let him persist; the heavens hath ever sent

† The word "*for ever*," or "*irrevocable*," might be left out, as unnecessary to the sense and destructive of the measure.

A tower of strength to guard the innocent.
Oh, Radagon, we two shall never meet,
Until we tread upon the higher frame.
Farewell, dear love. Poor babe, thy wretched birth
Makes us to part eternally on earth.

[*Exit Ariad. and Guard.*

Rad. My life, my soul, all my felicity,
Is in a trice divided from my sight!
No matter now whate'er becomes of me,
All earthly joys are lost in losing thee. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to another Part of Thrace near the Sea—Enter TITYRUS *and* PALEMON.

Tit. Come, I must know your cause of discontent.

Pal. I know it is your love to urge thus far,
And 'tis my love thus to conceal it from you:
Should I relate my cause of sorrow to you,
And you,
Seeking my remedy, should wound yourself,
Think what a corsive * it would prove to me:
And yet I wonder you conceive it not:
If you consider truly your own state,
You'll find our cause of grief to be alike.

Tit. You have found a pretty way to silence me;
But 'twill not serve, indeed it will not, sir,
Because I know you do dissemble with me.
The strongest allegation that ye have,
Is that you sorrow for a father's death,
And that I know is feigned; for since that time

* "*Corsive,*" *i. e.* corrosive.

Myself have heard you in your roundelays
More frolic far than any of the swains;
And in your pastimes on the holydays
Strive to surpass the activest of us all,
Therefore that cannot serve you for excuse;
And for your flocks, I'm sure they thrive as well
As any shepherd's do upon the plain:
That makes me wonder, and importunate
To know the cause that might procure this sadness.

Pal. Since nothing but the truth will satisfy,
Take 't in a word; brother, I am in love.

Tit. Ha! ha! what's that?

Pal. A god, which many thousands do adore.

Tit. A fable that fond fools give credit to:
I that have been a shepherd all my life,
And ne'er train'd up to school, as thou hast been,
Would scorn to be deluded by a fiction,
A thing that's nothing but inconstancy.
Didst never hear th' invective that I made?

Pal. No, nor desire it now.

Tit. Yes, prithee mark it;
I'll tell thee my opinion now of love.

SONG.

Love is a law, a discord of such force,
That 'twixt our sense and reason makes divorce:
Love's a desire, that to obtain betime,
We lose an age of years pluck'd from our prime;
Love is a thing to which we soon consent,
As soon refuse, but sooner far repent.

Then what must women be, that are the cause
That love hath life? that lovers feel such laws?

They're like the winds upon Lapanthae's shore,
That still are changing: Oh! then love no more.
A woman's love is like that Syrian flow'r,
That buds, and spreads, and withers in an hour.

Enter ANTIMON *and* CLOWN.

Pal. See, Orpheus, you have drawn listeners.
Tit. What, dost make beasts of 'em?
Ant. Come, son, let's make haste to fold up our flocks,
I fear we shall have a foul evening.
Clown. I think so too, father, for there's a strong wind risen in the back door. S'nails! yonder's Mr. Tityrus, the merry shepherd, and the old fool my father would pass by: we'll have a fit of mirth before we part.

[*Runs against Tityrus.*

Tit. Hoise! a God's name, cannot the puppy see?
Clown. Hardly, sir, for he has been troubled with sore eyes this nine days.
Tit. Muscod, come hither: what shall I give thee to put my brother Palemon from his dumps?
Clown. I do not know what you'll give me; but promise what you will, I'm sure to be paid if I meddle with him: he's the strangest humour'd man now of late that e'er I met withal; he was ready to lay his hook o'er my pate t'other morning for giving him the time of the day. But upon one condition I'll venture a knock this once.
Tit. What's your condition?
Clown. Marry, that you would give me a delicate song to court my wench withal; but it must

be a good one, for women are grown so musical now-a-days, they care not a pin for a song unless it be well prick'd.

Tit. Oh, I have one a' purpose: hark, shalt hear it.

SONG.

I care not for these idle toys,
That must be woo'd and pray'd too;
Come, sweet love, let's use the joys
That men and women use to do.

The first man had a woman
Created for his use, you know;
Then never seek so close to keep
A jewel of a price so low.
Delay in love's a ling'ring pain,
That never can be cured;
Unless that love have love again,
'Tis not to be endured.

Clown. But then you shall have her say,

I cannot, nor I dare not,
For fear my mother she do chide.

Tit. Tush! she'll ne'er blame thee to use the game,
Which she herself so oft hath try'd.

Clown. Oh, excellent! this will fit her to hair, i'faith: I'll to him presently.

Tit. So, I'm deliver'd: a fool and a madman are well put together; for none but fools or madmen will love women. [*Exit Tit.*

Clown. How do you, sir?

Pal. What's that to you, sir? [*Strikes him.*

Clown. 'Tis something to me, sir, as I take it.

Pal. You shall have more, sir, if you trouble me.

Clown. You shall not need, sir; this is more than I look'd for. I tell you, sir, my blood begins to rise.

Pal. You might have pass'd by me then, you saw me busy.

Clown. I felt you busy, though I saw you not.

Pal. My mind was busy.

Clown. I minded not that indeed.

Pal. Muscod, come hither: come, we'll sit together.

Clown. Not within the length of your hook, by your leave.

Pal. Come nearer, man; I will not strike, believe me.

I prithee tell me, dost thou love a woman?

Clown. Yes, by this hand do I, two or three.

Pal. Wert thou to choose 'mongst all our Thracian dames,

Who would'st select to make the mistress of?

Clown. Why, I would choose a woman; some body that I like't, I know not who.

Pal. What think'st thou of my mistress? is not she

The fairest shepherdess we have in Thrace?

Clown. The fairest? do you make a doubt of 't? is there any body dares compare with her? Who is your mistress? Let me know that before I praise her any further.

Enter SERENA.

Pal. See where she comes!

Like to Diana in her summer's weed,

Going to sport by Arethusa's fount.

Clown. This is my sister! what an ass was he could not have told me so before, I might have spoke a good word for him: I'm glad she's come, I'll e'en sneak away, and glad I'm so rid of him. [*Exit.*

Pal. Will you still blast me with such coy disdain?
Shall all my services
Be still neglected with disdainful scorn?
Could I dissemble love, make tears my truce-man,
Defile my faith with oaths, that in the utterance
Make the hearers tremble; should I profane,
In seeking to compare, with flattery;
Should I do this, I surely should obtain
What loyal service never can make mine.

Ser. I cannot answer in such eloquence
As you have studied to accost me with,
But in plain terms resolve yourself, I hate you:
Who can do less than hate such impudence,
That having had so many flat denials,
Dares prosecute again his hated suit?

Pal. With low bended knee I do submit myself,
And beg your pardon for presumption:
If my endeavours might deserve your love,
What would Palemon for Serena do!

Ser. If e'er Palemon then have hope to gain
The smallest favour from Serena's love,
He must perform a task I will impose.

Pal. I shall account me bless'd by your employment.

Ser. I will not credit you, unless you take
An oath for the performance.

Pal. By all the gods we Thracians do adore,

I will perform it whatsoe'er it be,
So you'll consent to love me when 'tis done.

Ser. My hand and faith upon't. Now mark my words:
You never shall again renew your suit,
Nor see my face until I send for you,
Unless we chance to meet at unawares;
And meeting so, to turn away your eyes,
And not to speak, as you respect your vow.

Pal. Oh, everlasting labyrinth! Dear love,
Recal this doom, and let me undergo
Herculean labours: 'tis too great a woe
To be debarr'd your sight; rather command me
To rip up this heart, these hands shall do it;
Bar me my food—I'll like the Argive live
In contemplation of my mistress' beauty:
I'll make thee arbours in those shady vallies
Whereas * the snickfail grows, and hyacinth;
The cowslip, primrose, and the violet,
Shall serve to make thee garlands for thy head.

Ser. Nothing shall serve, but what I have prefix'd.

Pal. I'll pluck the moon from forth the starry throne,
And place thee there to light the lower orb;
And if stern Pluto offer to embrace thee,
I'll pitch him headlong into Phlegeton.

Ser. Phœbus defend me! Oh, I fear he's mad.

Pal. Or if thou'lt live, and be the shepherds' queen,

* *Whereas* is here used in the sense of *where*. Stevens has produced many instances of the same kind in a note on the "Second Part of Henry VI."

I'll fetch Senessa from the down of swans
To be thy handmaid: the Phrygian boy,
That Jove so doated on, shall be thy page,
And serve thee on his knee:
Thou shalt be guarded round with jolly swains,
Such as was Luna's love on Latmus' hill:
Thy music shall surpass the Argus' tamer*.
If this content thee not,
I'll dive into the bottom of the deep,
And fetch thee bracelets of the orient pearl:
The treasure of the sea shall all be thine.

Ser. He's stark mad! some power withhold him here,
Until I find some place to shelter me. [*Exit.*

SONG.

Pal. Art thou gone in haste?
I'll not forsake thee;
Run'st thou ne'er so fast,
I'll o'ertake thee:
O'er the dales, o'er the downs,
Through the green meadows,
From the fields through the towns,
To the dim shadows.

All along the plain,
To the low fountains,
Up and down again
From the high mountains;
Echo then, shall again

* The quarto reads, "the Argo's tamer;" and as Orpheus was one of the Argonauts who sailed with Jason, it may possibly allude to him; but I think it more probable that Mercury is meant, who with the music of his pipe lulled Argus asleep, and then cut off his head.

Tell her I follow,
And the floods and the woods,
Carry my holla, holla!
Ce! la! ho! ho! hu!

[*Exit.*

A dumb Show. Thunder and Lightning. Enter ANTIMON *bringing in* ARIADNE *shipwrecked, the* CLOWN *following with the Child: he looks at the Child as if to discover whether it be alive, and wrings the water out of the Clothes: they pass over the Stage. Then enter* RADAGON, *all wet, and appearing to look for shelter:* TITYRUS *enters and seems to question him, puts off his Hat and Coat and puts them on him; so guides him off.* [*Exeunt. Storm ceases.*

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. This storm is o'er:
But now a greater storm is to be feared,
That is your censures of this history.
From cruel shipwreck you have here beheld
The preservation of these banish'd princes:
Who being put to sea in mastless boats,
With several winds, and tides; were driven back
To the same coast that they were banish'd from:
Which understanding, lest they should be known,
They change their names, and habits, and persuade
The silly shepherds they are foreigners:
In several cottages remote from court
These lovers live, thinking each other dead.
The sighs, the tears, the passions that were spent
On either side, we could describe to you;

Enter TIME *with an Hour-glass, sets it down, and exit.*

But Time hath barr'd us. This is all you see
That he hath lent us for our history:
I doubt we hardly shall conclude so soon:
But if you please to like our author's pen,
We'll beguile Time, and turn his glass again.

[*Exit.*

ACT II. Scene I.

Court af Thrace—Groans of dying Men heard within. Enter Two Lords *of Thrace, severally.*

1 *Lord.* Good gods, be merciful!

Within. Oh! oh! oh!

2 *Lord.* Some power defend us from this noisome sickness. Stand! who's that? The wind*!

1 *Lord.* Keep distance then. Oh, my lord, is't you? This is a fearful visitation: the people as they walk drop down in heaps.

Enter Lord Leonardo.

Retire and keep the wind: here comes another.

Leon. Oh, oh! [*Falls dead.*

2 *Lord.* Mercy, he's dead!

1 *Lord.* Who is't?

2 *Lord.* I cannot well discern him; but I think it is the Lord Leonardo; yes, 'tis he.

1 *Lord.* A fearful rest receive him, he was virtuous.

My lord, I would fain exchange some private words with you;

I think you are clear.

* "*The wind!*" *i. e.* do not stand to windward of me lest I catch the infection.

Enter SOPHOS, *the King's Brother, reading a Letter.*

2 *Lord.* Upon my life, I am.
1 *Lord.* Let's walk together then.
Soph. Alas, poor niece! cruel, unnatural father!
A Phalaris, a smiling tyrant,
To use his daughter with such cruelty.
Bless me! I fear I have taken the infection.
1 *Lord.* 'Tis Sophos, the King's brother, come to court.
Soph. I heard some speak; keep off whate'er you be:
Who is't? Pallation? Where's the king my brother?
1 *Lord.* In his bed-chamber.
Soph. Tell him I am here.
1 *Lord.* I shall, my lord. Some there remove the body. [*Exit Lord.*
Soph. No, it shall lie;
Himself shall see in what a state we live.
His daughter's murthered, banish'd I should say,
And the Sicilian prince, both innocent:
* A little infant perish'd, the gods know

* This is a separate speech in the quarto, and has "*Cor. Flor.*" prefixed to it: the same error again occurs in this very act. I have no doubt from this, and innumerable other circumstances, that the play was printed from the theatre copy: this was *originally* a *marginal* direction to remind the prompter to give timely notice of a *flourish of cornets*, as Sophos shortly after exclaims, "Heyda! is this a time for *music?*" The printing from the playhouse copy will in a great degree explain the reason of so much appearing as prose, that was certainly designed for verse. We have the evidence of Colman, that, even in his time, the several characters were copied out for the performers without distinction in this particular.

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1 *Lord.* In his bed-chamber.
Soph. Tell him I am here.
1 *Lord.* I shall, my lord. Some there remove the body. [*Exit Lord.*
Soph. No, it shall lie;
Himself shall see in what a state we live.
His daughter's murthered, banish'd I should say,
And the Sicilian prince, both innocent:
* A little infant perish'd, the gods know

* This is a separate speech in the quarto, and has "*Cor. Flor.*" prefixed to it: the same error again occurs in this very act. I have no doubt from this, and innumerable other circumstances, that the play was printed from the theatre copy: this was *originally* a *marginal* direction to remind the prompter to give timely notice of a *flourish of cornets*, as Sophos shortly after exclaims, "Heyda! is this a time for *music?*" The printing from the playhouse copy will in a great degree explain the reason of so much appearing as prose, that was certainly designed for verse. We have the evidence of Colman, that, even in his time, the several characters were copied out for the performers without distinction in this particular.

As lawfully begot as he or I.
Nay, never stare, 'tis true: the gods
Are not displeased without cause.

[*Cornets flourish.*

Heyda! is this a time for music?
And so it is indeed; for every one
Is ready to kick up his heels.

Within. Oh! oh! oh! Ah, marry, sir, here's music fits the time.

Enter PHEANDER *in his Gown and Cap, and* 1*st* LORD.

Phean. What horrid shrieks and clamours fill our ears!
Are groans fit music for a prince's court?

Soph. 'Tis music fit for princes that delight
In devilish dances. Look, sir, behold!
Here's one hath danc'd himself quite out of breath;
Here's good Leonardo gone; your daughter's dead,
(Poor niece, with tears I speak it), and your land
Infected with a plague incurable:
Your court——
And 'twas not wont to be the court disease;
What should occasion this but——
Would I durst speak what I suspect! Suspect said I?
Nay, what is truth, for that's beyond suspicion.
Read that, then guess the cause of our inflictions.

[*Offers him a letter.*

Phean. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
This was a subtle, and [a] shrew'd device
To shadow treachery; was it not, my lords?
Having wrapp'd treason in a poison'd paper,
Delivers it to us to take the infection.

Soph. By the bless'd sun 'tis false! I am no traitor;
As loyal as the truest subject here;
Yet there is poison in't, of power and strength
To make a father's heart to swell and burst
At the recital of such tyranny.
Thy daughter's chaste, a royal spotless princess;
She here doth vow, and call the gods to witness,
She ne'er admitted him unto her bed,
Until the nuptial rites were celebrate;
Yet, tyrant like, thou puts her unto sea,
Not suffering her to plead her innocence,
Where she and her poor babe did suffer death.

Phean. Dissembling hypocrite! art not asham'd
To lay such shallow baits to catch a crown?
Observe what a discover'd way he treads,
Thinking her dead,
(Which all you know she justly merited);
Has forged this letter
To turn your [faithful] hearts with seeming pity
To dispossess us, and be king himself:
But you, whose hearts have ever yet been loyal,
Know how to censure of such treachery,
With true discretion. Pray ye use him kindly;
Let him not feel too many cruel tortures;
He is our brother; though he have transgress'd
The law of gods and nature, we are loath
To punish with too much severity.

Soph. Ha! ha! ha! Now give me leave to laugh.
Devouring crocodile, dost think I fear to die?
Let death fright those that fear to die for ever:
Let me behold him in his ugliest shape,
He's then most lovely;
If I did fear, I'd ne'er have uttered this;

It was to clear thy daughter's innocence,
And blaze thy infamy unto the world;
For this I did it; if for this I die,
I die for truth, live with eternity.

Phean. Take him aside until we call for him.

Soph. Do not touch me, slaves, I scorn to run.

[*Exit Guard with Sophos.*

Phean. Your counsel, Lords, what we [had] best to do;
You see his guilt apparently appears:
We dare not call a public consultation
For fear of the infection: unto you
We will refer the manner of his death.
Here seat yourselves, and every man set down
His several censure; which when we survey,
We'll give our sentence, either life or death.

[*Exit.*

[*They seat themselves at a table severally, and fall to writing.*

Enter a SICILIAN LORD.

Sicil. L. I think this be the land of Golgotha,
Inhabited by none but by the dead,
Except some airy shadows, and they're silent:
The streets are strewed with breathless carcases,
As 'twas in Rome when Marius Sylla warred.
All that do see me shun me like the plague,
And shut their doors: sure I am not infectious.
Entering the court, the guard stood gazing at me,
And gave me free access into the palace,
Without demanding whence, or what I came for:
The strangeness of their looks and fearful actions,
Makes me imagine that I am transformed.
Would I could meet but with a water-spring,

To see if I retain my wonted shape!
This should be near the presence;—what are
these?
They should be lawyers; they're not dumb, I'm
sure.

1 *Lord.* What's he?

2 *Lord.* Some stranger.

3 *Lord.* How came he in the guard?

Sicil. L. They speak, I'll try if they can hear.

1 *Lord.* Keep back: who are you?
The cause of your approach so near the king?

Sicil. L. Your outsides speak you noble.
Know, my lords,
The cause of my arrival in this land,
Is in the search of princely Radagon,
Now son and heir to the Sicilian King;
If ever you did hear of such a prince,
Let not fore-passed hate extinguish him,
But glad an aged father with a son,
Who now is all the children he hath left.
They shake their heads and weep: Good gods,
I fear
They've ta'en away his life by tyranny.

Enter PHEANDER *dressed.*

Phean. What stranger's that? What makes him
in our court?
What, are you dumb? Why do you not resolve us?

1 *Lord.* He is a subject to Sicilia's king,
And comes in search of banish'd Radagon.

Sicil. L. How! banish'd?

Phean. Ay, sir, banish'd:
And 'twas too mild a satisfaction

For the base wrongs that I sustained by him:
In a small boat, hopeless of help or life,
He was put forth to sea by our command.
This you may tell your king; and so be gone.

Sicil. L. You could not [sure] be so unmerciful,
To use a virtuous prince so cruelly;
You durst not so transgress the law of kings,
To murther him, although your enemy.
I know no cause of his did merit it,
But the stern hate of ancient enmity.

Phean. How dare you, sir, capitulate the cause?
Go bid your master come himself to know,
And then perchance we may resolve it him.

Sicil. L. Be sure he will, thou cruel homicide,
And ask the cause in such a thund'ring language,
Will make both thee, and all that hear it, tremble.
[*Exit.*

Phean. We'll answer him as loud, sir, fear it not.
But to our first affairs: what is your censure?
Is life or death the sentence we must give?

1 *Lord.* Mine is his life, my liege.

2 *Lord.* And so is mine.

3 *Lord.* Mine is his life, but not his liberty.

Phean. Why not his death as well? His fact is treason.

1 *Lord.* Suspected, but not proved; therefore 'tis fit
He should be kept close prisoner, till we hear
How the rude multitude do stand affected,
For he was deeply seated in their hearts.

Phean. We are resolved, let him be straight brought forth;
We'll use him with what clemency we may:

I know the gods, whom kings should imitate,
Have plac'd us here to rule, not overthrow:

Enter SOPHOS.

Justice shall hand in hand with mercy go.
(To Soph.) We spake before a king, but now a brother;
If you will yet confess your guilt, and cause
That moved you first unto this forgery,
We may perhaps forgive you; otherwise
There is no other favour but to die.

Soph. Ha, ha, ha! To die!
I do not think I shall be made so happy,
For death's the honest man's felicity:
There is no favour that I crave but death;
In living here I shall more torments find;
But being dead, there ends my misery.

Phean. If you will yet confess, we will have mercy.

Soph. Mercy! on whom? for what? You are deceiv'd,
It is a thing not in thy power to give.
Mercy's immortal, and to humane eyes
Is never seen till fleshly passion dies.

Phean. It seems then, sir, you do desire to die?

Soph. With full consent;
For life's a loathsome vale of misery.

Phean. In which thou still shalt live: thy life we give,
But doom thee to perpetual banishment:
We limit you no time; therefore dispatch.
See that he instantly depart the court.

Soph. Dost think I'll stay? By all our gods,
Thy crown and kingdom shall not hire me to't!

Tyrant, farewell; if e'er I do return,
Cities that now stand, shall be heaps of stone.

[*Exit.*

Phean. This foggy cloud dispers'd, I hold it fit
Some post to Delphos to the oracle,
To know what shall ensue these thunder-claps
That threaten such destruction: we ourselves,
Will see you furnish'd for the offering.
Whom shall we send? Cleanthes? No. You two
Prepare for your departure presently.
What though he was our brother? 'Tis not fit
Mistrustful men should live within our court:
What is't to be a king and stand in awe?
Those that intreat, and may command with fear,
Are fitter to climb up than tarry here.

[*Flourish of trumpets. Exeunt.*

Scene changes to another Part of Thrace—Enter TITYRUS *and* RADAGON *severally.*

Tit. Stirring so early, partner? Then I see
You'll prove a wealthy shepherd: watchfulness
Is the chief star within our calendar:
'Twere vain to ask you how you affect this life,
Your forwardness expresses that you like it.

Rad. Who can dislike a peaceful happiness?
Methinks I never proved a sweeter happiness:
In every corner here, content sits smiling:
The mountain tops I make my morning walks,
The evening shades my recreation;
And when night's queen puts on her gorgeous robe,
I take delight to gaze upon the stars,
In which, methinks, I read philosophy;
And by the astronomical aspects

I search out nature's secrets; the chief means
For the preventing my lambs' prejudice.
I tell you, sir, I find in being a shepherd,
What many kings want in their royalties.

Tit. I joy in your content; yet wonder, sir,
You do frequent such melancholy walks:
I have observ'd your passions many times,
And seen you sit, sole companied with thought,
As if your passions were your comforters:
I fear some foolish female has entrapp'd you.

Rad. Not any, sir, believe it; that's a thing
I thank my stars I ne'er did estimate.
Love, that imparadiseth some, to me
Is hell itself, if hell on earth there be.

Tit. Bless'd be the hour that e'er I met with thee!
Not love a woman? have I a second self?
Oh, happy, happy man! not love a woman?

Rad. I do not yet, assure you.

Tit. Nor ever do, if you do love yourself:
Of all things in the world take heed of 'em.
I have a brother mad (forsooth) for love.
But that I had a mother, I could wish,
That there were no such things as women are.
We shall have such a hoyting* here anon,
You'll wonder at it. 'Tis Pan's holyday,
The chiefest festival the shepherds keep;
'Tis held upon this green.

* "*Hoyting*," idle and noisy mirth. Mrs. Merrythought says of her husband, in the "Knight of the Burning Pestle" of Beaumont and Fletcher, "He sings, and *hoits*, and revels among his drunken companions." And in the "Jovial Crew" of Brome, Amie says, of the "rude music, laughing, singing," &c. of the beggars, "Here's a wedding with a witness, and a holyday with a *hoigh*."

Rad. I thought as much; belike then that's the cause
This place is so bedeck'd and strewed with flowers.
Tit. The very same. *(Music.)* They come; observe the custom.

Enter ANTIMON, *and another old* SHEPHERD; *after them two* SHEPHERDS *dressed for dancing; then the* CLOWN *with Garlands upon his Hook, himself dressed with Ribands and Scarfs; then* ARIADNE, *the Princess, like a Shepherdess, with* SERENA, *and two other* SHEPHERDESSES, *also dressed for dancing. Music ceases.*

Ant. Tityrus, well met! you are the welcom'st man
I see to-day: the wenches were afraid
You'd not have come, and then our roundelays
Had all been spoiled.
Tit. Sir, you may thank this man:
Pray bid him welcome, he's a stranger here.
Ant. What countryman?
Rad. Sicilia gave me life,
On whose fair promontaries I have liv'd
This many years, till covet to see change,
Brought me to Thrace, which I affect so well,
I would continue.
1 *Shep.* And welcome.
2 *Shep.* Welcome.
Clown. You're very heartily welcome.
Ant. Son, set down thy hook, and shake it lustily *;
Win me the garland, and I promise thee

* "*Shake it*," *i. e.* dance.

I'll give thee two fat wethers to make merry.
Oh, when I was a young man, I'd ha' tickl'd it.

Clown. I warrant ye, father, for the cast of the leg,
The standing caper, or the placket jump,
Let me alone, I'll firk 'em up, i'faith.

1 *Shep.* *(To Rad.)* Sir, you'll make one? Nay, no excuse shall serve;
We know you can, and will not be denied.

Rad. I shall but shame our countrymen. Will you?

Tit. Who, I? An 'twere not to observe the ceremony,
They should not have me here. I must do somewhat.

Ant. Come, you're well match'd; strike music and begin;
We two will sit as judges.

[*The Shepherds and Shepherdesses dance; Ariadne dances with Radagon. Dance ends. Soft music. The men all pass by the two old Shepherds bowing low as they pass, Radagon the last; as he bows the old Shepherds put the crown upon his head; he offers to refuse it—they put it on him, and set him between them.*

Ant. Nay, you must not refuse it; 'tis deserved;
You have it with a general consent;
This shall confirm it.

[*The rest of the Shepherds pass by him with obeisance.*

1 *Shep.* And this.

2 *Shep.* And this.
Rad. I thank you.

[*Music again. The Shepherdesses come to Ariadne, and making low courtesies to her, crown her their Queen: they then lead her to Radagon as their King—she and they courtesy to him, he rises and kisses Ariadne. Music ceases.*

Ant. Come, spread the cloth, and bring away the meat:
So, so, sit down. Daughter, attend the queen;
It may be thy turn next.

Enter CLOWN *with a Table-cloth, he and* ANTIMON *spread it ridiculously on the Ground; they all sit down.*

That's a good boy.

[*Music. Dishes of apples, nuts, and cheese-cakes.*

Enter TITYRUS, *like old Janus, with a Coat Girt to him, a white Beard and Hair; a Hatchet in one Hand, and a Bowl in the other He sings.*

Now does jolly Janus greet your merriment;
For since the world's creation,
I never changed my fashion;
'Tis good enough to fence the cold:
My hatchet serves to cut my firing yearly,
My bowl preserves the juice of grape and barley:
Fire, wine, and strong beer, makes me live so long here,
To give the merry new year a welcome in.

All the potent powers of plenty wait upon
You that intend to be frolic to-day:
To Bacchus I commend ye, and Ceres eke attend ye,
To keep encroaching cares away.
That Boreas' blasts may never blow to harm you;
Nor Hiems' frosts, but give you cause to warm you:
Old father Janevere, drinks a health to all here,
To give the merry new year a welcome in.

Ariad. Good Janevere, depart: another time
We'll bid thee welcome as befits thy years;
But now our flocks are young, and should they feel
But the smallest breath from thee sent in a storm,
They would go near to perish: prithee leave us.

Tit. Since you desire my absence,
I will depart this green;
Tho' loath to leave the presence
Of such a lovely queen;
Whose beauty like the sun,
Melts all my frost away;
And now instead of winter,
Behold a youthful May.
[*Pulls off his disguise.*

Omnes. Tityrus? Welcome.

Enter PALEMON.

Pal. I come, I come, I come!
[*Manent Clown and Pal.*
Clown. I go, I go, I go! [*Climbs up a tree.*
Ser. Oh, hide me from him.
[*Exeunt all but Pal. and Clown.*
Pal. Puff, they're blown away with a whirlwind:
Thanks, gentle Eolus! thou'st left my love
Upon a lofty pine.
Clown. Yes, I shall pine, for I'm like to get no victuals whilst he is here.

Pal. That's not her voice: no, now I see her plain,
'Tis an owl in an ivy-bush.

Clown. I'm glad he takes me for an owl: now if I could but cry like one—tu-whit, to-who.

Pal. Oh, 'tis my love! she says I come to woo;
'Tis true:
Come down, dear love; or stay, I come to thee.

Clown. No, no, no! I come, I come down to thee. He'll break my neck, if he get up once.

[*Comes down.*

Pal. Alas! poor heart, how pale and black she looks;
I think she's almost starv'd: she's black i' th' mouth!
See, here's a banquet: come, sit down, my love.

Clown. I'm glad o' this, we shall feed again.

Pal. Yet stay: now I remember,
Those that are kept from victuals a long time,
Must not be cloyed too much for fear they surfeit.

Clown. I warrant you, my love, I will not feed.

Pal. No, do not feed.

Clown. Yes, yes, a little.

Pal. No, 'tis dangerous; we'll first to sea,
And purge the blood that dims thy rosy cheeks.

Clown. Let's fill our bellies, and we shall purge the better.

Pal. It is not good to purge on a full stomach.
Come, we'll embark us in this hollow tree,
And sail to Jericho. Music, shall we dance?

[*Wild and irregular music.*

Clown. Ay, ay, we'll dance to Jericho.

[*They dance off the stage like madmen.*

Scene Delphi. Temple of Apollo. A Table is set out with Tapers: solemn Music. Enter a PRIEST *and two* THRACIAN LORDS: *whilst the Music is playing the* PRIEST *performs certain Ceremonies; after that the Music ceases, and he speaks.*

Priest. Know, sacred goddess, these are sent
From fertile Thrace, whose discontent
By noisome sickness is increas'd:
But how, or when it shall be ceas'd,
Their King Pheander craves resolve;
The reason of his country's grief,
And when they shall regain relief?

[*Pithia speaks from above, behind the curtains.*

Pith. The ireful gods with full consent,
Have plagu'd the Thracian continent;
Their court and country woe shall sing,
For the transgression of their king;
Who, 'gainst all right and piety,
Hath quite expel'd pure chastity:
But for the time when plagues shall end,
This schedule to the king I send;
Wherein at large is full express'd
When all your woe shall be redress'd.

[*Throws down a paper.*

Priest. (Reads.) Content shall keep in town and field,
When Neptune from his waves shall yield
A Thracian Wonder; and as when
It shall be prov'd 'mongst Thracian men,

That lambs have lions to their guides,
And seas have neither ebbs nor tides;
Then shall a shepherd from the plain,
Restore your health and crown again.
The oracle pronounces still obscure;
But what is writ, is truth most sure:
Though ne'er so hard to you it seem,
Time will make clear what you misdeem. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* But we that time shall never live to see.
What Thracian Wonder can the sea-waves yield?
Lambs ne'er will have stern lions for their guide:
Or when will seas leave off their ebbs and tides?

2 *Lord.* Never, oh, never!

1 *Lord.* Then ne'er shall Thrace be bless'd.
But we will bear this problem to the king,
And let him know that for his tyranny,
His subjects suffer this calamity. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Coast of Thrace—Enter ANTIMON *and* ARIADNE.

Ant. Minion, take heed; turn not my proffered love,
By peevishness and folly to disdain; for if thou dost—

Ariad. You'll turn me out of all;
I know it is the sequel of your words,
Which I, unhappy wretch, must undergo:
Were every lamb increas'd unto a flock,
And every flock to thousands multiplied,
I must not love you.

Ant. You must not?

Ariad. And worse,
I must for ever hate you if you name
But love again; I must ungrateful be

For all the courtesies you have bestowed.
Love, or the thought of it, to me,
Is like the talon of a soaring hawk
Striking a silly dove, it murthers me.

Ant. So, you are sensible of your own grief,
But no other pity; I am wounded too,
But you feel it not.

Ariad. Where are you wounded, sir?

Ant. Even at the heart: I'm wounded for thy love.

Ariad. If I could see it bleed, I should believe 't.

Ant. You would; I thank you heartily for that.

Ariad. Sure, sir, I think you would not fear a wound:
Cold and decaying nature has made you
Strike free; you have no blood to die with;
You're now buried in your skin's sear-cloth;
And would you warm that monumental robe
At love's fire in your grave?

Ant. Scorn'd and abus'd? 'tis long of Menalcas.
Go! with *that hand* preserved thee from the wrack
Of the devouring billows, that ravenous
And merciless assembly of salt drops,
That *charitable hand*, that long hath been
The tender foster-father to thy wants;
With *that hand* now I turn thee off: turn thou
Thy face no more to any house of mine;
I'll burn them all ere they shall cover thee.
Thou wert my joy, but this thy scornful spite,
Has made me hate where I took most delight.

[*Exit.*

Ariad. My sweet Eusanius! It is his loss
Makes me unfortunate; that weighty grief
Followed by mercies, yet wert thou the chief;

Where'er thou art, Fate in spite send me hither,
Though in the arms of death we meet together.

Enter TITYRUS; *he sings.*

I loved a lass, (alas! my folly),
Was full of her coy disdaining;
I courted her thus: *what shall I, sweet Dolly,*
Do for thy dear love's obtaining?
At length I did dally so long with my Dolly,
That Dolly, for all her faining,
Had got such a mountain above her valley,
That Dolly came home complaining.

Ariad. Oh, misery, misery! which way should I turn from thee?

Tit. Ha! there's a foolish lover, upon my life; a female heigho, i'faith. Alas, poor heart, why dost thou sit dejected? pretty soul, he is a hard-hearted stubborn clown, I warrant him, whate'er he is; but I hold him the wiser man for't though: will he not do, filthy churl as he is? Poor heart, would I had a heart could pity thee.

Ariad. Whate'er you are, sir,
My miseries have not deserved your scorn.
I do beseech you leave me with my sorrows,
For I desire no other company.

Tit. Ha! a good face, i'faith, a special good face! fine babies in her eyes; those lips speak now methinks, and say, *Come kiss me.* How now, Tityrus! the singing satire against all women, the madrigal-maker against good faces, beauty's despiser, are you in contemplation now? I must not turn my tale sure from shepherds' roundelays to epithalamiums, and sonnets, and Io's and

heighos: this were odd if I should; and yet, by my troth, I think I must for ought I can perceive: that thievish god Cupid, that useth to steal hearts, affections, and sighs out of mens' bosoms, is now crept into mine, and spite of my proud heart makes me confess, that

Love's a lovely lad,
  His bringing-up is beauty;
Who loves him not is mad,
  For I must pay him duty;
    Now I'm sad.

Hail to those sweet eyes,
  That shine celestial wonder;
From thence do flames arise,
  Burn my poor heart asunder;
    Now it fries.

Ariad. Sir, you are rustic, and no generous spirit
To make calamity your merry theme.
Beseech you leave me.

Tit. Cupid sets a crown
  Upon those lovely tresses;
Oh, spoil not with a frown,
  What he so sweetly dresses:
    I'll sit down.

Ariad. You'll force me then to rise, and fly your folly:
Yet why should you have power to banish me
From this free spreading air, that I may claim
For mine as well as yours? But 'tis no matter,
Take this place to ye; where'er you force me go,
I shall keep still my sad companion, woe.

Tit. Nay, then have at you in prose, if metre

be no metre for you: you must not leave me thus; and as even till this hour I hated women, and therefore must needs be the honester man, I will not stay you for any ill, by my hook and troth la. And now do not I know what to say to you neither; but you have a good face, white neck, a dainty cheek, soft hand, and I love you: if my nurse had ever taught me better language, I could afford it you.

Ariad. That very word will feather my slow feet,
And make me fly from you. I hate all love!
And am in love with nought but hate and scorn,
Sorrows and griefs; I am exposed to them,
Turned from a charity that fed me once,
To naked poverty; thrust into the mouth
Of Fortune's battery, to stand all malice
That she can shoot at mortal.

Tit. What heart could be so cruel? hand so ungentle?

Ariad. Old Antimon's; till this hour courteous,
Now most unkind and spiteful.

Tit. Why then, have Love and Hate mistaken their quivers to-day? He that was courteous to women is now turn'd unkind, and I that ever hated am struck most pitifully in love with 'em. Here, take all the store I have to defend thee from common necessities, to feed and lodge: *(Gives her money.)* I will be thus bountiful though I never have better of thee while I live; and I am sorry I am no better furnish'd: if thou remainest in these fields, I'll lend thee enough to stock thee with a flock, and give thee day enough for payment too. He that should have said I would have been thus bountiful to-day morning, I would

have said by this time he had been a witch. Fare thee well! I have some strange meditations that I desire to be alone myself now; some of 'em must out again howsoever. [*Sings.*

Whither shall I go
To escape away from folly?
For now there's love I know,
Or else 'tis melancholy:
Heigh, heigho!

Yonder lies the snow,
But my heart cannot melt it:
Love shoots from his bow,
And my poor heart hath felt it:
Heigh, heigho.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter PHEANDER *with the two* LORDS *from the Oracle.*

Phean. What news from Delphos? what says the oracle?
Wherefore is Thrace thus pestered with these plagues?

1 *Lord.* My liege, we have perform'd your dread command;
Yet not command so much, as our desire
Did make our tedious travel to seem short,
Until we heard Apollo's ireful doom;
But then——

Phean. What then? Nay, quick; go on I say;
We long to hear the oracle's decree.

1 *Lord.* Having pronounc'd, the gods were all displeased
With woeful Thrace; she said our sorrow's spring
Was caused by the transgressions of our king,
Who, 'gainst the law of equity and right,
Had from his sight abandon'd chastity:
But for the time when plagues and woes shall end,
Deliver this unto your Thracian king:
[*Delivers a paper to him.*
Till this be full accomplish'd, 'tis in vain
Ever to hope, or seek redress again.

Phean. (Reads.) Content shall keep in town and field,
When Neptune from his waves, &c.

Pish! these moral mysteries are incredulous,
Nor can they contradict the will of kings:
Comets portend at first blaze, but take effect
Within the bosom of the destinies;
So oracles at Delphos though foretold,
Are shap'd and finish'd in your council-house:
And yet I charge you both upon your lives,
Let not the commons understand so much,
Lest several censures raise a mutiny:
'Tis death to show a discontented brow,
But smooth your over-burthen'd grief with smiles:
There's no disaster that afflicts a clime,
But it contains some limitation.
Let's wait the time, and with domestic care
Strive to maintain those honours we have won.
[*A cry within of arm! arm!*
Let's stand upon our guard, I fear some treason.

Enter a FISHERMAN.

Speak, villain, quickly, what means this noise?

Fish. My duty, mighty king, made me presume
To press thus boldly to your highness' presence,
To bid you make prevention 'gainst your foes:
They are in number numberless to tell;
And, as I guess, are of Sicilia.
[*Trumpet sounds.*

Phean. What trumpet's this? is it our enemy?

Enter a SICILIAN LORD.

2 *Lord.* One from the enemy.

Phean. Quickly the news, that we may give an answer.

Sicil. L. My royal master, the Sicilian King—

Phean. We know your message, sir, in that one word:
In naming him we understand the cause.

Sicil. L. Desires to parley with your majesty.

Phean. We'll parley in no language but in steel:
This shall maintain the justice I have done
Against my daughter, and base Radagon;
Whose hateful name when I but think upon,
Adds vigour to my heart to take revenge.
Begone, and tell your king, for his presumption,
We'll lash him from our land with iron rods,
And drag him at our stirrup through the streets.

Sicil. L. Prepare for battle when this answer's known. [*Exit.*

Phean. We'll meet him in the midway: say we come.

1 *Lord.* Your grace were better parley with the foe,
And take a truce, my liege, for certain days:
Let your pretence be search of Radagon,
Which proposition they'll consent unto:
Then have we time to fortify our land,
And muster stronger powers to make resistance;
For, as we are,
We're but a handful to a multitude.

Phean. Were they ten times as many, and we fewer,
They should not rest one night within our bounds,
Till I have sated my revenge in blood:
Have we so many foreign conquests won,
And shall we fear a broil in our own land?
Our powers shall march and issue forth the towns,
Armies shall grapple, and the earth shall groan,
To bear the burthen of war's horror.

Come, let's on; base fear 's the brand of slaves;
They that die nobly, shall have honour'd graves.
[*Exeunt.*

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter the KING *of* SICILY, *with two* LORDS, *Captains, Soldiers, Drums, &c. &c.*

K. Sicil. Did he receive our message with such scorn?

1 *Sicil. L.* With such a barbarous and proud disdain,
He scarce would suffer me to utter it;
But bid me back return, and tell your grace
He'd lash you from his land with whips of steel,
And when he had ta'en you prisoner, hand to hand,
He'd drag you at his stirrups through the streets.

K. Sicil. I'm glad they are so valiant. Then they come?

1 *Sicil. L.* The voice of *arm, arm!* hurried through the court
As swift as lightning, and their clattering arms
Put on in haste, made such a horrid noise,
As if a voice had issued from the clouds,
And all the way pursued me:
Methinks my ears still tingle with the sound.

K. Sicil. Courage, Sicilians! let this be your honour,
They are no cowards that you fight withal;
For they have been approved in foreign lands.

2 *Sicil. L.* Let them be what they will, we stand prepared;
If they be bold, we are as resolute;
If valiant, we undaunted and resolved.

Let it be seen which of our swords this day,
Carves deepest wounds upon the breast of Thrace.

1 *Sicil. L.* In equal balance since our fortunes lie,
Let each man strive to conquer; vanquish'd, die.

K. Sicil. I like your forward spirits, and commend 'em:
In all our troops I cannot spy a man
Whom I mislike or dread; and for my part,
As you have seen a burning taper fall,
And burn most bright when it begins to fade,
So shall you see me in declining age.
Methinks I cannot hear their drums to thunder,
Nor their hoarse brazen pipes breathe forth a sound,
To publish their defiance.

[*Soft and plaintive music.*

1 *Sicil. L.* Does not that echo issue from the town?

K. Sicil. These are no braving tones.

Sicil. L. Yet nearer, nearer still.

K. Sicil. Beat up our drums, and drown their hornet's sound.

Enter the KING *of* THRACE *and* LORDS, *his Drum unbraced, Ensigns folded up, himself in a Palmer's Gown, Hat, and Staff.*

K. Sicil. How now, what are these?

1 *Sicil. L.* Mummers, my lord, I think.

Set down your drums! we'll play for all your crowns;
I'm sure you know me, you have too much cause.

Phean. Behold, great sir, my ensigns folded up,
My drums unbrac'd, and all those instruments
That should encourage war quite put to silence;

There's not a hand in all our warlike host
That's armed for opposition or defence.

2 *Sicil. L.* Is this the man would lash us from his land
With whips of steel?

K. Sicil. Where are the horses, to whose curled tails
We must be bound, and dragg'd along the streets?

1 *Lord.* Can you, my lord, bear these injurious brands?
This would put life in statues carv'd with hands,
Much more encourage cowards: we that late
Persuaded you to peace, upon our knees
Entreat you to command your ensigns wave,
And by our ancient honours, which our foes
Cannot without a blushing cheek deny,
We'll make 'em know they do defy their victors.

Phean. He forfeits his allegiance that again
Presumes to motion war:
I wish my sorrows shadows; but, alas!
They are too real, too essential:
They dwell not in the face and outward brow,
But have their habitation here within;
Where they torment me and shall ever,
Till I behold Sicilia's son secured,
And my fair daughter fast closed in my arms;
Those two poor innocent, and spotless souls,
Whom my remorseless rage and tyranny
Hath sold to all afflictions.

K. Sicil. Speak, Pheander;
Are not those passions merely counterfeit?
Do they proceed from fear and cowardice,
That thus thou fold'st thy warlike ensigns up,
And without stroke of battle giv'st the day;

Or, which I rather deem, from policy,
And Machiavelian cunning?
Phean. Neither, prince;
But mere repentance for my late misdeed;
Which is so heinous in the eyes of heaven,
It seems beyond their pardon: therefore now,
In expiation of that horrid act,
And to inflict due penance on myself,
(All regal ornaments of state put off,
Awe, and command that wait on majesty),
I henceforth vow a lasting pilgrimage,
Either to bring the prince, thy son, alive,
And tender him to safety in thine arms,
(Withal with her fair beauty) in rich Thrace
Robb'd of so rare a jewel; or, if dead,
End the remainder of my afflicted hours
In exile, and forsaken solitude,
In desarts scarce discovered.
K. Sicil. A sad vow!
Phean. To make which good to thee, Sicilia's king,
In part of recompense to thy great wrongs,
I here resign all state and empire up,
My crown, my sceptre, and majestic orb,
Until the truce prefixed be quite expired:
And charge you all, on your allegiance, lords,
That you the faith and homage sworn to me,
Pay to this king in all just loyalty.
This pilgrim's weed be now my robe of state,
No other gay trim will Pheander wear;
My sword (the sword of justice borne before)
Is now no better than a palmer's staff,
By which I will do justice on myself
In humble penance; and instead of gold

And cups of hollowed pearl, in which I us'd
To quaff deep healths of rich pomegranate wine,
This scallop shall be now my drinking cup
To sip cold water: I am now, Sicilia,
A man reformed; for, lo! I die to state,
Live only to devotion. Lords, adieu!
These are my arms yon kingdom to pursue.
[*Exit.*

K. Sicil. I hear your prince's mind, and hope his vows
Are out of his mere zeal and penitence,
Which I accept: will you accord with him,
And promise your true fealties to us?

1 *Lord.* As we to him were, we are now to you,
As loyal and as faithful; 'twas his pleasure,
And we submit to both, acknowledging
His wrongs to you, and (take them at the best)
Far above all forgiveness.

2 *Lord.* You cannot boast of any conquest won,
To gain a kingdom, and lose such a son.

K. Sicil. This to us is a full satisfaction,
And we know how to requite your gratitude:
The regency, by him assigned to us,
We in our bounty resign to you;
Be your own lords, excepting still the fealty
Due to your sovereign at his back return;
In whose forc'd absence should you use our aid,
We shall be your protector.

Thrac. Lords. Noble in all his acts* is Sicily.

K. Sicil. Billet our soldiers in such neighbouring towns,
Where victual and best harbour may be had;

* The quarto reads, "*arts.*"

Withal proclaim not the least violence
Be done to any Thracian; they are ours now,
Though under your command.
Here was a happy war, fought without blows,
Yet no dishonour in't: he that endures
Such war within, can be no coward sure.
In all designs, this still must be confess'd,
He that himself subdues, conquers the best.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter the King *of* Africa, Sophos, Lillia Guida, Eusanius, Moors, *and* Guard.

K. Afr. Where's Sophos?
Soph. Here, my lord.
K. Afr. Has our command
Been well effected that we gave in charge?
Soph. Great king, it has.
K. Afr. Our purse, and people, are at thy disposе:
Levy * an army of the stoutest men
Afric affords; we love thee, thou art honest.
In Africa, the Moors are only known,
And never yet search'd part of Christendom;
Nor do we levy arms 'gainst their religion,
But like a prince, and royal justicer,
To patron right, and supplant tyranny:
We are in this as gods, and in like care
Should punish ignomy, and virtue spare.

* The quarto reads, "*leave.*"

Eus. They gave a partial measure that subscribed
Afric within so small and strict a limit,
Making great Europe boundless. Royal sir,
Give me but leave
To go with Sophos to the Thracian wars,
That I may speak your fame unto the world,
And where you are but heard of, make you famous.
If ever fame, or valour, crown my youth
With the least honours, all my services
I'll dedicate to you and my fair mistress,
[The] wonder of her sex; whose beauty shines
Like to a star amongst so many clouds
Of her own nation: Lillia Guida's name
[From thence] shall be as much in Christendom,
As Greekish Helen's was. *(To Soph.)* Good sir, speak for me.

Soph. 'T had been my first request, but that I fear'd
It would offend your mistress: she being pleas'd,
Upon my knee I do entreat for you.
[*Kneels to the king.*

Lil. To show my willingness, I'll be the third myself,
And humbly crave it may not be deny'd:
I do not love to be attended on
In a wrought night-cap; obeyed with quilted calves;
Give me the man that agues cannot quake,
Nor fire tremble. Pardon me, princely father,
It is your spirit speaks; I am your own,
And by that privilege become your suitor.

K. Afr. Our daughter has prevail'd; Sophos, your ear.

Lil. To give encouragement unto thy hopes,

Receive this favour, *(gives him a scarf;)* may it
prove a charm
Unto thy arm, and double puissance add
Unto thy strength, when any danger's extant.
1 *Moor*. 'Twas this I long suspected; this shall
prove
His tragic fate, and ruin to her love.
[*Whispers the king.*
Eus. You grace me beyond merit; while I live
I will make known your honours; rank your name
Amongst the bravest dames of Christendom;
And when I view this scarf, it will infuse
Undaunted vigour, make me overcome
Impossibilities; they're easy to desire.
K. Afr. Treason, didst say?
1 *Moor*. Against your majesty;
Dishonour of your fair and beauteous child;
Their motions, gestures, looks, and conference,
I have observed, and watched with jealous eyes,
And find 'em all corrupt. Alack! my liege,
Behold before your face their amorous fire
Breaks forth into bright flames; is't not apparent?
His suit to leave the court, her seconding
His treason with a boon, and favour too.
You thought 'twas his desire to go to wars;
Believe it not, there's no such man in him;
It is some secret plot they have contrived
To flee away: prevent it speedily.
K. Afr. Thou hast infused a spirit into my
breast
I never yet did feel: strange impudence!
Ambition never heard of in a peasant!
A slave that neither knows his birth, nor breeding,
Should thus presume for to seduce a princess!

Hence with that traitor! let him have a death
As horrid as his crime.

Soph. How's this?

Eus. A traitor?

1 *Moor.* Ay, traitor, traitor, sirrah!

Eus. Sirrah, you lie! this shall maintain 't
'Gainst thee, or any dares affirm this title.
Mount us, great king, upon some lofty spire,
Where is but room for two——
Place him amidst an host, in this just cause,
To clear my honour, and her innocence,
I'll pierce through armed guards, and make my way
Through halberts, pikes, and deadly killing shot;
Break through many battles, sally
Thorough whole squadrons, and make him
Like a confused lump that ne'er had form.
Guard me, you sacred powers! lest I forget
Time, presence, place, and on this ugly slave
Commit an outrage. [*Draws his sword.*

K. Afr. Kill, and stop his fury!
Insolent boy! how dares thy violence
Offer itself in blows, and we in presence?
Had we no other cause, this were enough
To take away thy life. Away with him!

Soph. Stay yet, dear sir!
As ever I deserved grace at your hand,
Hear me first speak: behold him bow to you,
That in your cause hath made great kings to kneel,
And tender you submission: for my sake,
Let him not suffer death; 'tis undeserv'd:
I will engage all that I have on earth
That he is loyal: let not false surmise,
Suspect, and jealousy, beget belief
To wrong your princely thoughts: in killing him,

You make me guilty, and a murderer,
For I first brought him hither; to my hands
He did commit his life, being a child,
When on the plains of Thrace I took him up;
Let him not lose it at a holy altar;
And princes' courts are such, and should maintain
As divine privilege as sanctuary;
For kings that circle in themselves with death,
Poison the air in which themselves draw breath.

Lil. Bless'd be that orator! gracious father—

K. Afr. Let her not speak, her words confirm suspect:
Bear her away unto her private chamber,
There let her be confin'd a prisoner,
Till we determine further.

1 *Moor.* It shall be done.

[*Exit Guard with Lillia.*

K. Afr. Sophos, his life is thine, but not his freedom.

Eus. Durance? Worse than death!

K. Afr. No: banishment:
Save Africa make all the world thine own.

Soph. The king's all mercy.

Eus. I'll proclaim as much.

1 *Moor.* Ay, but, my lord, what safety for my life,
Which he so much hath threaten'd?

Eus. I scorn to touch thy life, thou timorous slave:
But traitors are all cowards: fare thee well;
And my dear foster-father, wanting whom
I lose my better part: thus they thrive,
That cannot flatter kings; feel death alive.

[*Exit Eusanius.*

K. Afr. Nay, Sophos, be not sad;
'Tis thy pretended good that we pursue:
The girl was wanton, and the boy was young,
And love is kindled by desire as soon,
In one poor minute, as an age of time:
We banish'd him, that she might fancy thee,
Whom we intend shall have her: it is true
As we are royal, if you please to accept her.

Soph. 'Tis an honour that I shall never merit,
To spouse a princess of her excellency;
For I have nothing worthy her affection:
She cannot give consent to love a man
That's banish'd from his land and native soil:
I have no titles for to honour her,
And that's a thing that women most affect.

K. Afr. Sir, you inherit virtue; that's a thing
No mortal can restore; all other state
We will invest you with; the crown of Thrace
Shall be your own, or cost ten thousand lives:
Our sable ensigns, never yet before
Displayed beyond the Mediterranean sea,
Shall now be seen to fly; men have livers there
Pale as their faces, and when we appear
Will frighted run from such a golden soil:
Our home-bred fear have end; foreign foes
Must be our conquest now.
Come, my best Sophos, ere the next moon spring,
My child shall call thee husband, Thrace her king.

[*Flourish of trumpets.* *Exeunt.*

ACT IV. Scene I.

Enter Pheander *in a Pilgrim's Habit alone, reading the Oracle.*

Phean. Content shall keep in town and field, &c.
I know not in what sense to apprehend it,
So intricate this matter seems to me;
Yet in these latter lines I read a comfort:
Then shall the shepherd from the plain,
Restore your health and crown again.
There is a sign of truth already past,
For when Apollo did pronounce this doom,
I was a king, and did enjoy my crown,
And I must be deposed before restored.
But then the man—ay, there's the doubt of all;
For ever since I took this pilgrim's habit
I have wandered up and down to find this shepherd;
Wandered indeed! for in the search of him,
I have lost myself: sitting upon the plain,
I saw a face of such surpassing beauty,
That Jove and Nature, should they both contend
To make a shape of their mix'd purity,
Could not invent a sky-born form so beautiful:
Be she a mortal, and a shepherdess,
Her beauty may become a prince's court.
Why may not I, wedding this shepherd's queen,
Beget an heir that may restore my crown?
I'll lay my life the oracle meant so.

The stars from earthly humours gain their light,
Our humours from their lights possess their
powers.
But now the means for to obtain this prize?
I'll send a private messenger to court,
To bid Pallatio, with a well-arm'd troop,
At such a certain hour to meet me here,
And lie in secret ambush 'bout the house.
I will conceal myself, and watch a time
To bear away this wonder of our clime.

[*Stands aside.*

Enter ARIADNE, *and* TITYRUS *after her singing, &c.*

Tit. Oh stay, oh turn, oh pity me,
That sighs, that sues for love of thee!
Oh lack! I never loved before,
If you deny, I'll ne'er love more.

No hope, no help, then wretched I
Must lose, must lack, must pine, and die;
Since you neglect when I implore,
Farewell hard, I'll ne'er love more.

Enter PALEMON *franticly habited;* ANTIMON *dressed like a Performer in an Antic Dance; and the* CLOWN *dressed like Maid Marian*: after dancing some time in a wild and disorderly Manner, they dance off the Stage.*

Tit. Here's a sight gives a fresh wound unto my love-sick heart: to think a man that was re-

* "*Maid Marian*" was the lady of the morris-dance. The reader may collect some curious particulars from the notes on the "First Part of Henry IV."

puted wise, should lose himself in a Dedalion maze, and run mad for a woman; woman, that's the cause; it is indeed, happy remembrance! in searching out his wound, I have cured myself: shall I see my brother's wits caught in a purse-net, and run my head into the same noose? then count me for a woodcock; no, I am now the man I was, and will still say,

There is not any wise man,
That fancy can a woman;
Then never turn your eyes on
A thing that is so common:
For be they foul or fair,
They tempting devils are,
Since they first fell;
They that love do live in hell,
And therefore, men, beware.

[*Exit.*

Ariad. What a distraction is this! Was ever seen
So strange a dotage? not in him alone,
But 'tis in general: that did not grief
Usurp too much upon a heart oppress'd *,
'Twere mirth would move to laughter.

Enter EUSANIUS *like a Shepherd.*

This is no lover sure; I know him not;
Yet I mistrust the hanging of his head:
I'll note him further; 'tis a handsome fellow.

Eus. This habit is most frequent in this place,
I'll wear it for fashion sake; 't may be a means

* The quarto reads, "*supprest.*"

To gain a sight of the fair shepherdess,
Whose beauty fills the clime with wonderment.

Ariad. Alas, poor man, he's troubled too in mind,
Would I could overhear him: how he stands!

Eus. I know not where to lie, and it grows late;
I have not since I enter'd on these plains
Seen any creature that has human sense:
A woman first! good luck, an't be thy will.
[*Kneels.*

Ariad. Why kneel you, sir?

Eus. Not to ask blessing, sweet;
That were a foul disgrace unto a virgin.

Ariad. For ought you know I am a mother, sir.

Eus. Would you were mine. Please you, I'll make you one.

Ariad. I thank your love, sir, but I am one already.

Eus. Then my suit's at an end: yet one word more.

Ariad. What is't, sir? I'm in haste.

Eus. No more but this;
Nay, in your ears, lest you misconstrue me.
[*Whispers.*

Enter RADAGON.

Rad. So close, and privately! then I perceive
I have been too neglectful: shallow fool!
That having had such opportunity,
So long continuance, place, and privacy,
Durst never utter thy affections.
When I beheld her first I fancied her,
And more because she favoured my dead wife,

Whose memory I still mourn; but since she's gone,
Rather than lose regeneration, I
Could wed with her: she's fair, and may be honest;
Though the world deem 'em contrarieties.
I'm seen, and must go on.

Ariad. Menalcas,
You come as wish'd for: here's a stranger, sir,
That wants reposure: will you, for my sake,
Allow him entertain? the night draws on,
And 'twere inhospitable to deny him;
You shall command as great a courtesy.

Rad. I doubt it not. To me you're welcome, sir;
Such homely cates as a poor cottage yields,
You shall be sure to taste. Shepherds in this
Come nearest to the gods, for they allow
The smallest hospitality;
Witness when Baucis feasted Jupiter.

Ariad. For that I'll interrupt you, you shall both
Before you part from hence taste of our cheer.

PHEANDER *enters, and is passing by.*

Whence is that aged man? Pray question him:
Let him not go before he have relief.

Rad. Come nearer, father. It is a great wonder
To see a pilgrim wander in these parts.
What countryman?

Phean. A Roman, gentle sir;
One that hath vowed in weary pilgrimage
To spend the poor remainder of his days:
To such you know all places are alike.

Eus. How long have you continued in this land?

Phean. But a small time.

Eus. You have not seen the court?

Phean. Not yet, fair sir.
Rad. What should we do at court? we have a king
Knows no religion: heathens, infidels,
Inhabit there: the poor live most secure,
For as they know no good, they fear no ill;
But we must not decypher. Come, sit down.
Eus. Fair mistress.
Ariad. Good sir, sit; this is my place.
Menalcas, set you. Fie! fie! complement.
Ariad. Here's no variety; but such as 'tis,
If you can feed, you're welcome—shepherd's fare.
Eus. We thank you.
Rad. Sir, fall to: you're sad, methinks.
Phean. Not sad, but somewhat griev'd to think report
Should scandalize so sweet a continent:
Not only foreigners, but Thracians born,
Hate and abhor the clime and government,
Saying it is infectious, and your king
A misbelieving tyrant, infamous.
Ariad. Where heard you this?
Phean. All Thrace proclaims as much.
Rad. I cannot tell: but trust me, sir, 'tis thought
It was a cruel deed, not like a king,
Much less a father, having but one child,
To banish her; and for so small a fault.
Eus. What was the offence?
Rad. A customary thing,
I cannot well appropriate a name.
Ariad. Then I'll speak:
It was so heinous, and so vile a fact,
The king could not in justice pardon it;

'Twas a disgrace to him, shame to her sex,
Dishonour to herself, and progeny:
What greater infamy unto a king,
Than for to blot his name with bastardy?

Rad. You speak well in the defence of virtue, sweet;
But if such defaults should be so punish'd,
We should have but few women in our kingdom:
Admit the princess, in her wanton blood,
Committed such an error; do but think
What frailty is, the baits—nay more, 'tis thought
That they were man and wife; if it were so,
He could be little better than a tyrant.

Phean. A tyrant? nay, a villain, murderer:
Pray pardon me, I must, and will have leave
To speak my conscience; should I see the king,
I'd tell him to his face he were a tyrant.
Say she did err, he was the cause of it,
Not suffering her to wed where she did love:
What may his subjects think? he being dead,
For want of issue, they shall servile be
To Turks, and Infidels, if worse than he
Can any where be found.

Ariad. Dotard, forbear!
Thou hast already spoke more than thy life
Can ever satisfy: if that the king
Had known they had been married, questionless
He would have been more merciful; but that
Rests in suspicion: his sentence was pronounc'd
As they were guilty, not as man and wife;
And then what punishment can be too great?
His supposed ill was so much lenity;
To live had been to die a lingering death,

For reputation is the life of honour,
And that once lost, the mother hates the child,
Curses the man she did commix withal,
And like a shame-fac'd felon seeks to shun
The face of every one that knows her guilt.

Phean. Admired'st of all women, now I see
There is much virtue lives in poverty.

Eus. And yet methinks the mother's shame is not
To be compared unto the injury
The child sustains;
For she receives her sorrows by consent;
But the poor infant, guiltless of the fact,
Grown to maturity, shall bear the brand
Of bastardy by his birth; be dispossessed
Of all inheritance due to the seed
That's sown in holy wedlock; if a curse
Belong unto the issue of base lusts,
'Tis given to the child for to bestow
On those that did beget him: sure, I think,
Whoe'er he was that wrong'd so fair a dame
As your king's daughter, could be no true prince,
But some base upstart, that deluded her
Under a feigned title.

Rad. Slave, thou liest!

[*Strikes Eusanius with his hook: Ariadne holds Eusanius, as Pheander does Radagon.*

Ariad. Had you e'er a mother, sir?

Eus. I cannot tell. Unhand me.

Ariad. For my sake, or if there be
A woman in the world whom you affect,
In her name I conjure ye let my tears

Assuage your just-moved anger;
[*Rad. and Phean. whisper, and then converse apart.*
It will discredit me, endanger you,
If you should strike him here. I'll give you reason.
Rad. This is some fallery; it cannot be.
Phean. Now by my holy vow, what I prescribe
I will approve; I know you love this woman;
The revelation of celestial orbs,
The aspects, and influence of heavenly planets,
Direct my skill: by palmistry, and physiognomy,
I have declared to kings accidents past,
Portents to come, and told to what event
Present designs should run: what should I make
Experiments of art on him that not believes it.
Rad. Troth, I do.
Phean. Then reconcile yourself unto this man;
Let him by no means use to visit her;
For in the hour of his nativity,
Some powerful working star was in conjunction
With too forward Venus: take him from her,
And all th' auxiliary heavenly helps,
That may give physic to a love-sick heart,
I'll invocate to be benevolent,
And ere to-morrow's sun she shall be yours.
Ariad. See, sir, he comes towards you.
Rad. Sir, for my rash offence I'm sorry.
Ariad. What would ye more, good sir?
Rad. If you desire a further satisfaction, you shall have it.
Eus. How?
Rad. Thus.
Eus. 'Tis accepted.

Phean. (Aside.) This device took well. Now to my plot. [*Exit Phean.*

Ariad. I fear you are not friends yet.

Rad. Who, not we?
Why should you think so? look you, we embrace;
Shake hands; nay more, we will be bed-fellows,
And early in the morning revisit you.

Ariad. Where lies the palmer? Gone, and take no leave!

Rad. Oh, fear not him, he is provided for.
Come, sir, take leave and part.

[*Exeunt Rad. and Eus.*

Ariad. Good rest to both.
There is a fire kindled in my breast;
I have not felt a flame these twenty years;
Betwixt these two I stand in a dilemma,
Not knowing which to fancy or forsake,
So equally my heart doth stand affected.

Enter PHEANDER, *and two* LORDS *behind.*

Phean. That's she: I'll not be seen.

Ariad. I am resolved, since from them both I'm freed,
I'll conclude thus, he that first speaks shall speed*.

1 *Lord.* That's I.

2 *Lord.* I.

Ariad. Help! help!

1 *Lord.* It is in vain to call.

* The quarto reads,
I am resolved, since from them both I am free'd thus,
Ile conclude he that first speaks shall speed.
But I have little doubt it was written as I have ventured to suppose.

Ariad. Oh, would this hour might be my funeral!

[*They seize and carry her off.*

Enter ANTIMON *and* CLOWN; ANTIMON *fantastically dressed in fine Clothes.*

Ant. A glass, a glass, a glass! I'll trust my face no more in the fair water, 'tis not bright enough to show me in my smugness; reach a glass.

Clown. A looking-glass?

Ant. A looking-glass, I say.

Clown. You shall, sir, presently; there's one stands under my bed.

Ant. Why, that's a jorden, fool.

Clown. So much the better, father; 'tis but making water in't, and then you may behold your sweet phisnomy in the clear streams of the river Jordan.

Ant. I smell 'twill be a match.

Clown. If you smell a match, take heed of your nose, for a little thing will set it a fire.

Ant. How sits my suit? is it not spruce and neat?

Clown. A most impertinent suit, I assure you.

Ant. She cannot choose but love me now; I'm sure old Menophon ne'er courted in such clothes: were it not best I should leave off some part of this my bravery, lest appearing suddenly in this bright splendour, the wenches (overcome, and ravish'd with my sight) fall at dissention, and so go by th' ears about me.

Clown. 'Twas well remember'd, that in any case look you put off some of those glittering

weeds until you see your mistress; all the maids will be stark mad to see you; do but mark when they behold you, how they'll fight for you; you'll hardly 'scape their fingers, I'm afraid.

Ant. Ah, sayest thou so? here, do thou wear 'em then,
And give 'em me when Mariana comes.

[*Pulls off part of his dress, which the Clown puts on.*

Clown. Yes, marry, will I if you can overtake me: I'll court her first myself. Father, farewell.

Ant. Nay, but——

Clown. I shoot at no such butts. Father, farewell. [*Runs off.*

Ant. Oh, villain! slave! I have sold half my flocks to buy these clothes, and now am cheated.

Enter TITYRUS *and* SERENA.

See if the rogue has not sent company to laugh at me: If Tityrus should see me in this shape, he would make a ballad on't. I'll after him, and if I catch the rascal, I'll say nothing. [*Exit Ant.*

Tit. Yet, beauty of these fields, be less obdure,
And stay his labouring brains of that great toil
In which it travels for thee.

Ser. Love a madman?

Tit. If he be mad, 'tis you have made him so.
Can you not fancy your own workmanship?
Will you not cure him whom you helpt to kill?

Ser. Were his hurts
Made in the body, I have helping herbs,
And such choice simples, as should cure his wounds;

No shepherdess knows better than myself
How to restore him;
But where that herb, or science, can ye find,
That hath the virtue to restore the mind?

Tit. *Mind?* he *minded* you too much, the more fool he;
That man's mad that minds any of you all;
For you are—let me see—

Foolish, idle toys,
That Nature gave unto us,
But to curb our joys,
And only to undo us;
For since Lucretia's fall,
There are none chaste at all;
Or if perchance there be,
One in an empery,
Some other malady
Makes her far worse than she.
[Oh!] out upon ye all!
'Twere too much to tell
The follies that attend ye,
He must love you well
That can but discommend ye;
For your deserts are such,
Man cannot rail too much;
Nor is the world so blind,
But it may eas'ly find
The body, or mind,
Tainted in womankind.
Oh! the devil take you all!

Ser. Have you now done?

Tit. Done? 'Sfoot! if I could find words enough, and bad enough, I'd rail at you all till to-morrow morning.

Ser. If ye should, I'll have the last word.
I have been silent yet, vex me no more;

For if I once begin, I'll make thee mad too,
And send thy wits a wool gathering
After thy brother's.

Enter RADAGON *and* EUSANIUS.

Tit. What the devil are these women made of?
Do not think I would surcease my suit,
But for this interruption.

Rad. Is there no valley, nor no mountain's top
Free from these clamours? You see we are intercepted:
But for these, this should have been the place.

Eus. Let's watch a fitter time, and spy a place
Of more conveniency.

Rad. 'Tis agreed: all friends.

Eus. Till then.

Rad. Think you I meant otherwise?

Eus. No.

Rad. Well then.

Enter ANTIMON *running after the* CLOWN.

Clown. Oh, father! well overtaken.

Ant. 'Tis well you are return'd, sir; I was coming,
I was e'en coming for you. How now, what are these?

Rad. Receive this stranger to your fellowship,
A partner and a brother, that desires
A life retired; and if my genius prompts me not amiss,
He will deserve our loves.

Tit. However, sir,

To me he's welcome; chiefly for your sake
My love I tender.

Rad. Pray know this man;
This is the jovialest shepherd in all Thrace.

Eus. His aspect speaks for him. Sir, I desire
To be known better to you; and you, fair dame,
Whose beauty adds more lustre to these fields,
Than all that summer, Flora, can produce.

Ser. And these plains much honoured by your presence.

Ant. Receive a welcome too of Antimon.

Clown. And I, his son, sir; welcome, good partner; [*Eus. bows.*
Nay, good sir, I crave less of your courtesy,
And more of your acquaintance.

Ant. Since we are met by chance so luckily,
Let us proceed unto our country's pastimes,
To give this courteous stranger entertain.

Clown. Ay, good father, let's not lose our sports in any case.

Ser. Whom shall we crave to call upon the queen?

Rad. That office shall be mine; stay my return.
(Aside.) Now if the palmer do but keep his word,
I shall enjoy what I so long have wish'd.

Enter a SHEPHERD *wounded, running.*

Ha! what sad object's this? How camest thou wounded?

Clown. Sure some sheep has bit him.

Rad. Speak, how camest thou hurt?

Shep. In rescue of our queen, basely suprised.

Rad. Surprised? by whom?

Shep. By Thrace's king;

Who, pilgrim like, wrapp'd in a russet weed,
Taking advantage when she was alone,
Has, with a private ambush, stole her hence.

Rad. To the court gates let us pursue the ravisher;
His court, and all the powers that he can raise,
Shall not protect him. Plague upon his craft!
Is this his skill in physiognomy?
(To Eus.) Worthy friend, let me but call you so,
And let our strife be buried in our loves;
The cause removed, let the effect thus die;
And as our hands, so let our hearts unite,
To take revenge on this injurious king.

Eus. Sir, what is yet scarce man, my heart shall ripen;
I'll stretch beyond my years and power of strength,
But I'll assist you in this enterprise.

Tit. Let's muster all the shepherds to our aid,
And fetch her back per force.

Rad. In the meantime be it your charge to cure
This wounded swain, that sought to rescue her.

Ser. I'll use my best of skill.

Ant. Old as I am
I'll go along, and let my mistress know
The King of Thrace makes Antimon his foe.

Clown. If I light on him handsomely, I'll have a bout with him at quarter-staff.

Tit. One thing let me intreat:
To draw my frantic brother to the field,
Inform him 'tis Serena is stolen hence;
To prove if either terror of the wars,
His mistress' loss, or sight of death, and blood,
Can win him to his wits.

Rad. Persuaded well.

Clown. What's he will take that charge?
Marry, that will I; let me alone with him,
I'll put it in his pate, I cannot say his brains,
Because he has none: I'll fetch him presently.
[*Exit.*

Rad. Whom shall we make
Our general, and leader of this rabble?

Tit. Who but yourself
Shall we impose so great a charge upon?

Rad. Rather bestow it on this noble youth.

Eus. That warlike charge would not become my years:
I shall be proud to be your soldier, sir.

Enter PALEMON *and* CLOWN.

Pal. Give me my arms; I'll fetch her back again.

Clown. Give you more legs, you'll ne'er o'ertake her else.

Pal. I'll leap into the saddle of the moon,
And tie two stars unto my heels, like spurs;
I'll make my warlike lance of a sun-beam,
And mounted on some strange Bucephalus,
Thus will I overthrow my enemy.

Clown. This 'tis to keep a madman company, that has not the wit to know his friends from his foes; but we shall have your brains beat in again.

Pal. Sirrah, take the moon,
And place it me upon the axletree,
I'll mount on horseback straight.

Clown. The moon's not up yet, sir; some three hours hence you shall be sure to have her.

Pal. How know you that, sir?

Clown. Well enough, sir, 'tis a shepherd that keeps her,
And he's called *the man in the moon.*

Pal. I'll fetch a sheep-skin then to make a drum,
Ta, ra, ranta, ra, tan, tara, ran tan. [*Exit.*

Rad. He has possess'd him well; let him go on.
Now courage, fellow soldiers, and let's try
To fetch her back, or in her quarrel die.

[*Exeunt.*

A Flourish of Trumpets. Enter PHEANDER, LORDS, SOLDIERS, *with Drums and Colours.*

Phean. Is't possible the number of the swains
Should be so many?

2 *Lord.* Full five hundred strong.

Phean. What's their pretence?

1 *Lord.* That's yet unknown, my lord,
Unless it be to have their queen again.

Phean. How should they know 'twas we that stole her thence?

1 *Lord.* Belike the swains that sought to rescue her,
Heard some one name the king; no other cause
Could give intelligence, 'twas done so private.

Phean. What should we fear? Let's meet 'em in the field:
Were their force trebled o'er, when we appear
They'll flie like hares that fear the lion's frowns.
How might we do for to behold the rebels?

1 *Lord.* They lie so low entrench'd beyond the hill
That fronts the castle gate, that no prospect
About the house can yield the least survey.

Phean. Let's parley with 'em then; so we may hear
What they pretend, and view their regiment.

2 *Lord.* Here is a herald to the same effect
Arriv'd at court.

Phean. Go, bring him in;
We'll hear what brave defiance they have sent.

Enter ANTIMON *with a piece of painted Cloth like a Herald's Coat,* CLOWN *sounding a Tucket before him.*

Now, sir, the prologue to this bloody tragedy.

Ant. I am a herald, come to tell the king
That he has done a most mischievous thing:
We had but one fair ewe amongst our lambs,
And he has stol'n her with his wolfish rams;
For which our shepherds vow by force of arm,
To fetch her back, kill all, but do no harm:
But if you'll set her free, they bid me say,
They'll take her home, and so make holiday.

Omnes Lords. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Ant. (Aside.) It seems they are not angry at my words,
Because they laugh; I fear'd they'd draw their swords.

Phean. Tell 'em we render thanks for their good mirth,
And would entreat a parley, if they'll come
And meet us here under the castle wall.

Ant. You would entreat 'em fairly for to come?
Phean. I thought as much. Go you along with him,
And tell their general what you heard us say.
2 *Lord.* I shall. Come, show me to your general.
[*Exeunt.*
1 *Lord.* Will you in person parley with the rout?
Phean. Why not?
1 *Lord.* 'Tis dangerous, for fear the swains,
Not knowing what belongs to law of arms,
Being once cross'd, should offer violence.
Phean. 'Tis well advis'd: Pallatio, bid our guard
Be near our person; bring up all our troops
Close to the gates, that if occasion serve,
They may at unawares make issue forth,
And cut off all the rear: see it performed.
I have a trick new crept into my brain;
And if my policy deceive me not,
Shall bring these several bodies to one head,
And crown all my designs with full event.
They're coming; keep your ranks.

Martial Music. Enter RADAGON *and* EUSANIUS, *attended by* TITYRUS, PALEMON, CLOWN, *and followed by a number of Shepherds.*

Phean. Which is the general?
Omnes. This.
Phean. We would exchange some private words with him.
Rad. You are deceiv'd; I better understand
The name and honour of a general,
Than to disgrace it 'gainst the law of arms;

Though we are not so expert as those men
That daily practice 'em, yet you shall find
We'll make a shift to right our injuries.

Phean. (Aside.) 'Sdeath! where learnt he this discipline?
Are shepherds now become such martialists?
I see I must dissemble.

Rad. If you have aught to say, speak publicly;
No private protestations, bribes, nor fears,
Have power to convert our resolutions.
We need not to capitulate our wrongs,
They are too apparent. Let us see our queen,
And if she have received the smallest wrong,
A general ruin shall o'er-spread the land;
We'll fire thy castles, burn up all thy towns,
And make a desolation of thy people.

Phean. You cannot be so shallow as to think,
I took her with a lustful appetite:
This honoured badge proclaims that lust is past.
[*Pointing to his grey hairs.*
Our seizing her, was motive to your good,
If you conceive it. List! and I'll explain it:
Within our land our foes are resident;
Sicilia's king, under whose government
These many years you have been servitors;
The reason this: When he did first invade,
We found ourself too weak to make resistance,
And, under show of satisfaction,
We did resign to him our dignity,
Pretending search of Radogan, his son;
Which he accepted, and did back return,
Leaving a deputy to govern here.
And though Palatio bore the name of rule,
It was by his permission. Do but weigh

The servile yoke of foreign government,
What danger may ensue, what privilege
You lose in Thrace if we be dispossess'd.
The time of truce's expired, and he's returned
To take possession; for without his son,
Our crown and kingdom, both are forfeited
Into his hands; which yet we may prevent:
If you'll agree to join your force with ours,
And back expulse him, we'll not only grant
Your queen her liberty, but we'll enlarge
Your former privilege; give you choice
Of state, honour, and dignity; make you lords
and knights;
And, in remembrance of the shepherds' wars,
Add a new festival; which at your charge
Shall yearly be performed. Consider on't.

Rad. (Aside.) Happy position! thanks, great
justicer,
Occasion puts revenge into my hands!
To think that I should be so fortunate,
To be commander of a band of men,
To war against my father: bless'd event!

Phean. What's your reply?

Clown. Good general, consent; I have a foolish desire to be a lord.

Pal. And what shall I be *?

Clown. You shall be a lord too if you'll be quiet; There are a great many mad lords.

Phean. What answer do you give?

Rad. Were it in me
To give an answer, you should soon prevail;
But 'tis a general voice; for my own part
My service and myself I offer to you.

* The quarto has "*Phean.*" prefixed to this speech.

Eus. And so do I.

Tit. And I.

Omnes. So do we all.

Phean. A king that's thus held up can never fall.
Draw all your force within the castle walls;
'Tis large and spacious, and will well contain 'em.
This night we'll feast, to-morrow shall be seen
Your loves to us.

Rad. Our's to the shepherds' queen.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene Thrace—Enter KING *of* SICILY, *with several* LORDS, *followed by Soldiers, Colours, Drums, &c.*

K. Sicil. Is all our army in a readiness,
Prepared for battle if occasion serve?

2 *Sicil. L.* They are, my lord.

K. Sicil. This day our truce takes end; the king's returned,
And we expect our son's delivery.

1 *Sicil. L.* Pray heaven it be so happy, but I fear
A worse intent; for all the way he comes
The commons rise; shepherds and silly swains
That never were inur'd to carry swords,
Take arms, and follow him.

K. Sicil. What's that to us? Did he not make a vow
Ne'er to return until he found my son?
May be he comes for to invest us king,
And offer sacrifice unto the gods,
And so conclude this weary pilgrimage.

1 *Sicil. L.* You speak, my liege, as you yourself would do;
But he that dar'd to banish 'em,
Think you he fears to violate an oath?
'Tis ill to trust a reconciled foe:

Be still in readiness, you do not know
How soon he may assault us.

K. Sicil. Thou speakest but well, 'tis good to doubt the worst,
We may in our belief be too secure;
As king's forbidden to condemn the just,
So kings for safety must not blame mistrust.

Enter another LORD.

Why is this haste?

2 *Lord.* To bid you haste to arms:
The foe comes on, the centinels fall off,
The scouts are posting up and down the plain
To fetch in all the stragglers. Thrace's king
Has broke his vow, and seeks by force of arms
For to expulse you.

1 *Sicil. L.* Will ye yet give credit
To a tyrant's oath?

K. Sicil. By yon bright sphere I vow, and if there be
A greater punishment for perjury
Reigning on earth than is the conscience sting,
I will inflict it on this perjured man.
You spirits resolute 'gainst fear and death,
You that have hitherto maintained your being
In equal power, like rivals to the gods,
Now show your valour; let us not debate
Our wrongs like women; for the wrath of kings
Is like an angry cloud, swoln big with fire,
That speaks revenge in thunder. *(Distant charge.)*
Hark! they charge.
Beat a defiance! See, the signal's given;
Who dies in this just cause, shall live in heaven.

Alarum. The Shepherds give the first Assault, and beat off the Stage some of the Sicilian Lords: then EUSANIUS *enters, pursuing the* KING *of* SICILY: *afterwards* RADAGON *enters.*

Rad. The fury of this boy will overthrow
All my designs: twice since the fight begun,
In spite of my best art, he has unhors'd
My royal father, and the last career
Drew blood from his shrunk veins; yet the good old man,
Like to an aged oak that long hath stood,
Endangers all that seek to cut him down;
He does not bear that fearful policy,
That many use, to fight in base disguise,
But has a white flag carried before him,
Which does signify the justice of his cause*;
Or as a mark, as if a man should say,
I am the butt you aim at, shoot at me.
The greatest conquest I have won this day,
Hath been the preservation of his life,
With hazard of mine own: in my pursuit,
Thinking to place him in his court of guard,
I followed him so far, that I was forced
To make retire for to recover breath.

Enter EUSANIUS *with the* KING *of* SICILY *prisoner.*

Eus. Why do you sound a retreat? the day is ours;
See, here's their king; I knew him by his ensign,

* The quarto reads,
"Which does signify the justice of his cause, *is innocence.*"
I have ventured to omit it, as weakening the sense and destructive of the meatre.

Which I seized in spite of all opposed.
Here, general, to your hands I do commit him.
Carry Thrace's king,
This as a ransom for the shepherds' queen.
[*Alarum at a distance.*
Hark! the fight renews; one hour more
Makes a full conquest, and I'll ne'er give o'er
Till it be finish'd. [*Exit.*

Rad. But that no fame, or credit, can be got
To conquer age, I'd scorn for to present
Another's prisoner.

K. Sicil. Aged as I am, had I a sword
I'd scorn as much to be subdued by thee.

Rad. That shall be tried. Here, take your arms again.

K. Sicil. Art thou in earnest then? Come on, i'faith.
How now! what means this? Wilt thou not fight with me?

Rad. Yes, sir, that I will; *with* you I'll fight,
But never fight *against* you. See the man
That thrice this day preserved you from your foe,
And the last time I bore you off from death;
I, that man,
Am now your champion; do not question why;
But rest assur'd, for you I'll live and die.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarum, and a cry within of fly! fly! &c. Enter EUSANIUS *and Shepherds.*

Eus. What coward's that began this fearful cry?
Is not the day likely to be our own?
Have I not taken their king prisoner,
Seized his white flag, and by our general's hand
Sent him unto Pheander?

Tit. But he's revolted, and has set him free,
And we have ne'er a general to lead us.

Eus. Oh villain, traitor, coward!
Were he my father I should call him so:
Fly from his colours! Courage, fellow swains;
Let us not blot the honour we have won.
Want of a general? I'll supply that place,
Rather than lose so fair a victory.

Pal. No; I'll be general.

Clown. Ay, ay, and so you shall, and I'll be commander over you. We should be led like wild geese then, i'faith; wild geese, nay, woodcocks rather; for your wild geese keep their wings, their front, their rear, and have a leader too.

Tit. Ay, ay, you are the man.

Eus. Follow then; come. [*Exeunt.*

A great Alarum. Enter RADAGON.

Rad. Sound a retreat!
It is impossible to win the day;
These shepherds fight like devils: I saw a man
Borne on our lance's point quite from the earth,
Yet when he came to ground he fought again,
As if his strength had been invincible.

Shout and flourish of Trumpets. Enter two SICILIAN LORDS.

Hark, how the proud foe with triumphant voice
Proclaims unto the world her victory.

2 *Sicil. L.* Hark! how Sicilia, with triumphant voice,
Proclaims unto the world his victory.

Rad. Sicilia?

2 *Sicil. L.* Ay, Sicilia:
Sophos, brother to the Thracian king,
Is with Alcade, King of the Africans,
Come to assist you.

Rad. Give 'em entertain
With all the royal pomp our state can yield.

2 *Sicil. L.* He shall have soldier's welcome, that's the best.

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter on one Side the KING *of* SICILY, *and several of his* LORDS; *on the other the* KING *of* AFRICA, SOPHOS, LILLIA GUIDA, *with Soldiers, Drums, Colours, &c.*

K. Sicil. To give a welcome fitting to the state
Of Afric's king, Sophos, and this fair dame,
Whose beauty all the western world admires,
Were to neglect a greater happiness;
For by your aid fair victory sits crowned,
Pluming her golden wings upon her crest:
Let us not beat her back by detraction.

K. Afr. Royal sir, we come to fight, and not to feast;
Yet for this night we will repose ourselves:
Our troops are weary, and our beauteous child
Rests undisposed of: let her have a guard
Of demi-negroes, culled from either part,
And let her lodgings be placed next our own;
That's all we do desire.

K. Sicil. Which we'll perform.

Soph. Let the retreat we heard at our approach,
Call back your powers: and early in the morn,
When as the daring enemy comes on,

Thinking to prey upon a yielding foe,
Our forces shall confound 'em ; Thrace shall know
Sophos is here, come to perform his vow.

[*Exeunt.*

Trumpets sound a Retreat. Enter PALEMON *wounded,* TITYRUS *and* CLOWN.

Pal. Upon 'em, upon 'em, upon 'em! they fly,
they fly, they fly!

Clown. Ay, ay, they run away.

Tit. I'm glad they are retreated; had they stood,
His lack of sense had been his loss of life;
Howe'er he 'scapes it yet: come, now retire.

Pal. I'll have my love first.

Clown. So ho, ho boys!

Pal. What noise is that? are you a fowler, sir?

Clown. I know what belongs to a retreat, sir;
I was the first man took flight, and lured off the
rest as well as I could.

Pal. Then you're an engineer?

Tit. An admirable fellow, Palemon.
(To Clown.) Hold him in talk whilst I run for
Serena,
And use my best persuasions to procure
Her gentle patience his deep wounds to cure.

[*Exit.*

Pal. Come then, grave Nestor, to the counsel
table:
Nay, you shall see that I can speak to you.

Clown. And you shall hear that I can answer
you.

Pal. You say you are a falconer?

Clown. Or a fowler, which you please.

Pal. What think you, Nestor, if we limed our pikes,
As you your twigs, and set 'em in the way
Just as the army flies? Do you not think
They would hang fast by the wings?

Clown. Yes, if they do not leave their wings behind 'em, and fly away with their legs.

Pal. May they do so?

Clown. Faith, ay, sir, 't has been the coward's fashion time out of mind.

Pal. Or, father, shall us cast into the air
A gorgeless falcon,
That mounting the bleak region, till she spy
My beauteous love Serena; then souse down,
And snatch her from the army:
Jove's bird, the eagle, in her talons bore
His darling Ganymed to his palace so:
Speak, Nestor, is it possible or no?

Clown. Very easy, sir, if women be made of such light stuff as they say they are; besides, no falcon but dares venture upon a ringtail, and what's a woman else?

Pal. Then as stern Pyrrhus did old Priam take;
Or stay, as cruel Nero with his mother did,
I'll rip thy bowels out, then fling thee
Like a gorgeless falcon in the air;
But first I'll tie these bells unto thy legs,
That I may know which way to follow thee.

Clown. Nay, an you begin to meddle with my legs, I'll show you as fair a pair of heels as e'er you saw in your life.

Pal. Nay, fly me not, my fair Angelica.

Clown. Put up thy bilbo then, my mad Orlando.

Pal. Thy hand shall be the scabbard; there it is:

I yield me to thy mercy, Alexander;
Yet save my life, great Cæsar.

Enter TITYRUS *and* SERENA.

Clown. As we are Alexander, we will save thy life. Come, sit at Cæsar's feet. So, so, now I'll deal well enough with you.

Tit. Prithee have more remorse; if not for love,
For love of life, help to redress his wounds;
Remember 'tis for you he came thus hurt,
Take pity on his smart.

Ser. Had I like power to restore his sense,
As to recure his wounds, upon the earth
I would leave no means unthought, unsought for,
But I'd apply't for his recovery.

Tit. This is the tyranny we men endure;
Women can make us mad, but none can cure.

Ser. Oh, may I prove the first! upon my knees,
[*Kneels.*
If ever a poor virgin's prayers were heard,
Grant the fruition of my suit may prove
A saving health both to his life and love.

Tit. Nay, and you go about it with such willingness,
'Twill come to a good end sure:
The whilst you dress his wounds I'll sit and sing,
And invocate the gods to pity him. [*Sings.*

Fair Apollo, whose bright beams
Cheer all the world below:
The birds that sing, the plants that spring,
The herbs and flowers that grow:
Oh, lend thy aid to a swain sore oppressed,
That his mind soon may find the delight that sense admits;
And by a maid let his harms be redressed,
That no pain do remain in his mind to offend his wits.

Ser. His blood returns, rub his pulses o'er the fire;
His looks prescribe an alteration.

Clown. Would I could hear him speak a wise word once.

Pal. Either the earth, or else my head turns round.

Tit. 'Las, my poor brother.

Ser. Peace, disturb him not.

Pal. And yet methinks I do not feel such pains
As I was wont to endure. Ha!
Sure I should know—Speak, are not you my love?

Tit. He knows her. Ay, 'tis she.

Pal. And you my brother?

Tit. True.

Clown. And what am I?

Pal. A fool.

Clown. But you are no madman now, I'm sure. He that can distinguish a fool from a woman is a wise man, believe it.

Ser. Palemon, see, since it hath pleased the gods,
In pity of thy youth, to grant thy sense,
Serena grants her love, and at thy feet
Craves pardon for her cruel injury.

Pal. More welcome now than ever, my Serena.
Love that is often cross'd, at length obtained,
Is sweeter far than pleasure eas'ly gained.

Tit. But what shall I do now? I'm gone in the common law; and if a jury of women go upon me, I'm sure to be cast. I think I had best to appeal to the men first, and make them my arbitrators.

Clown. Oh, no, no, no! make your peace with the women first, whate'er you do; for if they take

the matter in hand, your men are ne'er able to stand long in a case against them.

Tit. Then first to you whom I have wrong'd so much;
And next, to all that's here.

SONG.

Forgive me, oh, forgive me my cruel disdain;
Never poor lover endured such pain,
As I will in my skill, your praises to tell,
And never sing other till death rings my knell.
Therefore no man hate a woman, for now you may prove
It lies in their power to restore life and love.
Therefore no man hate a woman, for now you may prove
It lies in their power to restore life and love.

[*Exeunt.*

A loud and long Alarum, and Excursions: then enter EUSANIUS *and Shepherds, with the* KING *of* AFRICA, SOPHOS, *and* LILLIA GUIDA *prisoners.*

Eus. The honour of thy overthrow, brave Moor,
Is due to great Pheander, King of Thrace;
But thy crown's ransom does belong to me.

K. Afr. Take life and all, it is not worth the keeping,
Without addition of a victory.
To be a peasant's prisoner! cursed fate!
Why should a king be so unfortunate?

Soph. Unhappy chance! Came I to Thrace for this,
To lose both life and honour, in the land
That gave me life? and by a brother too?
Black destiny!

Eus. Some post unto Pheander,
And glad his ears with this our victory.

Enter a THRACIAN LORD.

Lord. Why come ye on so slowly? renew the fight:
Our king is taken prisoner by that slave,
That by his falling off lost the last battle.

Eus. Pheander taken?

K. Afr. That's some comfort yet:
I hope Sicilia will not ransom him,
Till he consent unto our liberty.

Soph. And if he should,
He were unworthy to be term'd a king.

Eus. Why, then let's summon 'em unto a parley,
First offer to exchange our prisoners,
And then begin the bloody fight again.

1 *Lord.* Summon a parley then.

A Parley is sounded—Enter KING *of* SICILY, *attended by* RADAGON *and his* LORDS, *with* PHEANDER *prisoner.*

Look here, Sicilia; since by chance of war
Our Thracian king is taken prisoner,
To ransom him we will deliver back,
Into your hands the great Alcade, Sophos,
And this white Moor.

Phean. Three prisoners for one! Detain 'em still,
I'll not be ransom'd at so dear a rate.

K. Afr. And if thou shouldst, I scorn it should be so;
For look what ransom Sicilia sets down,
I'll pay it trebly o'er to ransom us.

K. Sicil. We'll take no ransom, but will set you free
By force of arms.

Eus. Bear back the prisoners, and renew the fight.

Rad. Stay; darest thou that seemest so forward, hand to hand, in single opposition end this strife?

Eus. Oh, were these kings but pleased it should be so,
How soon would we decide this difference!

Sicil. What says Alcade? if he be so content,
I'll gladly put my right upon his sword.

Phean. The like will I upon my champion,
Whose unmatch'd valour has been well approved.

K. Afr. I like his fair aspect, and give consent.
Mayest thou prove happy in this enterprize.

Rad. I'll lose my life, or gain your liberty.

Eus. The like will I, or set Pheander free.

[*Exeunt Rad. and Eus.*

Phean. Then till the champions be in readiness,
Let the conditions be concluded on.
Pallatio, draw the articles for us.

K. Sicil. And you for us: If we be overcome,
Pheander is to have his liberty,
And we depart this land, resigning back
All interest, due by his permission,
And never seek revenge for our lost son:
This, as we're royal, we'll consent unto.

K. Afr. If Thrace be overcome,
He shall surrender all his dignity
Into our hands; which Sophos shall enjoy,
With our fair daughter, paying Sicily
A yearly tribute; and your soldiers' pay,
Since their abodes in Thrace, shall be discharg'd
From our Exchequer.

Phean. This I'll add besides;
Because by us Sicilia lost a son,

Whoever shall enjoy the crown of Thrace,
Shall once a year, clad in his pilgrim's weeds,
Offer sacrifice unto the gods,
And lay his crown down at Sicilia's feet.

Soph. And Sophos vows to offer up his life
A ransom for this beauteous African,
If we be vanquish'd by our enemy.

K. Sicil. There's Sicilia's hand.

Phean. And mine.

K. Afr. There Alcade's.

Lil. And mine.

Soph. And Sophos joined in one.

1 *Lord.* A happy end crown this contention.

Pal. Beseech your graces, since this difference
Is to be ended by a shepherd's hand,
To let our queen be set at liberty,
To see the champion that must fight for her.

Phean. Go, fetch her forth.
And now I call to mind the oracle,
That said a shepherd should restore my crown;
Sure one of these will prove that happy man.

K. Sicil. The trumpet sounds again; let's take our seats,
And see who shall obtain the victory.

Phean. Nay, altogether now, till the stroke
Make a division.

Enter ARIADNE *brought in by Shepherds.*

Oh, the shepherds' queen!

K. Afr. A lovely dame! sit by our daughter's side.
The combatants will take encouragement

[*Trumpets sound.*

From your fair eyes. Hark! now they come.

Enter RADAGON *armed, conducted by the* SICILIAN LORDS, *and* EUSANIUS *by the Shepherds: their Shields adorned with a Represention of Neptune riding upon the Waves.*

Clown. Now, boy, thrust home; 'tis for a lady.
Pal. Courage, fellow swain.
1 *Sicil. L.* The champions are prepared; sound to the fight.
Rad. I for my king.
Eus. I for my country's right*.
[*Rad. and Eus. fight for some time, and then pause.*
2 *Sicil. L.* So, recover breath.
Phean. What means that strange device upon their shields?
'Tis something sure concerns the oracle:
God Neptune riding on the waves o' th' sea?
I'll question them to know the meaning on't.
Eus. Come, sir.
K. Afr. What means the King of Thrace?
Phean. To ask a question ere they fight again.
K. Afr. Then speak aloud, we'll have no whispering.
Phean. I prithee tell me, *(To Rad.)* 'tis to thee I speak,
What heinous wrongs hast thou received from us,
Or good from these, that thou alone shouldst prove
The chiefest captain for our enemy?

* The quarto reads,
"I for my country's right *fight*."
There can be no doubt that this was the stage direction.

Whoever shall enjoy the crown of Thrace,
Shall once a year, clad in his pilgrim's weeds,
Offer sacrifice unto the gods,
And lay his crown down at Sicilia's feet.

Soph. And Sophos vows to offer up his life
A ransom for this beauteous African,
If we be vanquish'd by our enemy.

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What heinous wrongs hast thou received from us,
Or good from these, that thou alone shouldst prove
The chiefest captain for our enemy?

* The quarto reads,

"I for my country's right *fight*."

There can be no doubt that this was the stage direction.

Rad. So please these kings vouchsafe me audience,
I shall tell you.
Both. Speak freely.
Rad. In brief, Pheander,
I am nor subject unto him, nor you,
More than the duty of a son allows;
Though this rude transmigration of my hair,
Bars me your knowledge, with the change of time,
Yet here behold the banish'd Radagon.
K. Sicil. My son?
Ariad. My husband?
Phean. Shame and my joy so struggle in my breast,
I shall dissolve to air. Oh, my dear child!
Rad. Can it be possible that we should live
So long together, and not know each other?
Ariad. I knew Menalchas, but not Radagon.
Rad. I Mariana, not my beauteous wife.
But what's become of my Eusanius?
Had I my child again my joy were full.
Ariad. Alas, I lost him fourteen years ago,
Keeping my flocks upon the plain of Thrace.
Rad. This greater tide of joy o'ercomes the less,
And will not suffer me as yet to mourn.
Soph. Pray speak those words again.
Where did you lose him? on the plains of Thrace?
Ariad. Indeed I did, just fourteen years ago.
Soph. The time—the place—how habited? and then——
Ariad. In a small coat made of a panther's skin,
A garland on his head, and in his hand
A hook made of a cane.
Soph. The very same; the time, the place, the habit,

All things just as you describe to me; that child
I, being banish'd from my native soil,
Found sporting in the plains, and that's the child
I carried with me into Africa.

K. Afr. Was that the child you brought into the court?

What adverse fate had I to banish him!

Lil. Far worser fate had I to lose my love.

Eus. That child, so found, so lost,
Brought up in Africa, and banish'd thence,
Should be myself.

Lil. Eusanius! Ay, 'tis he.

Ariad. Oh, my dear child.

Eus. Are you my mother? This my father then?

Phean. Is this my warlike grandchild?

K. Afr. What wonder's this?

Phean. Now is the oracle confirm'd at full.
Here is the wonder being wrack'd at sea,
Which Neptune from his waves cast up again:
These are the lions that did guide the lambs,
Living as shepherds, being princes born:
And these the seas,
Whose equal valour neither ebbs nor tides,
But makes a stand, striving for victory:
Their shields proclaim as much, whose figure is
Neptune commanding of the rugged waves:
And this the happy shepherd from the plain,
Whose sight restores me all my joys again.

K. Sicil. Radagon, thou shalt wear Sicilia's crown.

Phean. Pheander's too, which is too small a satisfaction
For the great wrongs he hath sustained by us.

Rad. Do not impose more cares upon my head,

Until my joys be fully finished.
Good father, keep your crown and govern still,
And let me frolic with my beauteous bride:
And for Pheander's crown, let me entreat
My uncle Sophos, partner in our wars,
May, if he survive, be King of Thrace.

Phean. With all my heart: and for these harmless shepherds,
Whose loves have been co-partners in our wars,
Once every year
They shall be feasted in our royal palace,
And still this day be kept as holyday,
In the remembrance of the shepherds' queen.

K. Afr. 'Twould ask an age of time to explicate
All our delights. Eusanius, take our child,
With her our royal crown of Africa:
Thy pardon, Sophos, for we promis'd thee.

Soph. I willingly resign my interest, sir.

Phean. One forty days we'll hold a festival
Within the court of Thrace before we part.
When was there such a *wonder* ever seen?
Twenty* years banish'd, and live still a queen!

[*Exeunt.*

* The quarto reads, "*Forty* years banish'd." Ariadne, in the fourth act, says, she has "not felt a flame this *twenty* years;" and many other circumstances leave little doubt it was an error, although possibly of the authors'.

FINIS.

THE

ENGLISH TRAVELLER:

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

BY

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

CARTWRIGHT, in the dedicatory address prefixed to the "Actor's Vindication*," states that our author was a Fellow of Peter House, Cambridge: and it appears from a Copy of Verses addressed by Heywood to James Yorke, and prefixed to that author's Book of Heraldry, and further from a funeral Elegy on the death of Sir George Saint Poole, of *Lincolnshire*, whom he describes as *his countryman*, that he was a native of that county: but of the time of his birth and decease I believe we are altogether ignorant. A conjecture, however, might be hazarded from some scattered notices in his works, but it would of necessity be vague and inconclusive. The last edition of the Biograph. Dram. has directed to be inserted in the list of his works, "Fast Bind and Fast Find," mentioned by Gabriel Hervey, in 1593. I know not in which of his works this notice is to be found, and I cannot but conceive there is some error. Heywood's first drama was published in 1601, and I am much inclined to believe, from more circumstances than one, but principally from the preface to the "Four Prentices of London," published in 1615, that it was somewhere about that time that he first commenced writing for the stage. He there expressly states, that it was written "many years since *in my infancy of judgment, in this kind of poetry, and my first practice;* yet understanding (by what means I know not) it was in these more exquisite and refined times, to come to the press, and in such a forwardness ere it came to my knowledge, that it was past prevention; and then knowing withall, that it came short

* A posthumous edition of "The Apology for Actors," with some variations and additions.

of that accurateness both in plot and style, that these more censorious days with greater curiosity acquire, I must thus excuse. That as plays were then, *some fifteen or sixteen years ago*, it was in the fashion."

Heywood is beyond question the most voluminous dramatic writer of this country, perhaps of any other excepting the celebrated Lopez de Vega, having, as the reader will notice in the Address to the Reader prefixed to the "English Traveller," "had either an entire hand, or at least a main finger, in *two hundred and twenty plays**." Extraordinary as this number may appear, his literary labours were by no means confined to the drama, and he had added to the whole the professional duties of an actor. It will be admitted, I believe, that he was a man of no mean erudition, although his rank as an author will probably be disputed. Dryden, in his "M'Flecnoe," has spoken slightingly of him, but he has clubbed him with Shirley, a man beyond question of very superior abilities. Langbaine says, his plays were in his own time "accounted of the second rate;" and Mr. Lamb observes of him, that he is "a sort of *prose* Shakspeare. His scenes are to the full as natural and affecting. But we miss *the poet*, that which in Shakspeare always appears out and above the surface of *the nature*. Heywood's characters, his country gentlemen, &c. are exactly what we see (but of the best kind of what we see) in life. Shakspeare makes us believe, while we are among his lowly creations, that they are nothing but what we are familiar with, as in dreams new things seem old; but we awake, and sigh for the difference."

THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF HIS DRAMATIC WORKS NOW KNOWN.

1 & 2. The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington, Two Parts, B. L. 4to. 1601.

3 & 4. King Edward IV. Two Parts, B. L. N. D.

* Very few comparatively are now known. Kirkman has assigned some extravagant reasons for this; but Heywood is the best authority, and he well explains it in the Preface above-mentioned.

5 & 6. If you know not me you know Nobody; or, the Troubles of Queen Elizabeth, Two Parts, 4to. 1605, 4to. 1606, 4to. 1608, 4to. 1613, 4to. 1632.

7. Fair Maid of the Exchange, 4to. 1607, 4to. 1635, 4to. 1637.

8. The Golden Age, Hist. Play, 4to. 1611.

9. The Silver Age, Hist. Play, 4to. 1613.

10. The Brazen Age, Hist. Play, 4to. 1613.

11. The Four Prentices of London, Hist. Play, 4to. 1615, 4to. 1632, 8vo. 1810.

12. A Woman killed with Kindness, 4to. 1617, 8vo. 1810.
This had been acted before 1604.

13. The Rape of Lucrece, Trag. 4to. 1630, 4to. 1638.

14 & 15. The Fair Maid of the West, C. Two Parts, 4to. 1631.

16 & 17. The Iron Age, Hist. Play, Two Parts, 4to. 1632.

18. The English Traveller, 4to. 1633.

19. A Maidenhead well lost, Com. 4to. 1634.

20. Love's Mistress, Masque, 4to. 1636, 4to. 1640.

21. A Challenge for Beauty, 4to. 1636.

22. The Royal King and Loyal Subject, 4to. 1637.

23. The Wise Woman of Hogsden, C. 4to. 1638.
Assisted by Broome, he wrote
The Late Lancashire Witches, C. 4to. 1634.
And by W. Rowley,
Fortune by Land and Sea, Trag. Com. 4to. 1655.

We find also, in Henslowe's MS. the following attributed to him:

War without Blows.
And
Joan as good as my Lady.
In conjunction with Wentworth Smith,
Albeke Galles;
And
Marshal Osrick.
With Chettle, Dekker, Smith, and Webster,
Lady Jane.
And with these, excepting Smith,
Christmas comes but once a Year.

And with Chettle only,
The London Florentine, in Two Parts.

In addition to these the Biog. Dram. has the following :

Love's Masterpiece, C. 1640.

And

Cupid and Psyche, Play.

The first on the authority of the Stationers' books, as such a play is entered there in his name, May 22, 1640; the other on the following observation prefixed to a Prologue and Epilogue published in his "Pleasant Dialogues and Drama," &c. "spoken to the king and queen at the *second time* of the author's play, called *Cupid's Mistress*, or *Cupid and Psiche*, presented before them :" but I have little doubt that both these are but variations of the title of his "Love's Mistress," which is, "*Love's Mistress*, or the Queen's Masque; as it was *three times* presented before their majesties, within the space of eight days, in the presence of sundry foreign ambassadors, by the queen's comedians, at the Phœnix, Drury Lane," 4to. 1636. The representation of a dramatic work *twice* before their majesties would, I conceive, have been sufficient encouragement for the author to print it. And his "*Love's Mistress*, or the *Queen's Masque*" accordingly appeared at that very time, and a second edition of it in 1640, the *date of the entry of* "*Love's Masterpiece*" on the Stationers' book, a title equally suited to it. It appears, however, from Sir H. Herbert's Office Books, that a new play, not there mentioned, called,

The Captive, or the Lost recovered,

written by Hayward, (no doubt our author) was licensed for the Cockpit Company on the 3rd September, 1624.

He wrote, or translated, innumerable other works, among which are the following :

The Pageants for 1632, 1633, 1637, 1638, and 1639. A Translation of Sallust, fol. 1608. Great Britain's Troy, a Poem, fol. 1609. An Apology for Actors, 4to. 1612. A Funeral Elegy on the Death of Prince Henry, 4to. 1613. England's Elizabeth, 8vo. 1631. Eromena, or Love and Revenge, fol. 1632. The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels, with Notes, fol. 1635. A true Descrip-

tion of his Majesty's Royal Ship, built this year, 1637, at Woolwich, in Kent, 4to. 1637. Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas, &c. 1637. The exemplary Lives and Acts of Nine Women Worthies, &c. 4to. 1640. The Life of Merlin, 4to. 1641. The general History of Women, 8vo. 1657. Philocothonista, a Preparative to Study; or, the Virtue of Sack, 1641. And he was one of the writers of the Annalea Dubrensa.

Of the "English Traveller," the story of Young Lionel and Reignald, as has been observed by Langbaine, is stolen from the "Mortellaria" of Plautus; and it is certain that a considerable part of the play is so closely copied from that performance, that it ought not to have been done without acknowledgment. But our poet in this only followed the example of some other and greater poets than himself: though I know not any single instance in which so much has been taken silently, yet the "Cataline," and "Seganius" of Jonson, and the "False One" of Beaumont and Fletcher, may serve as instances, that the poets of that age thought themselves entitled to enrich their works with many passages taken from the ancients. And the "English Traveller," it may be added further, is not the only English drama which has been very deeply indebted to the "Mortellaria." The "Intriguing Chambermaid" of Fielding is evidently founded upon it: and, as Mr. Warner has observed, the entertainment given by the rakish son—the old man's return from a voyage—the project of the knavish servant to prevent the father's surprising the company that were carousing in his house by making him believe it was haunted—and his pretending that the young gentleman had purchased another in the room of it, are all introduced with little variation from the original. And these observations apply as closely to the "English Traveller" as to the "Intriguing Chambermaid."

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

SIR HENRY APPLETON,

KNIGHT BARONET, &c.

NOBLE SIR,

For many reasons I am induced to present this poem to your favourable acceptance: and not the least of them that alternate love, and those frequent courtesies which interchangeably past betwixt yourself and that good old gentleman, mine uncle (Master Edmund Heywood), whom you pleased to grace by the title of father: I must confess I had altogether slept (my weakliness and bashfulness discouraging me) had they not been wakened and animated by that worthy gentleman your friend, and my countryman, Sir William Elvish, whom (for his unmerited love many ways extended towards me) I much honour: neither, sir, need you to think it any undervaluing of your worth, to undertake the patronage of a poem in this nature, since the like hath been done by Roman Lælius, Scipio, Mecænas, and many other mighty princes and captains; nay, even by Augustus Cæsar himself, concerning whom Ovid is thus read, De tristi: lib. 2.

Inspice ludorum sumptus, Auguste, tuorum:
Empta tibi magno talia multa leges.
Hæc tu spectasti, spectandaque sæpe dedisti;
Majestas adeo comis ubique tua est:

So highly were they respected in the most flourishing estate of the Roman empire; and if they have been vilified of late by any separistical humorist, (as in the now questioned "Histriomastix,") I hope by the next term *(Minerva assistente)* to give such satisfaction to the world, by vindicating many particulars in that work maliciously exploded and condemned, as that no gentleman of quality and judgment, but shall therein receive a reasonable satisfaction; I am loath by tediousness to grow troublesome, therefore conclude with a grateful remembrance of my service intermixed with myriads of zealous wishes for your health of body, and peace of mind, with superabundance of earth's blessings, and heaven's graces, ever remaining,

Yours most observant,

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

TO THE READER.

If, reader, thou hast of this play been an auditor, there is less apology to be used by intreating thy patience. This Tragi-Comedy (being one reserved amongst two hundred and twenty, in which I have had either an entire hand, or at the least a main finger) coming accidently to the press, and I having intelligence thereof, thought it not fit that it should pass as *filius populi*, a bastard without a father to acknowledge it. True it is, that my plays are not exposed unto the world in volumes, to bear the title of Works, as others; one reason is, that many of them by shifting and change of companies have been negligently lost; others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print; and a third, that it never was any great ambition in me to be in this kind voluminously read. All that I have further to say at this time is only this: censure I entreat as favourably, as it is exposed to thy view freely. Ever

Studious of thy pleasure and profit,

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

THE

PROLOGUE.

A STANGE play you are like to have, for know,
We use no drum, nor trumpet, nor dumb show;
No combat, marriage, not so much to-day,
As song, dance, masque to bombast out a play:
Yet these all good, and still in frequent use
With our best poets; nor is this excuse
Made by our author, as if want of skill
Caus'd this defect; it's rather his selfwill.
Will you the reason know? There have so many
Been in that kind, that he desires not any
At this time in his scene; no help, no strain,
Or flash that's borrowed from another's brain;
Nor speaks he this that he would have you fear it,
He only tries if once bare lines will bear it;
Yet may't afford, so please you silent sit,
Some mirth, some matter, and perhaps some wit.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Old Wincot.
Old Geraldine.
Old Lionel.
Young Geraldine, } two intimate friends,
Dalavel, }
Young Lionel, a riotous citizen.
Rioter, a spendthrift, his acquaintance.
Two gallants, companions of Rioter.
A gentleman, friend of Dalavel.
Ricot, a merchant.
Reignald, a parasitical servingman.
Robin, a country servingman.
Roger, the Clown, servant to Wincot.
Servant to Old Lionel.
An Usurer.
His man.
A tavern drawer.
The previous owner of Old Lionel's house.

Wife to Wincot.
Prudentilla, her sister.
Blanda, a prostitute.
Scapha, a bawd.
Two prostitutes, companions to Blanda.
Bess, chambermaid to Mrs. Wincot.

THE

ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter YOUNG GERALDINE *and* MASTER DALAVEL.

Dal. OH, friend,
That I to mine own notion had joined
Your experience! I have the theoric,
But you the practic.
Y. Ger. I, perhaps, have seen
What you have only read of.
Dal. There's your happiness.
A scholar in his study knows the stars,
Their motion and their influence, which are fix'd,
And which are wandering, can decipher seas,
And give each several land his proper bounds;
But set him to the compass, he's to seek,
When a plain pilot can direct his course
From hence unto both th' Indies; can bring back
His ship and charge, with profits quintuple.
I have read Jerusalem, and studied Rome,
Can tell in what degree each city stands,
Describe the distance of this place from that,
All this the scale in every map can teach;
Nay, for a need could punctually recite

The monuments in either; but what I
Have by relation only, knowledge by travel,
Which still makes up a complete gentleman,
Proves eminent in you.

Y. Ger. I must confess
I have seen Jerusalem and Rome, have brought
Mark from th' one, from th' other testimony;
Know Spain, and France, and from their airs have suck'd
A breath of every language: but no more
Of this discourse, since we draw near the place
Of them we go to visit.

Enter CLOWN.

Clown. Noble Master Geraldine! worshipful Master Dalavel!

Dal. I see thou still remember'st us.

Clown. Remember you? I have had so many memorandums from the multiplicities of your bounties, that not to remember you were to forget myself: you are both most ingeniously and nobly welcome.

Y. Ger. And why ingeniously and nobly?

Clown. Because had I given your welcomes other attributes than I have done, the one being a soldier, and the other seeming a scholar, I should have lied in the first, and shewed myself a kind of blockhead in the last.

Y. Ger. I see your wit is nimble as your tongue. But how doth all at home?

Clown. Small doings at home, sir, in regard that the age of my master corresponds not with the youth of my mistress; and you know cold

January and lusty May seldom meet in conjunction.

Dal. I do not think but this fellow in time may, for his wit and understanding, make almanacs.

Clown. Not so, sir, you being more judicious than I; I'll give you the pre-eminence in that, because I see by proof you have such judgment in times and seasons.

Dal. And why in times and seasons?

Clown. Because you have so seasonably made choice to come so just at dinner time: you are welcome, gentlemen; I'll go tell my master of your coming. [*Exit Clown.*

Dal. A pleasant knave.

Y. Ger. This fellow, I perceive,
Is well acquainted with his master's mind:
Oh, 'tis a good old man!

Dal. And she a lady
For beauty, and for virtue unparalleled;
Nor can you name that thing to grace a woman
She has not in a full perfection:
Though in their years might seem disparity,
And therefore at the first, a match unfit;
Imagine but his age and government,
Withall, her modesty, and chaste respect;
Betwixt them there's so sweet a sympathy,
As crowns a noble marriage.

Y. Ger. 'Tis acknowledged;
But to the worthy gentleman himself,
I am so bound in many courtesies,
That not the least, by all th' expression
My labour or my industry can show,
I well know how to cancel.

Dal. Oh, you are modest.

Y. Ger. He studies to engross me to himself,
And is so wedded to my company,
He makes me stranger to my father's house,
Although so near a neighbour.

Dal. This approves you
To be most nobly propertied, that from one,
So exquisite in judgment, can attract
So affectionate an eye.

Y. Ger. Your character,
I must bestow on his unmerited love,
As one that know I have it, and yet ignorant
Which way I should deserve it. Here both come.

Enter WINCOT, *his* WIFE, *and* PRUDENTILLA.

Winc. Gentlemen, welcome; but what need I use
A word so common, unto such to whom
My house was never private; I expect
You should not look for such a needless phrase,
Especially you, Master Geraldine;
Your father is my neighbour, and I know you,
Even from the cradle; then I loved your infancy,
And since your riper growth, better'd by travel;
My wife and you, in youth were play-fellows,
And nor now be strangers; as I take it,
Not above two years different in your age.

Wife. So much he hath outstripp'd me.

Winc. I would have you
Think this your home, free as your father's house,
And to command it as the master on't;
Call boldly here, and entertain your friends,
As in your own possessions; when I see't,
I'll say you love me truly, not till then:

Oh, what a happiness your father hath,
Far above me, one to inherit after him,
Where I (heaven knows) am childless.

Y. Ger. That defect
Heaven hath supplied in this your virtuous wife,
Both fair and full of all accomplishments;
My father is a widower, and herein
Your happiness transcends him.

Wife. Oh, Master Geraldine,
Flattery in men 's an adjunct of their sex,
This country breeds it;' and for that, so far
You needed not to have travel'd.

Y. Ger. Truth's a word
That should in every language relish well,
Nor have I that exceeded.

Wife. Sir, my husband
Hath took much pleasure in your strange dis-
course
About Jerusalem and the Holy Land;
How the new city differs from the old,
What ruins of the temple yet remain;
And whether Sion, and those hills about,
With their adjacent towns and villages,
Keep that proportioned distance as we read:
And then in Rome, of that great piramis
Reared in the front, on four lions mounted;
How many of those idol temples stand,
First dedicated to their heathen gods,
Which ruined were to better use repaired;
Of their pantheon, and their capitol;
What structures are demolish'd, what remain.

Winc. And what more pleasure to an old man's
ear,
That never drew, save his own country's air,

Than hear such things related. I do exceed him
In years, I must confess; yet he much older
Than I in his experience.

Prud. Master Geraldine,
May I be bold to ask you but one question,
The which I'd be resolved in?

Y. Ger. Any thing
That lies within my knowledge.

Winc. Put him to't;
Do, sister, you shall find him (make no doubt)
Most pregnant in his answer.

Prud. In your travels
Through France, through Savoy, and through Italy,
Spain, and the Empire, Greece and Palestine,
Which breeds the choicest beauties?

Y. Ger. In troth, lady,
I never cast on any in those parts
A curious eye of censure, since my travel
Was only aimed at language, and to know*;
These pass'd me but as common objects did,
Seen, but not much regarded.

Prud. Oh, you strive
To express a most unheard-of modesty,
And seldom found in any traveller,
Especially of our country, thereby seeking
To make yourself peculiar.

Y. Ger. I should be lothe
Profess in outward show to be one man,
And prove myself another.

Prud. One thing more:
Were you to marry, you that know these climes,

* "*To know, i. e.* to acquire knowledge.

Their states and their conditions, out of which
Of all these countries would you choose your wife?
Y. Ger. I'll answer you in brief: as I observe,
Each several clime for object, fare, or use,
Affords within itself, for all of these
What is most pleasing to the man there born;
Spain, that yields scant of food, affords the nation
A parsimonious stomach, where our appetites
Are not content but with the large excess
Of a full table; where the pleasing'st fruits
Are found most frequent, there they best content;
Where plenty flows, it asks abundant feasts;
For so hath provident nature dealt with all:
So in the choice of women, the Greek wantons
Compell'd beneath the Turkish slavery,
Vassal themselves to all men, and such best
Please the voluptuous, that delight in change;
The French is of one humour, Spain another;
The hot Italian he's a strain from both,
All pleased with their own nations; even the Moor,
He thinks the blackest the most beautiful;
And, lady, since you so far tax my choice,
I'll thus resolve you: being an Englishman,
'Mongst all those nations I have seen or try'd,
To please me best, here would I choose my bride.
Prud. And happy were that lady, in my thoughts,
Whom you would deign that grace too.
Wife. How now, sister,
This is a fashion that's but late come up,
For maids to court their husbands.
Winc. I would, wife,

It were no worse, upon condition,
They had my helping hand and purse to boot,
With both in ample measure: oh, this gentleman
I love, nay almost doat on.

Wife. You've my leave
To give it full expression.

Winc. In these arms then:
Oh, had my youth been bless'd with such a son,
To have made my estate to my name hereditary,
I should have gone contented to my grave,
As to my bed; to death, as to my sleep;
But heaven hath will in all things: once more welcome;
And you, sir, for your friend's sake.

Dal. Would I had in me,
That which he hath, to have claim'd it for mine own;
However, I much thank you.

Enter CLOWN.

Winc. Now, sir, the news with you?

Clown. Dancing news, sir, for the meat stands piping hot upon the dresser; the kitchen's in a heat; and the cook hath so bestir'd himself, that he's in a sweat; the jack plays music, and the spits turn round to't.

Winc. This fellow's my best clock,
He still strikes true to dinner.

Clown. And to supper too, sir; I know not how the day goes with you, but my stomach hath struck twelve, I can assure you that.

Winc. You take us unprovided, gentlemen,
Yet something you shall find, and we would rather

Give you the entertain of household guests,
Than compliment of strangers : I pray enter.
[*Exeunt all but Clown.*

Clown. I'll stand to't, that in good hospitality there can be nothing found that's ill; he that's a good housekeeper keeps a good table, a good table is never without good stools, good stools seldom without good guests, good guests never without good cheer, good cheer cannot be without good stomachs, good stomachs without good digestion, good digestion keeps men in good health; and therefore all good people, that bear good minds, as you love goodness, be sure to keep good meat and drink in your houses, and so you shall be called good men, and nothing can come on't but good, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Old Lionel's *House—Enter two Servingmen,* Reignald *and* Robin.

Reig. Away, you Corydon!
Rob. Shall I be beat out of my master's house thus?
Reig. Thy master! we are lords amongst ourselves,
And here we live and reign; two years already
Are past of our great empire, and we now
Write, *anno tertio.*
Rob. But the old man lives,
That shortly will depose you.
Reig. I' th' meantime,
I, as the mighty lord and seneschal

Of this great house and castle, banish thee
The very smell o' th' kitchen; be it death,
To appear before the dresser.

Rob. And why so?

Reig. Because thou stink'st of garlic: is that breath
Agreeing with our palace, where each room
Smells with musk, civet, and rich ambergris,
Aloes, cassia, aromatic gums,
Perfumes, and powders? one whose very garments
Scent of the folds and stables? oh, fie, fie!
What a base nasty rogue 'tis!

Rob. Yet your fellow.

Reig. Then let us put a cart-horse in rich trappings,
And bring him to the tilt-yard.

Rob. Pranck it, do,
Waste, riot, and consume; mispend your hours
In drunken surfeits; lose your days in sleep,
And burn the nights in revels, drink and drab,
Keep Christmas all year long, and blot lean Lent
Out of the calendar; all that mass of wealth
Got by my master's sweat and thrifty care,
Havoc in prodigal uses; make all fly!
Pour 't down your oily throats, or send it smoking
Out at the tops of chimnies: at his departure,
Was it the old man's charge to have his windows
Glister all night with stars? his modest house
Turn'd to a common stews? his beds to pallets
Of lusts and prostitutions? his buttery hatch
Now made more common than a tavern's bar,
His stools that welcom'd none but civil guests,
Now only free for panders, whores and bawds,
Strumpets, and such.

Reig. I suffer thee too long:
What is to me thy country; or to thee
The pleasure of our city? thou hast cows,
Cattle, and beeves to feed, oves and boves;
These that I keep, and in this pasture graze,
Are dainty damsels, bonny girls:
If thou be'st born to hedge, ditch, thrash and plough,
And I to revel, banquet and carouse;
Thou, peasant, to the spade and pickaxe, I
The baton and stiletto; think it only
Thy ill, my good; our several lots are cast,
And both must be contented.

Rob. But when both
Our services are questioned.

Reig. Look you to one,
My answer is provided.

Rob. Farewell, musk-cat. [*Exit.*

Enter YOUNG LIONEL.

Reig. Adieu, good cheese and onions, stuff thy guts
With speck and barley-pudding for digestion:
Drink whig * and sour milk, whilst I rince my throat
With Bordeaux and Canary.

Y. Lio. What was he?

Reig. A spy, sir;

* I know not what is meant by "*speck*," in the preceding line; "*whig*" is, I believe, formed from the whey of milk after the cheese curd has been separated from it by runnet; a second and inferior curd being separated from the whey by an acid mixture; the remainder, after being slightly fermented, is called whig, and drank by the poorer classes instead of small beer. It is the german Speck fat, lard.

One of their hinds o' th' country, that came prying
To see what dainty fare our kitchen yields,
What guests we harbour, and what rule we keep,
And threats to tell the old man when he comes;
I think I sent him packing.

Y. Lio. It was well done.

Reig. A whoreson jackanapes, a base baboon,
To insinuate in our secrets.

Y. Lio. Let such keep
The country where their charge is.

Reig. So I said, sir.

Y. Lio. And visit us when we command them thence,
Not search into our counsels.

Reig. 'Twere not fit.

Y. Lio. Who in my father's absence should command,
Save I, his only son?

Reig. It is but justice.

Y. Lio. For am not I now lord?

Reig. Dominus factotum.
And am not I your steward?

Y. Lio. Well remember'd:
This night I have a purpose to be merry,
Jovial, and frolic: how doth our cash hold out?

Reig. The bag's still heavy.

Y. Lio. Then my heart's still light.

Reig. I can assure you, yet 'tis pretty deep,
Though scarce a mile to th' bottom.

Y. Lio. Let me have
To supper: let me see—a duck——

Reig. Sweet rogue.

Y. Lio. A capon——

Reig. Geld the rascal.

Y. Lio. Then a turkey——
Reig. Now spit him for an infidel.
Y. Lio. Green plover,
Snipe, partridge, lark, cock, and pheasant.
Reig. Ne'er a widgeon?
Y. Lio. Yes, wait thyself at table.
Reig. Where I hope yourself will not be absent.
Y. Lio. Nor my friends.
Reig. We'll have them in plenty.
Y. Lio. Caviare,
Sturgeon, anchovies, pickled oysters; yes,
And a potatoe-pie; besides all these,
What thou think'st rare and costly.
Reig. Sir, I know
What's to be done; the stock that must be spent,
Is in my hands; and what I have to do,
I will do suddenly.
Y. Lio. No butcher's meat;
Of that, beware in any case.
Reig. I still remember
Your father was no grazier; if he were,
This were a way to eat up all his fields,
Hedges and all.
Y. Lio. You will be gone, sir?
Reig. Yes; and you're i' th' way [of] going.
[*Exit.*
Y. Lio. To what may young men best compare themselves?
Better to what, than to a house new built?
The fabric strong, the chambers well contriv'd,
Polish'd within, without well beautify'd;
When all that gaze upon the edifice,
Do not alone commend the workman's craft,
But either make it their fair precedent

By which to build another, or at least
Wish there to inhabit: being set to sale,
In comes a slothful tenant, with a family
As lazy as debauch'd; rough tempests rise,
Untile the roof, which, by their idleness,
Left unrepaired, the stormy showers beat in,
Rot the main posts and rafters, spoil the rooms,
Deface the ceilings, and in little space,
Bring it to utter ruin: yet the fault,
Not in the architector that first reared it,
But him that should repair it: so it fares
With us young men; we are those houses made;
Our parents raise these structures, the foundation
Laid in our infancy; and as we grow
In years, they strive to build us by degrees,
Story on story higher; up at height,
They cover us with counsel to defend us
From storms without; they polish us within
With learning, knowledge, arts and disciplines;
All that is nought and vicious, they sweep from us
Like dust and cobwebs, and our rooms concealed,
Hang with the costliest hangings; 'bout the walls
Emblems and beauteous symbols pictured round;
But when that lazy tenant, Love, steps in,
And in his train brings sloth and negligence,
Lust, disobedience, and profuse excess;
The thrift with which our fathers tiled our roofs,
Submits to every storm and winter's blast.

Enter BLANDA *and* SCAPHA.

And yielding place to every riotous sin,
Gives way without, to ruin what's within:
Such is the state I stand in.

Blan. And how doth this tire become me?

Scap. Rather ask how your sweet carriage, and court behaviour, doth grace you; for lovers regard not so much the outward habit, as that which the garment covers.

Y. Lio. (Aside.) Oh, here's that hail, shower, tempest, storm, and gust,
That shatter'd hath this building; let in lust,
Intemperance, appetite to vice, withal,
Neglect of every goodness; thus I see
How I am sinking in mine own disease,
Yet can I not abide it.

Blan. And how this gown? I prithee view me well,
And speak with thy best judgment.

Scap. What do you talk of gowns, and ornaments,
That have a beauty precious in itself,
And becomes any thing.

Y. Lio. (Aside.) Let me not live, but she speaks nought but truth,
And I'll for that reward her.

Blan. All's one to me, become they me or not;
Or be I fair or foul, in others' eyes,
So I appear so to my Lionel;
He is the glass, in whom I judge my face,
By whom, in order, I will dress these curls,
And place these jewels only to please him:
Why dost smile?

Scap. To hear a woman, that thinks herself so wise, speak so foolishly; that knows well, and does ill.

Blan. Teach me wherein I err.

Scap. I'll tell thee, daughter; in that thou

knowest thyself to be beloved of so many, and settlest thy affection only upon one: doth the mill grind only, when the wind sits in one corner? or ships only sail when it's in this or that quarter? is he a cunning fencer, that lies but at one guard? or he a skilful musician, that plays but on one string? is there but one way to the wood? and but one bucket that belongs to the well? To affect one, and despise all other, becomes the precise matron, not the prostitute; the loyal wife, not the loose wanton: such have I been, as you are now; and [you] should learn to sail with all winds, defend all blows, make music with all strings, know all the ways to the wood; and, like a good travelling hackney, learn to drink of all waters.

Y. Lio. (Aside.) May I miscarry in my Blanda's love,
If I that old damnation do not send
To hell before her time!

Blan. I would not have you, mother, teach me ought
That tends to injure him.

Scap. Well, look to't when 'tis too late, and then repent at leisure, as I have done: thou see'st here's nothing but prodigality and pride, wantoning and wasting, rioting and reveling, spoiling and spending, gluttony and gormandizing; all goes to havoc: and can this hold out? When he hath nothing left to help himself, how can he harbour thee? Look, at length, to drink from a dry bottle, and feed from an empty knapsack; look to't, 'twill come to that.

Y. Lio. (Aside.) My parsimony shall begin in thee,
And instantly; for from this hour I vow
That thou no more shalt drink upon my cost,
Nor taste the smallest fragment from my board;
I'll see thee starve i' th' street first.

Scap. Live to one man? a jest! thou may'st as well tie thyself to one gown; and what fool but will change with the fashion? Yes, do confine thyself to one garment, and use no variety, and see how soon it will rot, and turn to rags.

Y. Lio. (Coming forward.) Those rags be thy reward. Oh, my sweet Blanda,
Only for thee I wish my father dead,
And ne'er to rouse us from our sweet delight;
But for this hag, this beldam, she, whose back
Hath made her items in my mercer's books,
Whose ravenous guts I have stuff'd with delicates,
Nay, even to surfeit; and whose frozen blood
I have warmed with aquavitæ, be this day
My last of bounty to a wretch ingrate;
But unto thee, a new indenture sealed,
Of an affection fix'd, and permanent;
I'll love thee still, be 't but to give the lie
To this old canker'd worm.

Blan. Nay, be not angry.

Y. Lio. With thee my soul shall ever be at peace;
But with this love seducer, still at war.

Enter RIOTER *and Two* GALLANTS.

Scap. Hear me but speak.

Y. Lio. Ope but thy lips again, it makes a way
To have thy tongue pluck'd out.

Riot. What all in tempest?
Y. Lio. Yes, and the storm raised by that witch's spells:
Oh, 'tis a damn'd enchantress!
Riot. What's the business?
Blan. Only some few words slipp'd her unawares:
For my sake, make her peace.
Riot. You charge me deeply:
Come, friend, will you be mov'd at woman's words,
A man of your known judgment?
Y. Lio. Had you but heard
The damn'd erroneous doctrine that she taught,
You would have judg'd her to the stake.
Blan. But, sweetheart,
She now recants those errors; once more number her
Amongst your household servants.
Riot. Shall she beg,
And be deny'd ought from you?
Blan. Come, this kiss
Shall end all former quarrels.
Riot. 'Tis not possible
Those lips should move in vain, that two ways plead;
Both in their speech and silence.
Y. Lio. You have prevail'd,
But upon this condition, no way else;
I'll censure her, as she hath sentenc'd thee,
But with some small inversion.
Riot. Speak, how's that?
Blan. Not too severe, I prithee: see poor wretch,
She at the bar stands quaking.
Y. Lio. Now, hold up!

Riot. How, man, how?

Y. Lio. Her hand, I mean; and now I'll sentence thee,
According to thy counsel given to her:
Sail by one wind, thou shalt to one tune sing,
Lie at one guard, and play but on one string;
Henceforth I will confine thee to one garment,
And that shall be a cast one, like thyself,
Just past all wearing, as thou past all use,
And not to be renewed till 't be as ragged
As thou art rotten.

Blan. Nay, sweet!

Y. Lio. That for her habit.

Scap. A cold suit I have on't.

Y. Lio. To prevent surfeit,
Thy diet shall be to one dish confin'd,
And that too rifled with as unclean hands
As e'er were laid on thee.

Scap. What he scants me in victuals, would he but allow me in drink.

Y. Lio. That shall be the refuse of the flagons, jacks,
And snuffs, such as the nastiest breaths shall leave;
Of wine, and [of] strong water, never hope
Henceforth to smell.

Scap. Oh, me, I faint already!

Y. Lio. If I sink in my state, of all the rest,
Be thou excused: what thou proposed to her,
Beldam, is now against thyself decreed,
Drink from dry springs, from empty knapsacks feed.

Scap. No burnt wine, nor hot waters?

[*She swoons.*

Y. Lio. Take her hence.

Blan. Indeed you are too cruel.

Y. Lio. Yes, to her,
Only of purpose to be kind to thee.
Are any of my guests come?

Riot. Fear not, sir;
You will have a full table.

Y. Lio. What, and music?

Riot. Best consort in the city for six parts.

Y. Lio. We shall have songs then?

Riot. By th' ear.

Y. Lio. *(Whispers.)* And wenches?

Riot. Yes, by th' eye.

Blan. Ha, what was that you said?

Riot. We shall have such to bear you company,
As will no doubt content you.

Y. Lio. Enter then:
In youth there is a fate that sways us still,
To know what's good, and yet pursue what's ill.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter WINCOT *and his* WIFE.

Winc. And what's this Dalavel?
Wife. My apprehension
Can give him no more true expression,
Than that he first appears a gentleman,
And well conditioned.
Winc. That for outward show:
But what in him have you observed else,
To make him better known?
Wife. I have not eyes
To search into the inward thoughts of men,
Nor ever was [I] studied in that art,
To judge of mens' affection by the face;
But that which makes me best opinion'd of him
Is, that he is companion, and the friend
Beloved of him whom you so much commend,
The noble Master Geraldine.
Winc. Thou hast spoke
That which not only crowns his true desert,
But now instates him in my better thoughts,
Making his worth unquestioned.
Wife. He pretends
Love to my sister Pru. I have observ'd him
Single her out to private conference.
Winc. But I could rather, for her own sake, wish
Young Geraldine would fix his thoughts that way,

And she towards him; in such affinity,
Trust me, I would not use a sparing hand.

Wife. But love in these kinds, should not be compell'd,
Forc'd, nor persuaded; when it freely springs,
And of itself takes voluntary root,
It grows, it spreads, it ripens, and brings forth
Such an usurious crop of timely fruit,
As crowns a plenteous autumn.

Enter CLOWN.

Winc. Such a harvest
I should not be th' ungladdest man to see
Of all thy sister's friends. Now, whence come you?

Clown. Who, I, sir? from a lodging of largess, a house of hospitality, and a palace of plenty; where there's feeding like horses, and drinking like fishes; where for pints, we're served in pottles; and instead of pottle pots, in pails; instead of silver tankards, we drink of water tankards*; claret runs as freely as the cocks; and canary, like the conduits of a coronation day; where there's nothing but feeding and frolicking, carving and kissing, drinking and dancing, music and madding, fiddling and feasting.

Winc. And where, I pray thee, are all these revels kept?

Clown. They may be rather called wreaks than revels: as I came along by the door, I was call'd up amongst them, he-gallants, and she-

*. "*Water tankards*" were the vessels which those water carriers made use of who carried water from the conduits, &c. for the supply of private families.

gallants; I no sooner look'd out, but saw them out with their knives, slashing of shoulders, mangling of legs, and lancing of loins, till there was scarce a whole limb left amongst them.

Winc. A fearful massacre!

Clown. One was hacking to cut off a neck, this was mangling a breast, his knife slipped from the shoulder, and only cut off a wing; one was picking the brains out of a head, another was knuckle deep in a belly, one was groping for a liver, another searching for the kidnies; I saw one pluck the sole from the body (goose that she was to suffer't), another prick'd into the breast with his own bill, (woodcock to indure it.)

Wife. How fell they out at first?

Clown. I know not that; but it seems one had a stomach, and another had a stomach; but there was such biting and tearing with their teeth, that I am sure I saw some of their poor carcasses pay for't.

Winc. Did they not send for surgeons?

Clown. Alas, no; surgeon's help was too late: there was no stitching up those wounds, where limb was pluck'd from limb; nor any salve for those scars, which all the plaster of Paris cannot cure.

Winc. Where grew the quarrel first?

Clown. It seems it was first broach'd in the kitchen; certain creatures being brought in thither by some of the house; the cook, being a choleric fellow, did so touse them and toss them, so pluck them and pull them, till he left them as naked as my nail; pinioned some of them like felons; cut the spurs from others off their heels,

then down went the spits, some of them he ran in at the throat, and out at the backside; about went his basting-ladle, where he did so besauce them, that many a shrewd turn they had amongst them.

Wife. But in all this, how did the women 'scape?

Clown. They fared best, and did the least hurt that I saw; but for quietness sake, were forc'd to swallow what is not yet digested; yet every one had their share; and she that had the least, I am sure by this time hath her belly full.

Winc. And where was all this havoc kept?

Clown. Marry, sir, at your next neighbour's, young Master Lionel; where there is nothing but drinking out of dry vats, and healthing in half tubs; his guests are fed by the belly, and beggars served at his gate in baskets; he's the adamant of this age, the daffodil of these days, the prince of prodigality, and the very Cæsar of all young citizens.

Winc. Belike then 'twas a massacre of meat, not as I apprehended?

Clown. Your gravity hath guessed aright; the chiefest that fell in this battle, were wild fowl and tame fowl; pheasants were wounded instead of alfares *, and capons for captains; anchovies stood for ancients, and caviare for corporals; dishes were assaulted instead of ditches, and rabbits were cut to pieces upon the rebelling †;

* *Alfarez*, or *alfares*, seems to have been a subordinate officer, (an ensign, says Reed.) Don Juan, in "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," says, Leon had been recommended to him as his "*Alferez*."

† *Ravelines*, I presume.

some lost their legs, whilst other of their wings
were forc'd to fly; the pioneer undermined nothing but pye-crust; and——

Winc. Enough, enough! your wit hath play'd too long
Upon our patience: Wife, it grieves me much,
Both for the young and old man; the one graces
His head with care, endures the parching heat
And biting cold, the terrors of the lands,
And fears at sea in travel, only to gain
Some competent estate to leave his son;
Whiles all that merchandise, through gulfs, cross-tides,
Pirates and storms, he brings so far, th' other
Here shipwrecks in the harbour.

Wife. 'Tis the care of fathers, and the weakness
Incident to youth, that wants experience.

Enter YOUNG GERALDINE, DALAVEL, *and* PRUDENTILLA, *laughing.*

Clown. I was at the beginning of the battle: but here comes some, that it seems were at the rifling of the dead carcasses; for by their mirth, they have had part of the spoil.

Winc. You are pleasant, gentlemen: what, I entreat,
Might be the subject of your pleasant sport?
It promiseth some pleasure.

Prud. If their recreation
Be, as I make no question, on truth grounded,
'Twill beget sudden laughter.

Wife. What's the project?

Dal. Who shall relate it?

Winc. Master Geraldine,
If there be any thing can please my ear,
With pleasant sounds, your tongue must be the instrument,
On which the string must strike.

Dal. Be it his then.

Prud. Nay, hear it, 'tis a good one.

Wife. We intreat you,
Possess us o' th' novel.

Winc. Speak, good sir.

Y. Ger. I shall then, with a kind of barbarism,
Shadow a jest, that asks a smoother tongue,
For in my poor discourse, I do protest,
'Twill but lose his lustre.

Wife. You are modest.

Winc. However speak, I pray; for my sake do't.

Clown. This is like a hasty-pudding, longer in eating than it was in making.

Y. Ger. Then thus it was: this gentleman and I
Past but just now by your next neighbour's house,
Where, as they say, dwells young Lionel.

Clown. Where I was to-night at supper.

Winc. An unthrift youth; his father now at sea.

Y. Ger. Why that's the very subject upon which
It seems this jest is grounded: there this night,
Was a great feast.

Clown. Why so I told you, sir.

Winc. Be thou still dumb, 'tis he that I would hear.

Y. Ger. In the height of their carousing, all their brains,
Warm'd with the heat of wine, discourse was offer'd
Of ships, and storms at sea: when suddenly,
Out of his giddy wildness, one conceives

The room wherein they quaff'd to be a pinnace,
Moving and floating; and the confused noise
To be the murmuring winds, gusts, mariners;
That their unstedfast footing did proceed
From rocking of the vessel: this conceiv'd,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
And to look out for safety. Fly, saith one,
Up to the main-top, and discover: he
Climbs by the bed-post, to the tester, there,
Reports a turbulent sea and tempest towards;
And wills them, if they'll save their ship and lives,
To cast their lading overboard. At this
All fall to work, and hoist into the street,
As to the sea, what next come to their hand,
Stools, tables, tressels, trenchers, bedsteds, cups,
Pots, plates, and glasses: here a fellow whistles;
They take him for the boatswain: one lies strug-
gling
Upon the floor, as if he swum for life:
A third takes the bass-viol for the cock-boat,
Sits in the belly on't, labours, and rows;
His oar, the stick with which the fiddler play'd:
A fourth bestrides his fellows, thinking to 'scape
As did Arion, on the dolphin's back,
Still fumbling on a gittern.

Clown. Excellent sport!

Winc. But what was the conclusion?

Y. Ger. The rude multitude
Watching without, and gaping for the spoil
Cast from the windows, went by th' ears about it;
The constable is called to atone the broil,
Which done, and hearing such a noise within,
Of imminent shipwreck, enters the house, and
finds them

In this confusion: they adore his staff,
And think it Neptune's trident; and that he,
Came with his Tritons, (so they call'd his watch)
To calm the tempest, and appease the waves:
And at this point we left them*.

Clown. Come what will, I'll steal out of doors,
And see the end of it, that's certain. [*Exit.*

Winc. Thanks, Master Geraldine, for this discourse;
In troth it hath much pleased me: but the night
Begins to grow fast on us; for your parts,
You are all young, and you may sit up late,
My eyes begin to summon me to sleep,
And nothing's more offensive unto age,
Than to watch long and late.

Y. Ger. Now, good rest with you.

Dal. What says fair Prudentilla? Maids and widows,
And we young bachelors, such as indeed
Are forc'd to lie in solitary beds,
And sleep without disturbance; we, methinks,
Should desire later hours; when married wives,
That, in their amorous arms, hug their delights;
To often wakings subject; their more haste
May better be excused.

Prud. How can you,
That are, as you confess, a single man,
Enter so far into these mystical secrets
Of marriage, which as yet you never proved.

† "This piece of pleasant exaggeration (which for its life and humour might have been told, or acted, by Petruchio himself) gave rise to the title of Cowley's Latin play, 'Naufragium Joculare,' and furnished the idea of the best scene in it."

LAMB'S DRAM. SPEC.

Dal. There's, lady, an instinct innate in man,
Which prompts us to the apprehensions
Of th' uses we were born to; such we are
Aptest to learn, ambitious most to know;
Of which our chief is marriage.
Prud. What you men
Most meditate, we women seldom dream of.
Dal. When dream maids most?
Prud. When think you?
Dal. When you lie
Upon you backs. Come, come, your ear.
[*Exit Dal. and Prud.*
Y. Ger. We now are left alone.
Wife. Why, say we be, who should be jealous of us?
This is not first of many hundred nights,
That we two have been private, from the first
Of our acquaintance: when our tongues but clipp'd
Our mother's tongue, and could not speak it plain,
We knew each other: as in stature, so
Increas'd our sweet society: since your travel,
And my late marriage, through my husband's love,
Midnight hath been as midday, and my bed-chamber
As free to you, as your own father's house,
And you as welcome to't.
Y. Ger. I must confess,
It is in you, your noble courtesy,
In him, a more than common confidence,
And, in this age, can scarce find precedent.
Wife. Most true: it is withal an argument,
That both our virtues are so deep impress'd
In his good thoughts, he knows we cannot err.
Y. Ger. A villain were he to deceive such trust,

Or (were there one) a much worse character.
Wife. And she no less, whom either beauty, youth,
Time, place, or opportunity could tempt,
To injure such a husband.
Y. Ger. You deserve,
Even for his sake, to be for ever young;
And he for yours, to have his youth renew'd;
So mutual is your true conjugal love.
Yet had the fates so pleas'd——
Wife. I know your meaning:
It was once voic'd that we two should have match'd;
The world so thought, and many tongues so spake;
But heaven hath now dispos'd us otherwise;
And being as it is, (a thing in me,
Which I protest was never wish'd nor sought),
Now done, I not repent it.
Y. Ger. In those times,
Of all the treasures of my hopes, and love,
You were th' exchequer, they were stor'd in you;
And had not my unfortunate travel cross'd them,
They had been here reserved still.
Wife. Troth they had,
I should have been your trusty treasurer.
Y. Ger. However, let us love still, I intreat:
That neighbourhood and breeding will allow;
So much the laws divine and human both,
'Twixt brother and a sister, will approve;
Heaven then forbid, that they should limit us
Wish well to one another.
Wife. If they shotild not,
We might proclaim they were not charitable,
Which were a deadly sin but to conceive.
Y. Ger. Will you resolve me one thing?

Wife. As to one,
That in my bosom hath a second place,
Next my dear husband.
Y. Ger. That's the thing I crave,
And only that; to have a place next him.
Wife. Presume on that already; but perhaps,
You mean to stretch it further.
Y. Ger. Only thus far:
Your husband s old, to whom my soul doth wish
A Nestor's age; so much he merits from me:
Yet if (as proof and nature daily teach,
Men cannot always live, especially
Such as are old and crazed) he be call'd hence,
Fairly, in full maturity of time,
And we two be reserv'd to after-life,
Will you confer your widowhood on me?
Wife. You ask the thing I was about to beg;
Your tongue hath spoke mine own thoughts.
Y. Ger. Vow to that.
Wife. As I hope mercy.
Y. Ger. 'Tis enough; that word
Alone instates me happy: now, so please you,
We will divide; you to your private chamber,
I to find out my friend.
Wife. Nay, Master Geraldine,
One ceremony rests yet unperform'd:
My vow is pass'd, your oath must next proceed;
And as you covet to be sure of me,
Of you I would be certain.
Y. Ger. Make ye doubt?
Wife. No doubt; but love's still jealous, and
in that
To be excused: you then shall swear by heaven,
And as in all your future acts, you hope

To thrive and prosper; as the day may yield
Comfort, or the night rest; as you would keep
Entire the honour of your father's house,
And free your name from scandal and reproach;
By all the goodness that you hope to enjoy,
Or ill to shun——

Y. Ger. You charge me deeply, lady.

Wife. Till that day come, you shall reserve yourself
A single man; converse nor company
With any woman; contract nor combine
With maid, or widow; which expected hour,
As I do wish not haste, so when it happens,
It shall not come unwelcome; you hear all;
Vow this.

Y. Ger. By all that you have said, I swear,
And by this kiss confirm. [*Kisses her.*

Wife. You're now my brother;
But then my second husband. [*Exeunt.*

Enter YOUNG LIONEL, RIOTER, BLANDA, SCAPHA, *Two* GALLANTS, *and Two* WENCHES, *as newly waked from Sleep.*

Y. Lio. We had a stormy night on't.

Blan. The wine still works,
And with the little rest they have took to-night,
They are scarce come to themselves.

Y. Lio. Now 'tis a calm;
Thanks to those gentle sea gods, that have brought us
To this safe harbour: can you tell their names?

Scap. He with a painted staff, I heard you call
Neptune.

Y. Lio. The dreadful god of seas,
Upon whose back ne'er stuck March fleas.
1 *Gal.* One with the bill, keeps Neptune's
porposes; ——
So Ovid says in's Metamorphoses.
2 *Gal.* A third the learned poets write on,
And, as they say, his name is Triton.
Y. Lio. These are the marine gods, to whom
my father
In his long voyage prays too: cannot they
That brought us to our haven, bury him
In their abyss? For if he safe arrive,
I, with these sailors, syrens, and what not,
Am sure here to be shipwreck'd.
1 *Wench.* Stand up stiff.
Riot. But that the ship so totters: I shall fall.
1 *Wench.* If thou fall, I'll fall with thee.
Riot. Now I sink;
And as I dive and drown, thus by degrees,
I'll pluck thee to the bottom. [*They fall.*

Enter REIGNALD.

Y. Lio. Amain for England; see, see,
The Spaniard now strikes sail.
Reig. So must you all.
1 *Gal.* Whence is your ship? from the Ber-
moothes?
Reig. Worse; I think from hell:
We are all lost, split, shipwreck'd, and undone;
This place is a mere quicksand.
2 *Gal.* So we feared.
Reig. Where's my young master?

Y. Lio. Here, man; speak, the news?
Reig. The news is, I and you——
Y. Lio. What?
Reig. She, and all these——
Blan. I?
Reig. We, and all ours, are in one turbulent sea
Of fear, despair, disaster, and mischance
Swallowed. Your father, sir——
Y. Lio. Why, what of him?
Reig. He is——oh! I want breath.
Y. Lio. Where?
Reig. Landed, and at hand.
Y. Lio. Upon what coast? Who saw him?
Reig. I, these eyes.
Y. Lio. Oh, heaven! what shall I do then?
Reig. Ask ye me
What shall become of you, that have not yet
Had time of study to dispose myself?
I say again, I was upon the quay,
I saw him land, and this way bend his course.
What drunkard's this, that can outsleep a storm
Which threatens all our ruins? Wake him.
Blan. Ho! Rioter, awake!
Riot. Yes, I am wake;
How dry hath this salt water made me: boy,
Give me th' other glass.
Y. Lio. Arise, I say!
My father's come from sea.
Riot. If he be come, bid him begone again.
Reig. Can you trifle at such a time, when your inventions,
Brains, wits, plots, devices, stratagems, and all
Should be at once in action? each of you

That love your safeties, lend your helping hands,
Women and all, to take this drunkard hence,
And to bestow him elsewhere.

Blan. Lift, for heaven's sake.

[*Lionel and the rest carry Rioter into the house.*

Reig. But what am I the nearer, were all these
Convey'd to sundry places, and unseen?
The stain of our disorders still remain,
Of which the house will witness, and th' old man
Must find [them] when he enters; and for these
I am here left to answer. What, is he gone?

Re-enter LIONEL *and the others.*

Y. Lio. But whither? but into th' self same house
That harbours him; my father's, where we all
Attend from him surprise all.

Reig. I will make
That prison of your fears, your sanctuary;
Go, get you in together.

Y. Lio. To this house?

Reig. Your father's, with your sweetheart, these and all:
Nay, no more words, but do't.

Blan. That were to
Betray us to his fury.

Reig. I have 't here
To bail you hence at pleasure; and in the interim
I'll make this supposed jail, to you, as safe
From th' injur'd old man's just incensed spleen,
As were you now together in the Low Countries,
Virginia, or i' th' Indies.

Blan. Present fear
Bids us to yield unto the faint belief
Of the least hoped safety.
Reig. Will you in?
Omnes. By thee we will be counsell'd.
Reig. Shut them fast.
Y. Lio. And thou and I to leave them?
Reig. No such thing,
For you shall bear your sweetheart company,
And help to cheer the rest.
Y. Lio. And so thou
Meanest to escape alone?
Reig. Rather, without,
I'll stand a champion for you all within.
Will you be sway'd? One thing in any case
I must advise; the gates bolted and lock'd;
See that 'mongst you no living voice be heard;
No, not so much as a dog to howl,
Or cat to mew; all silence, that I charge;
As if this were a mere forsaken house,
And none did there inhabit.
Y. Lio. Nothing else?
Reig. And though the old man thunder at the gates,
As if he meant to ruin what he had rear'd,
None on their lives to answer.
Y. Lio. 'Tis my charge;
Remains there nothing else?
Reig. Only the key;
For I must play the jailor for your durance,
To be the Mercury in your release.
Y. Lio. Me and my hope, I in this key deliver
To thy safe trust.

Reig. When you are fast you are safe,
[*Y. Lio. enters, and Reig. locks the door after him.*
And with this turn 'tis done. What fools are these
To trust their ruin'd fortunes to his hands
That hath betray'd his own; and make themselves
Prisoner to one deserves to lie for all,
As being cause of all; and yet something prompts me,
I'll stand it at all dangers; and to recompense
The many wrongs unto the young man done,
Now (if I can) doubly delude the old:
My brain, about it then: all's hush'd within,
The noise that shall be I must make without;
And he that, part for gain, and part for wit,
So far hath travell'd, strive to fool at home:
Which to effect, art must with knavery join,
And smooth dissembling meet with impudence:
I'll do my best, and howsoe'er it prove,
My praise or shame, 'tis but a servant's love.

Enter OLD LIONEL *dressed as a Merchant, attended by two* SERVANTS, *and followed by Sailors, carrying Chests, Packages, &c.*

O. Lio. Discharge these honest sailors, that have brought
Our chests ashore; and pray them have a care
Those merchandise be safe we left aboard:
As heaven hath bless'd us with a fortunate voyage,
In which we bring home riches with our healths,
So let not us prove niggards in our store;
See them paid well, and to their full content

1 *Ser.* I shall, sir.

Blan. Present fear
Bids us to yield unto the faint belief
Of the least hoped safety.
Reig. Will you in?
Omnes. By thee we will be counsell'd.
Reig. Shut them fast.
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In which we bring home riches with our healths,
So let not us prove niggards in our store;
See them paid well, and to their full content

1 *Ser.* I shall, sir.

O. Lio. Then return. These special things,
And of most value, we'll not trust aboard;
Methinks they are not safe till they see home,
And there repose: where we will rest ourselves,
And bid farewell to travel; for I vow,
After this hour, no more to trust the seas,
Nor throw me to such danger.

Reig. (Aside.) I could wish
You had took your leave o' th' land too.

O. Lio. And now it much rejoiceth me, to think
What a most sudden welcome I shall bring
Both to my friends and private family.

Reig. (Aside.) Oh, but how much more welcome had he been,
That had brought certain tidings of thy death.

O. Lio. But soft, what's this? my own gates shut upon me,
And bar their master entrance? Who's within there?
How, no man speak? are all asleep or dead,
[*Knocks aloud.*
That no soul stirs to open?

Reig. (Coming forward.) What madman's that, who, weary of his life,
Dares once lay hand on these accursed gates?

O. Lio. Who's that? my servant Reignald?

Reig. My old master,
Most glad I am to see you: are you well, sir?

O. Lio. Thou see'st I am.

Reig. But are yon sure you are?
Feel you no change about you? Pray you stand off.

O. Lio. What strange and unexpected greeting's this,

That thus a man may knock at his own gates,
Beat with his hands and feet, and call thus loud,
And no man give him entrance?

Reig. Said you, sir:
Did your hand touch that hammer?

O. Lio. Why, who's else?

Reig. But are you sure you touch'd it?

O. Lio. How else, I prithee, could I have made this noise?

Reig. You touch'd it then?

O. Lio. I tell thee yet I did.

Reig. Oh, for the love I bear you,
Oh, me most miserable! you, for your own sake,
Of all alive most wretched; did you touch it?

O. Lio. Why, say I did?

Reig. You have then a sin committed,
No sacrifice can expiate to the dead:
But yet I hope you did not.

O. Lio. 'Tis past hope;
The deed is done, and I repent it not.

Reig. You and all yours will do't. In this one rashness,
You have undone us all: pray be not desperate,
But first thank heaven that you have escap'd thus well.
Come from the gate, yet further, further yet,
And tempt your fate no more; command your servants
Give off, and come no nearer; they are ignorant,
And do not know the danger, therefore pity
That they should perish in't: 'tis full seven months
Since any of your house durst once set foot
Over that threshold.

O. Lio. Prithee speak the cause.

Reig. First look about, beware that no man
hear;
Command these to remove.

O. Lio. Begone. *(Exeunt Servants.)* Now speak.

Reig. Oh, sir, this house is grown prodigious,
Fatal, disasterous unto you and yours.

O. Lio. What fatal? what disasterous?

Reig. Some host that hath been owner of this
house;
In it his guest hath slain; and we suspect
'Twas he of whom you bought it.

O. Lio. How came this
Discover'd to you first?

Reig. I'll tell you, sir;
But further from the gate: your son one night
Supp'd late abroad, I within; oh, that night,
I never shall forget! being safe got home,
I saw him in his chamber laid to rest,
And after went to mine; and being drowsy,
Forgot by chance to put the candle out,
Being dead asleep; your son affrighted, calls
So loud, that I soon waken'd: brought in light,
And found him almost drown'd in fearful sweat;
Amaz'd to see't, I did demand the cause;
Who told me, that this murdered ghost appeared,
His body gash'd, and all o'erstuck with wounds;
And spake to him, as follows.

O. Lio. Oh, proceed! 'tis that I long to hear.

Reig. I am, quoth he,
A transmarine by birth, who came well stored
With gold and jewels, to this fatal house;
Where seeking safety, I encounter'd death:
The covetous merchant, landlord of this rent,
To whom I gave my life and wealth in charge;

Freely to enjoy the one, robb'd me of both:
Here was my body buried, here my ghost
Must ever walk, till that have christian right;
Till when, my habitation must be here:
Then fly, young man, remove thy family,
And seek some safer dwelling: for my death,
This mansion is accurs'd; 'tis my possession,
Bought at the dear rate of my life and blood:
None enter here, that aims at his own good.
And with this charge he vanish'd.

O. Lio. Oh, my fear!
Whither wilt thou transport me?

Reig. I intreat
Keep further from the gate, and fly.

O. Lio. Fly whither? Why dost thou not fly too?

Reig. What need I fear? the ghost and I am friends.

O. Lio. But, Reignald——

Reig. Tush! I nothing have deserved,
Nor ought transgress'd: I came not near the gate.

O. Lio. To whom was that thou spakest?

Reig. Was't you, sir, nam'd me?
Now as I live, I thought the dead man call'd
To inquire for him that thunder'd at the gate
Which he so dearly pay'd for. Are you mad,
To stand a foreseen danger?

O. Lio. What shall I do?

Reig. Cover your head and fly; lest looking back,
You spy your own confusion.

O. Lio. Why dost not thou fly too?

Reig. I tell you, sir,
The ghost and I are friends.

O. Lio. Why didst thou quake then?
Reig. In fear lest some mischance may fall on you,
That have the dead offended; for my part,
The ghost and I are friends: why fly you not,
Since here you are not safe?
O. Lio. Some bless'd powers guard me!
Reig. Nay, sir, I'll not forsake you. *(Aside.)*
I have got the start;
But ere the goal, 'twill ask both brain and art.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter OLD GERALDINE, YOUNG GERALDINE, WINCOT *and* WIFE, DALAVEL, *and* PRUDENTILLA.

Winc. We are bound to you, kind Master Geraldine,
For this great entertainment; troth, your cost
Hath much exceeded common neighbourhood:
You have feasted us like princes.
O. Ger. This, and more
Many degrees, can never countervail
The oft and frequent welcomes given my son:
You have took him from me quite, and have, I think,
Adopted him into your family,
He stays with me so seldom.
Winc. And in this,
By trusting him to me, of whom yourself
May have both use and pleasure, you're as kind
As money'd men, that might make benefit
Of what they are possess'd, yet to their friends
In need will lend it gratis.
Wife. And like such,
As are indebted more than they can pay,
We more and more confess ourselves engaged
To you for your forbearance.
Prud. Yet you see,

Like debtors, such as would not break their day,
The treasure late received we tender back;
The which, the longer you can spare, you still
The more shall bind us to you.

O. Ger. Most kind ladies,
Worthy you are to borrow, that return
The principal, with such large use of thanks.

Dal. (Aside.) What strange felicity these rich men take,
To talk of borrowing, lending, and of use;
The usurer's language right.

Winc. You've, Master Geraldine,
Fair walks and gardens; I have praised them
Both to my wife and sister.

O. Ger. You would see them,
There is no pleasure that the house can yield,
That can be debar'd from you; prithee, son,
Be thou the usher to those mounts and prospects
May one day call thee master.

Y. Ger. Sir, I shall:
Please you to walk.

Prud. What, Master Dalavel,
Will you not bear us company?

Dal. 'Tis not fit
That we should leave our noble host alone;
Be you my friend's charge, and this old man mine.

Prud. Well, be't then at your pleasure.

[*Exeunt. Manent Dalavel and Old Geraldine.*

Dal. (Aside.) You to your prospects; but there's project here
That's of another nature. Worthy sir,
I cannot but approve your happiness,
To be the father of so brave a son,

So every way accomplish'd and made up,
In which my voice is least: for I, alas!
Bear but a mean part in the common choir,
When with much louder accents of his praise,
So all the world reports him.

O. Ger. Thank my stars,
They have lent me one, who, as he always was,
And is my present joy, if their aspect
Be no ways to our good malevolent,
May be my future comfort.

Dal. Yet must I hold him happy above others,
As one that solely to himself enjoys
What many others aim at; but in vain.

O. Ger. How mean you that?

Dal. So beautiful a mistress.

O. Ger. A mistress, said you?

Dal. Yes, sir, or a friend,
Whether you please to style her.

O. Ger. Mistress? friend?
Pray be more open-languag'd.

Dal. And, indeed,
Who can blame him to absent himself from home,
And make his father's house but as a grange,
For a beauty so attractive? or blame her,
Hugging so weak an old man in her arms,
To make a new choice of an equal youth,
Being in him so perfect? yet, in troth,
I think they both are honest.

O. Ger. You have, sir,
Possess'd me with such strange fancies.

Dal. For my part,
How can I love the person of your son,
And not his reputation? His repair
So often to the house is voic'd by all,

And frequent in the mouths of the whole country:
Some, equally addicted, praise his happiness;
But others, more censorious and austere,
Blame and reprove a course so dissolute;
Each one in general pity the good man,
As one unfriendly dealt with; yet in my conscience
I think them truly honest.

O. Ger. 'Tis suspicious.

Dal. True, sir, at best; but what when scandalous tongues
Will make the worst, and what's good in itself,
Sully and stain by fabulous misreport?
For let men live as chary as they can,
Their lives are often question'd; then no wonder,
If such as give occasion of suspicion,
Be subject to this scandal: what I speak,
Is as a noble friend unto your son;
And therefore, as I glory in his fame,
I suffer in his wrong; for as I live,
I think they both are honest.

O. Ger. Howsoever,
I wish them so.

Dal. Some course might be devis'd,
To stop this clamour ere it grow too rank;
Lest that which yet but inconvenience seems,
May turn to greater mischief: this I speak
In zeal to both; in sovereign care of him
As of a friend, and tender of her honour,
As one to whom I hope to be allied,
By marriage with her sister.

O. Ger. I much thank you,
For you have clearly given me light of that
Till now I never dream'd on.

Dal. 'Tis my love,

And therefore I entreat you make not me
To be the first reporter.

O. Ger. You have done
The office of a noble gentleman,
And shall not be so injur'd.

Enter again, as from walking, WINCOT, WIFE, YOUNG GERALDINE, *and* PRUDENTILLA.

Winc. See, Master Geraldine,
How bold we are, especially these ladies,
Play little better than the thieves with you,
For they have robb'd your garden.

Wife. You might, sir,
Better have term'd it sauciness, than theft;
You see we blush not; what we took in private,
To wear in public view.

Prud. Besides, these cannot
Be miss'd out of so many: in full fields
The gleanings are allow'd.

O. Ger. These and the rest
Are, ladies, at your service.

Winc. Now to horse:
But one thing, ere we part, I must entreat;
In which my wife will be joint suitor with me,
My sister too.

O. Ger. In what, I pray?

Winc. That he
Which brought us hither, may but bring us home;
Your much respected son.

O. Ger. (Aside.) How men are born
To woe their own disasters!

Wife. But to see us
From whence he brought us, sir; that's all.

O. Ger. (Aside.) This second motion makes it palpable:
To note a woman's cunning; make her husband
Bawd to her own lascivious appetite,
And to solicit his own shame!

Prud. Nay, sir,
When all of us join in so small a suit,
It were some injury to be deny'd.

O. Ger. (Aside.) And work her sister too!
What will not woman
To accomplish her own ends? but this disease,
I'll seek to physic ere it grow too far.
I am most sorry to be urg'd, sweet friends,
In what at this time I can no ways grant;
Most, that these ladies should be aught deny'd,
To whom I owe all service; but occasions
Of weighty and important consequence,
Such as concern the best of my estate,
Call him aside; excuse us both this once;
Presume this business is no sooner over,
But he's at his own freedom.

Winc. 'Twere no manners
In us to urge it further; we will leave you,
With promise, sir, that he shall in my will,
Not be the last remember'd.

O. Ger. We are bound to you:
See them to horse, and instantly return;
We have employments for you.

Y. Ger. Sir, I shall.

Dal. Remember your last promise.

[*Exeunt Y. Ger. leading out Wincot, Wife, &c.*

O. Ger. Not to do't,
I should forget myself: if I find him false
To such a friend, be sure he forfeits me;
In which to be more punctually resolv'd,

I have a project how to sift his soul,
How 'tis inclin'd; whether to yonder place,

Re-enter YOUNG GERALDINE.

The clear bright palace, or black dungeon: see,
They are onward on the way, and he return'd.
[*Exit Dal.*

Y. Ger. I now attend your pleasure.

O. Ger. You are grown perfect man, and now you float,
Like to a well-built vessel; 'tween two currents,
Virtue and vice; take this, you steer to harbour;
Take that, to eminent shipwreck.

Y. Ger. Pray your meaning.

O. Ger. What fathers' cares are, you shall never know,
Till you yourself have children: now my study
Is how to make you such, that you in them
May have a feeling of my love to you.

Y. Ger. Pray, sir, expound yourself; for I protest
Of all the languages I yet have learn'd,
This is to me most foreign.

O. Ger. Then I shall:
I have lived to see you in your prime of youth
And height of fortune, so you will but take
Occasion by the forehead; to be brief,
And cut off all superfluous circumstance,
All the ambition that I aim at now
Is but to see you married.

Y. Ger. Married, sir?

O. Ger. And, to that purpose, I have found out one,

Whose youth and beauty may not only please
A curious eye; but her immediate means,
Able to strengthen a state competent,
Or raise a ruined fortune.

Y. Ger. Of all which
I have, believe me, neither need nor use;
My competence best pleasing as it is;
And this my singularity of life,
Most to my mind contenting.

O. Ger. (Aside.) I suspect,
But yet must prove him further.
Say to my care I add a father's charge,
And couple with my counsel my command;
To that how can you answer?

Y. Ger. That I hope,
My duty and obedience, still unblam'd,
Did never merit such austerity;
And from a father never yet displeas'd.

O. Ger. Nay, then to come more near unto the point,
Either you must resolve for present marriage,
Or forfeit all your interest in my love.

Y. Ger. Unsay that language, I entreat you, sir,
And do not so oppress me: or if needs
Your heavy imposition stand in force,
Resolve me by your counsel; with more safety
May I infringe a sacred vow to heaven,
Or to oppose me to your strict command?
Since one of these I must.

O. Ger. (Aside.) Now, Dalavel,
I find thy words too true.

Y. Ger. For marry, sir,
I neither may nor can.

O. Ger. Yet whore you may;

And that's no breach of any vow to heaven:
Pollute the nuptial bed with mickle* sin;
Asperse the honour of a noble friend;
Forfeit thy reputation here below,
And th' interest that thy soul might claim above,
In yon bless'd city: these you may, and can,
With untouch'd conscience: oh, that I should live
To see the hopes that I have stor'd so long,
Thus in a moment ruin'd! and the staff,
On which my old decrepit age should lean,
Before my face thus broken! on which trusting,
I thus abortively, before my time,
Fall headlong to my grave. [*Falls on the earth.*

Y. Ger. It yet stands strong;
Both to support you unto future life,
And fairer comfort.

O. Ger. Never, never, son;
For till thou canst acquit thyself of scandal,
And me of my suspicion; here, even here,
Where I have measur'd out my length of earth;
I shall expire my last.

Y. Ger. Both these I can;
Then rise, sir, I intreat you; and that innocency,
Which, poison'd by the breath of calumny,
Cast you thus low, shall (these few stains wip'd off)
With better thoughts erect you.

O. Ger. Well, say on.

Y. Ger. There's but one fire from which this smoke may grow;
Namely, the unmatch'd yoke of youth; and
In which, if ever I occasion was,

* The quarto reads, "*Michall* sin;" and, although I could not understand it, I am not altogether satisfied with the alteration.

Of the smallest breach, the greatest implacable
mischief
Adultery can threaten, fall on me;
Of you may I be disavow'd a son;
And unto heaven a servant: for that lady,
As she is beauty's mirror, so I hold her
For chastity's example: from her tongue,
Never came language that arrived my ear,
That even censorious Cato, liv'd he now,
Could misinterpret; never from her lips,
Came unchaste kiss; or from her constant eye,
Look savouring of the least immodesty: further—

O. Ger. Enough! One only thing remains,
Which, on thy part perform'd, assures firm credit
To these thy protestations.

Y. Ger. Name it then.

O. Ger. Take hence th' occasion of this com-
mon fame,
(Which hath already spread itself so far,
To her dishonour, and thy prejudice),
From this day forward to forbear the house;
This do upon my blessing.

Y. Ger. As I hope it, I will not fail your charge.

O. Ger. I am satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

Enter at one Door an USURER *and his* MAN; *at the other,* OLD LIONEL *with his Servant; and between them* REIGNALD.

Reig. (Aside.) To which hand shall I turn
me? Here's my master
Hath been to inquire of him that sold the house,
Touching the murder: here's an usuring rascal,
Of whom we have borrowed money to supply

Our prodigal expenses; broke our day,
And owe him still the principal and use:
Were I to meet them single, I have brain
To oppose both, and to come off unscar'd;
But if they do assault me, and at once,
Not Hercules himself could stand that odds:
Therefore I must encounter them by turns;
And to my master first: Oh, sir, well met.

O. Lio. What, Reignald; I but now met with the man,
Of whom I bought yon house.

Reig. What! did you, sir?
But did you speak of ought concerning that
Which I last told you?

O. Lio. Yes, I told him all.

Reig. *(Aside.)* Then am I cast.—But, I pray tell me, sir,
Did he confess the murder?

O. Lio. No such thing; most stiffly he denies it.

Reig. Impudent wretch!
Then serve him with a warrant; let the officer
Bring him before a justice, you shall hear
What I can say against him. S'foot! deny't!
But, I pray, sir, excuse me; yonder's one
With whom I have some business: stay you here,
And but determine what's best course to take,
And note how I will follow't.

O. Lio. Be brief then.

Reig. *(Aside.)* Now if I can as well put off my useman
This day, I shall be master of the field.

Usur. That should be Lionel's man.

Man. The same; I know him.

Usur. After so many frivolous delays,

There's now some hope. He that was wont to
shun us,
And to absent himself, accost us freely;
And with a pleasant countenance. Well met,
Reignald;
What's this money ready?

Reig. Never could you
Have come in better time.

Usur. Where's your master, young Lionel?
It something troubles me,
That he should break his day.

Reig. A word in private.

Usur. Tush! private me no privates: in a word,
Speak, are my monies ready?

Reig. Not so loud.

Usur. I will be louder yet; give me my monies;
Come, tender me my monies.

Reig. We know you have a throat wide as
your conscience;
You need not use it now——Come, get you home.

Usur. Home?

Reig. Yes, home, I say; return by three o'clock,
And I will see all cancell'd.

Usur. 'Tis now past two, and I can stay till three;
I'll make that now my business; otherwise,
With these loud clamours I will haunt thee still;
Give me my use, give me my principal.

Reig. *(Aside.)* This bur will still cleave to me.
What, no means
To shake him off; I ne'er was caught till now.
Come, come, you're troublesome!

Usur. Prevent that trouble;
And (without trifling) pay me down my cash:
I will be fool'd no longer.

Reig. So, so, so!

Usur. I have been still put off from time to time,
And day to day; these are but cheating tricks,
And this is the last minute I'll forbear
Thee, or thy master: once again, I say,
Give me my use, give me my principal.

Reig. Pox o' this use! that hath undone so many,
And now will confound me.

O. Lio. Hast thou heard this?

Ser. Yes, sir, and to my grief.

O. Lio. Come hither, Reignald.

Reig. Here, sir. *(Aside.)* Nay, now I am gone.

O. Lio. What use is this?
What principal he talks of? in which language
He names my son, and thus upbraideth thee;
What is't you owe this man?

Reig. A trifle, sir;
Pray stop his mouth, and pay't him.

O. Lio. I pay, what?

Reig. If I say pay't him, pay't him.

O. Lio. What's the sum?

Reig. A toy: the main about five hundred pounds;
And the use fifty.

O. Lio. Call you that *a toy?*
To what use was it borrowed? At my departure
I left my son sufficient in his charge,
With surplus, to defray a large expense,
Without this need of borrowing.

Reig. 'Tis confess'd;
Yet stop his clamorous mouth, and only say,
That you will pay't to-morrow.

O. Lio. I pass my word?

Reig. Sir, if I bid you, do't; nay, no more words,
But say you'll pay't to-morrow.
O. Lio. Jest indeed!
But tell me how these monies were bestowed?
Reig. Safe, sir, I warrant you.
O. Lio. The sum still safe,
Why do you not then tender it yourselves?
Reig. Your ear, sir. *(Aside to him.)* [With]
this sum, join'd to the rest,
Your son hath purchased [both] land and houses.
O. Lio. Land, dost thou say?
Reig. A goodly house, and gardens.
O. Lio. Now joy on him!
That whilst his father merchandis'd abroad,
Had care to add to his estate at home:
But, Reignald, wherefore houses?
Reig. Now, Lord, sir,
How dull you are: this house possess'd with spirits,
And there no longer stay; would you have had
Him, us, and all your other family,
To live, and lie i' th' streets? It had not, sir,
Been for your reputation.
O. Lio. Blessing on him!
That he is grown so thrifty.
Usur. 'Tis struck three,
My money's not yet tender'd.
Reig. Pox upon him!
See him discharg'd, I pray, sir.
O. Lio. Call upon me
To-morrow, friend, as early as thou wilt;
I'll see thy debt defray'd.
Usur. It is enough, I have a true man's word.
[*Exit Usurer and Man.*
O. Lio. Now tell me, Reignald,

For thou hast made me proud of my son's thrift,
Where, in what country, doth this fair house stand?

Reig. *(Aside.)* Never in all my time, so much to seek;
I know not what to answer.

O. Lio. Wherefore studiest thou?
Use men to purchase lands at a dear rate,
And know not where they lie?

Reig. 'Tis not for that;
I only had forgot his name that sold them:
'Twas—let me see, see—

O. Lio. Call thyself to mind.

Reig. *(Aside.)* Non-plush'd or never now: where art thou, brain?
Oh, sir, where was my memory; 'tis this house
That next adjoins to yours.

O. Lio. My neighbour Ricot's?

Reig. The same, the same, sir; we had penny-worths in't;
And I can tell you, have been offer'd well
Since, to forsake our bargain.

O. Lio. As I live,
I much commend your choice.

Reig. Nay, 'tis well seated;
Rough cast without, but bravely lined within;
You have met with few such bargains.

O. Lio. Prithee knock,
And call the master, or the servant on't;
To let me take free view on't.

Reig. Puzzle again on puzzle! One word, sir:
The house is full of women; no man knows,
How on the instant, they may be employ'd;
The rooms may lie unhandsome, and maids stand
Much on their cleanliness and huswifery;

To take them unprovided, were disgrace;
'Twere fit they had some warning: now, do you
Fetch but a warrant from the justice, sir;
You understand me?

O. Lio. Yes, I do.

Reig. To attach him of suspected murder: I'll see't serv'd:
Did he deny't? And in the interim, I
Will give them notice you are now arriv'd,
And long to see your purchase.

O. Lio. Counsell'd well;
And meet some half hour hence.

Reig. This plunge well pass'd,
All things fall even, to crown my brain at last.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter DALAVEL *and a* GENTLEMAN.

Gent. Where shall we dine to-day?

Dal. At th' ordinary.
I see, sir, you are but a stranger here:
This Barnet is a place of great resort;
And commonly upon the market days,
Here all the country gentlemen appoint
A friendly meeting; some about affairs
Of consequence and profit; bargain, sale,
And to confer with chapmen; some for pleasure,
To match their horses; wager on their dogs,
Or try their hawks; some to no other end,
But only meet good company, discourse,
Dine, drink, and spend their money.

Gent. That's the market we have to make this day.

Dal. 'Tis a commodity

That will be easily vended. (*Enter* OLD GER. *and his Son.*) What, my worthy friend!
You are happily encounter'd: oh, you're grown strange
To one that much respects you: troth, the house
Hath all this time seem'd naked without you:
The good old man doth never sit to meat,
But next his giving thanks, he speaks of you;
There's scarce a bit, that he at table tastes,
That can digest without a Geraldine,
You are in his mouth so frequent: he and she
Both wondering, what distaste from one, or either,
So suddenly, should alienate a guest,
To them so dearly welcome.

O. Ger. Master Dalavel,
Thus much let me for him apology:
Divers designs have throng'd upon us late,
My weakness was not able to support
Without his help; he hath been much abroad,
At London, or elsewhere; besides, 'tis term;
And lawyers must be followed, seldom at home,
And scarcely then at leisure.

Dal. I am satisfied,
And I would they were so too! (*Aside to O. Ger.*) but I hope, sir,
In this restraint, you have not us'd my name?

O. Ger. Not, as I live.

Dal. You're noble.—Who had thought
To have met with such good company: you're, it seem,
But new alighted; father and son, ere parting,
I vow we'll drink a cup of sack together:
Physicians say, it doth prepare the appetite
And stomach against dinner.

O. Ger. We old men
Are apt to take these courtesies.
Dal. What say you, friend?
Y. Ger. I'll but inquire for one at the next inn,
And instantly return.
Dal. 'Tis enough. [*Exit.*

Enter BESS, *meeting* YOUNG GERALDINE.

Y. Ger. Bess! how dost thou, girl?
Bess. Faith, we may do
[Just] how we list for you, you're grown
So great a stranger: we are more beholding
To Master Dalavel; he's a constant guest;
And, howsoever, to some, that shall be nameless,
His presence may be graceful; yet to others—
I could say somewhat.
Y. Ger. He's a noble fellow,
And my choice friend.
Bess. Come, come, he is, what he is;
And that the end will prove.
Y. Ger. And how's all at home?
Nay, we'll not part without a glass of wine,
And meet so seldom. Boy!

Enter DRAWER.

Draw. Anon, anon, sir!
Y. Ger. A pint of claret; quickly! (*Exit Draw.*)
Nay, sit down:
The news, the news, I pray thee: I am sure
I have been much inquir'd of thy old master,
And thy young mistress too.
Bess. Ever your name
Is in my master's mouth; and sometimes too

In hers, when she hath nothing else to think of.
Well, well, I could say somewhat.

Enter DRAWER.

Draw. Here's your wine, sir. [*Exit.*

Y. Ger. Fill, boy: Here, Bess, this glass to both their healths:
Why dost weep, my wench?

Bess. Nay, nothing, sir.

Y. Ger. Come, I must know.

Bess. In troth, I love you, sir,
And ever wish'd you well; you are a gentleman
Whom always I respected: I know the passages,
And private whisperings, of the secret love
Betwixt you and my mistress, I dare swear,
On your part well intended; but——

Y. Ger. But what?

Bess. You bear the name of landlord, but another
Enjoys the rent; you doat upon the shadow,
But another he bears away the substance.

Y. Ger. Be more plain.

Bess. You hope to enjoy a virtuous widowhood;
But Dalavel, whom you esteem your friend,
He keeps the wife in common.

Y. Ger. You're to blame;
And, Bess, you make me angry; he's my friend,
And she my second self: in all their meetings,
I never saw so much as cast of eye
Once entertain'd betwixt them.

Bess. That's their cunning.

Y. Ger. For her, I have been with her at all hours,

Both late and early; in her bed-chamber,
And often singly usher'd her abroad:
Now, would she have been any man's alive,
She had been mine: you wrong a worthy friend,
And a chaste mistress; you're not a good girl:
Drink that, speak better of her; I could chide you,
But I'll forbear; what you have rashly spoke,
Shall ever here be buried.

Bess. I am sorry
My freeness should offend you; but yet know
I am her chambermaid——

Y. Ger. Play now the market-maid,
And prithee 'bout thy business.

Bess. Well, I shall.—That man should be so fool'd! [*Exit.*

Y. Ger. She a prostitute?
Nay, and to him? my troth plight, and my friend?
As possible it is, that heaven and earth
Should be in love together, meet and kiss,
And so cut off all distance: what strange phrenzy
Came in this wench's brain, so to surmise?
Were she so base, his nobleness is such,
He would not entertain it for my sake:
Or he so bent? his hot and lust-burnt appetite
Would be soon quench'd, at the mere contemplation
Of her most pious and religious life.
The girl was much to blame: perhaps her mistress
Hath stir'd her anger, by some word or blow,
Which she would thus revenge; not apprehending
At what a high price honour's to be rated;
Or else some one that envies her rare virtue,
Might hire her thus to brand it; or, who knows
But the young wench may fix a thought on me;

And to divert me from her mistress' love,
May raise this false aspersion? howsoever,
My thoughts on these two colums fixed are,
She's good as fresh, and purely chaste as fair.

Enter CLOWN *with a Letter.*

Clown. Oh, sir, you are the needle, and if the whole county of Middlesex had been turn'd to a mere bottle of hay, I had been enjoin'd to have found you out, or never more return'd back to my old master. There's a letter, sir.

Y. Ger. I know the hand that superscrib'd it well;
Stay but till I peruse it, and from me
Thou shalt return an answer.

Clown. I shall, sir: this is market-day, and here acquaintance commonly meet; and whom have I encounter'd? my gossip Pint-pot, and Brim-full; nay, I mean to drink with you before I part: And how doth all your worshipful kindred? your sister Quart, your pater Pottle, (who was ever a gentleman's fellow) and your old grandsire Gallon? they cannot choose but be all in health, since so many healths have been drunk out of them: I could wish them all here, and in no worse state than I see you are in at this present: howsoever, gossip, since I have met you hand to hand, I'll make bold to drink to you. *(He drinks.)* Nay, either you must pledge me, or get one to do't for you: do you open your mouth towards me? Well, I know what you would say: *Here, Roger, to your master and mistress, and all our good friends at home:* gramercy, gossip, if I should

not pledge thee, I were worthy to be turn'd out to grass, and stand no more at livery. And now, in requital of this courtesy, I'll begin one health to you and all your society in the cellar, to Peter Pipe, Harry Hogshead, Bartholomew Butt, and little Master Randal Rundlet, to Timothy Taster, and all your other great and small friends.

[*Drinks again.*

Y. Ger. He writes me here,
That at my discontinuance he's much griev'd;
Desiring me, as I have ever tender'd
Or him or his, to give him satisfaction
Touching my discontent; and that in person,
By any private meeting.

Clown. Ay, sir, 'tis very true; the letter speaks no more
Than he wish'd me to tell you by word of mouth.

Y. Ger. Thou art then of his counsel?

Clown. His privy, an' please you.

Y. Ger. Though ne'er so strict hath been my father's charge,
A little I'll dispense with't for his love.
Commend me to thy master, tell him from me,
On Monday night (then will my leisure serve)
I will, by heaven's assistance, visit him.

Clown. On Monday, sir:
That's as I remember, just the day before Tuesday.

Y. Ger. But 'twill be midnight first; at which late hour
Please him to let the garden door stand ope,
At that I'll enter; but conditionally,
That neither wife, friend, servant; no third soul
Save him and thee, to whom he trusts this message,
Know of my coming in, or passing out:

When, tell him, I will fully satisfy him
Concerning my forc'd absence.

Clown. I am something oblivious; your message would be the truelier delivered if it were set down in black and white.

Y. Ger. I'll call for pen and ink,
And instantly dispatch it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter REIGNALD.

Reig. Now, impudence, but steel my face this once,
Although I e'er* blush after! Here's the house:
Ho! who's within? What, no man to defend

Enter MR. RICOT.

These innocent gates from knocking?
Ric. Who's without there?
Reig. One, sir, that ever wish'd your worship's health;
And those few hours I can find time to pray in,
I still remember it.
Ric. Gramercy, Reignald,
I love all those that wish it: you are the men
Lead merry lives, feast, revel, and carouse;
You feel no tedious hours; time plays with you,
This is your golden age.
Reig. It was; but now, sir,
That gold is turned to worse than alchymy,
It will not stand the test; those days are past,
And now our nights come on.

* The quarto reads, " ne'er blush after." This was sense; but as the purport of Reignald's invocation seems to be, that she would aid him on this occasion, though she should fail him on every other, I presumed to amend it.

Ric. Tell me, Reignald, is he return'd from sea?
Reig. Yes, to our grief already; but we fear
Hereafter it may prove to all our costs.
Ric. Suspects thy master any thing?
Reig. Not yet, sir.
Now my request is, that your worship being
So near a neighbour, therefore most disturb'd,
Would not be the first to peach us.
Ric. Take my word;
With other neighbours make what peace you can,
I'll not be your accuser.
Reig. Worshipful sir,
I shall be still your beadsman: now the business
That I was sent about: the old man, my master,
Claiming some interest in acquaintance past,
Desires (might it be no way troublesome)
To take free view of all your house within.
Ric. View of my house? Why, 'tis not set to sale,
Nor bill upon the door; look well upon't;
View of my house?
Reig. Nay, be not angry, sir;
He no way doth disable your estate;
As far to buy, as you are loath to sell:
Some alterations in his own he'd make,
And hearing yours by workmen much commended,
He would make that his precedent.
Ric. What fancies
Should at this age possess him, knowing the cost,
That he should dream of building.
Reig. 'Tis suppos'd,
He hath late found a wife out for his son;
Now, sir, to have him near him, and that nearness
Too, without trouble; though beneath one roof,

Yet parted in two families; he would build
And make what's prick'd, a perfect quadrangle,
Proportioned just with yours, were you so pleased,
To make it his example.

Ric. Willingly;
I will but order some few things within,
And then attend his coming. [*Exit.*

Reig. Most kind coxcomb!
Great Alexander, and Agathocles,
Cæsar, and others, have been fam'd, they say,
And magnified for high facinerous deeds;
Why claim not I an equal place with them?
Or rather a precedent: these commanded
Their subjects, and their servants; I my master,
And every way his equals, where I please,
Lead by the nose along; they plac'd their burdens
On horses, mules, and camels; I, old men
Of strength and wit, load with my knavery,
Till both their backs and brains ache; yet poor animals,
They ne'er complain of weight. Oh, are you come, sir?

Enter OLD LIONEL.

O. Lio. I made what haste I could.
Reig. And brought the warrant?
O. Lio. See here, I hav't.
Reig. 'Tis well done; but speak, runs it
Both without bail and mainprize?
O. Lio. Nay, it carries
Both form and power.
Reig. That I shall warrant him:
I have been yonder, sir.

O. Lio. And what says he?
Reig. Like one that offers you
Free ingress, view and regress, at your pleasure;
As to his worthy landlord.
O. Lio. Was that all?
Reig. He spake to me, that I would speak to you,
To speak unto your son; and then again,
To speak to him, that he would speak to you,
You would release his bargain.
O. Lio. By no means,
Men must advise before they part with land,
Not after to repent it: 'tis most just,
That such as hazard, and disburse their stocks,
Should take all gains and profits that accrue,

RICOT *enters and walks before the Gate of his House.*

As well in sale of houses as in barter,
And traffic of all other merchandise.
Reig. See, in acknowledgment of a tenant's duty,
He attends you at the gate; salute him, sir.
O. Lio. My worthy friend.
Ric. Now as I live, all my best thoughts and wishes
Impart with yours, in your so safe return:
Your servant tells me, you have great desire
To take surview of this my house within.
O. Lio. Be't, sir, no trouble to you.
Ric. None; enter boldly,
With as much freedom as it were your own.

O. Lio. (Aside to Reig.) As it were mine!
why, Reignald, is it not?
Reig. (To O. Lio.) Lord, sir, that in extremity
of grief,
You'll add unto vexation: see you not
How sad he's on the sudden?
O. Lio. (To Reig.) I observe it.
Reig. (To O. Lio.) To part with that which
he has kept so long;
Especially his inheritance: Now, as you love
Goodness and honesty, torment him not
With the least word of purchase.
O. Lio. (To Reig.) Counsell'd well;
Thou teachest me humanity.
Ric. Will you enter?
Or shall I call a servant to conduct you
Through every room and chamber?
O. Lio. By no means;
I fear we are too much troublesome of ourselves.
Reig. See what a goodly gate!
O. Lio. It likes me well.
Reig. What brave carv'd posts! who knows
but here,
In time, sir, you may keep your shrievalty;
And I be one o' th' serjeants*.
O. Lio. They are well carv'd.
Ric. And cost me a good price, sir; take your
pleasure;
I have business in the town. [*Exit.*

* It appears from many of our old writers, that it was the custom for the sheriff to have posts in front of his house, ornamented in some particular way, probably for the purpose of pointing out his residence; or, as Warburton conjectures, "that the king's proclamations, and other public acts, might be affixed thereon by way of publication."

Reig. Poor man, I pity him;
He hath not the heart to stay and see you come,
As 'twere, to take possession! Look that way, sir,
What goodly fair bay windows!

O. Lio. Wondrous stately.

Reig. And what a gallery; how costly ceiled;
What painting round about!

O. Lio. Every fresh object
To good, adds betterness.

Reig. Terrac'd above,
And how below supported! Do they please you?

O. Lio. All things beyond opinion: trust me, Reignald,
I'll not forego the bargain, for more gain
Than half the price it cost me.

Reig. If you would,
I should not suffer you: Was not the money,
Due to the Usurer, took upon good ground,
That prov'd well built upon? We were no fools
That knew not what we did.

O. Lio. It shall be satisfied.

Reig. Please you to trust me with 't, I'll see't discharged.

O. Lio. He hath my promise, and I'll do't myself.
Never could son have better pleas'd a father,
Than in this purchase: hie thee instantly
Unto my house i' th' country, give him notice
Of my arrive, and bid him with all speed
Post hither.

Reig. Ere I see the warrant serv'd?

O. Lio. It shall be thy first business; for my soul
Is not at peace, till face to face, I approve

His husbandry, and much commend his thrift:
Nay, without pause, begone.

Reig. *(Aside.)* But a short journey;
For he's not far that I am sent to seek:
I have got the start, the best part of the race
Is run already, what remains is small;
An' I tire now, I should but forfeit all.

O. Lio. Make haste, I do entreat thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Garden-gate of WINCOT'S *House.—Enter* CLOWN.

Clown. This is the garden-gate; and here am I set to stand sentinel, and to attend the coming of Young Master Geraldine: Master Dalavel's gone to his chamber; my mistress to hers; 'tis now about midnight; a banquet prepared; bottles of wine in readiness; all the whole household at their rest; and no creature by this, honestly stirring, saving I and my old master; he in a bye chamber, prepared of purpose for their private meeting, and I here to play the watchman, against my will. *(Enter* YOUNG GERALDINE.*)* Chevalah*? stand! Who goes there?

Y. Ger. A friend.

Clown. The word?

Y. Ger. Honest Roger.

Clown. That's the word indeed; you have leave to pass freely without calling my corporal.

Y. Ger. How go the affairs within?

* *i. e.* "*Qui va la,*" which is the salutation of a regular sentinel. The Clown may be supposed to blunder in the pronunciation, I have therefore retained the present reading.

Clown. According to promise: the business is composed, and the servants disposed, my young mistress reposed, my old master, according as you proposed, attends you if you be exposed to give him meeting; nothing in the way being interposed, to transpose you to the least danger: and this I dare be deposed, if you will not take my word, as I am honest Roger.

Y. Ger. Thy word shall be my warrant; but secur'd
Most in thy master's promise; on which, building,
By this known way I enter.

Clown. Nay, by your leave, I that was late but a plain sentinel, will now be your captain conductor: follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Table and Stools set out: Lights; a Banquet, Wine, &c. Enter WINCOT.

Winc. I wonder whence this strangeness should proceed,
Or wherein I, or any of my house,
Should be th' occasion of the least distaste:
Now, as I wish him well, it troubles me!
But now the time grows on, from his own mouth
To be resolv'd; and I hope satisfied.

Enter CLOWN *and* YOUNG GERALDINE.

Sir, as I live, of all my friends to me
Most wishedly, you are welcome: take that chair,
I this: nay, I intreat no compliment.
(To the Clown.) Attend—fill wine.

Clown. Till the mouths of the bottles yawn

directly upon the floor, and the bottoms turn their tails up to the ceiling: whilst there's any blood in their bellies, I'll not leave them.

Winc. I first salute you thus. [*Drinks.*

Y. Ger. It could not come
From one whom I more honour; sir, I thank you.
[*Drinks.*

Clown. Nay, since my master begun it, I'll see't go round to all three.

Winc. (To the Clown.) Now give us leave.

Clown. Talk you by yourselves, whilst I find something to say to this: I have a tale to tell him shall make his stony heart relent.
[*Exit with a bottle.*

Y. Ger. Now first, sir, your attention I entreat;
Next, your belief, that what I speak is just,
Maugre all contradiction.

Winc. Both are granted.

Y. Ger. Then I proceed; with due acknowledgment
Of all your more than many courtesies:
You've been my second father; and your wife,
My noble and chaste mistress; all your servants
At my command; and this your bounteous table,
As free and common as my father's house;
Neither 'gainst any, or the least of these,
Can I commence just quarrel.

Winc. What might then be
The cause of this constraint, in thus absenting
Yourself from such as love you?

Y. Ger. Out of many,
I will propose some few: the care I have
Of your (as yet unblemished) renown;

The untouch'd honour of your virtuous wife;
And (which I value least, yet dearly too)
My own fair reputation.
Winc. How can these,
In any way be questioned?
Y. Ger. Oh, dear sir,
Bad tongues have been too busy with us all;
Of which I never yet had time to think,
But with sad thoughts and griefs unspeakable:
It hath been whisper'd by some wicked ones,
But loudly thunder'd in my father's ears,
By some that have malign'd our happiness,
(Heaven, if it can brook slander, pardon them!)
That this my customary coming hither,
Hath been to base and sordid purposes;
To wrong your bed; injure her chastity;
And be mine own undoer: which, how false?
Winc. As heaven is true, I know it.
Y. Ger. Now this calumny
Arriving first unto my father's ears,
His easy nature was induc'd to think,
That these things might perhaps be possible:
I answer'd him, as I would do to heaven;
And clear'd myself in his suspicious thoughts,
As truly as the high all-knowing Judge
Shall of these stains acquit me; which are merely
Aspersions and untruths: the good old man
(Possess'd with my sincerity, and yet careful
Of your renown, her honour, and my faine)
To stop the worst that scandal could inflict,
And to prevent false rumours, charges me,
The cause remov'd, to take away the effect;
Which only could be, to forbear your house;
And this upon his blessing: you hear all.

Winc. And I of all acquit you: this your absence,
(With which my love most cavil'd) orators
In your behalf. Had such things past betwixt you,
Not threats nor chidings could have driven you hence:
It pleads in your behalf, and speaks in hers;
And arms me with a double confidence,
Both of your friendship, and her loyalty:
I am happy in you both, and only doubtful
Which of you two doth most impart my love:
You shall not hence to-night.

Y. Ger. Pray pardon, sir.

Winc. You are in your lodging.

Y. Ger. But my father's charge.

Winc. My conjuration shall dispense with that:
You may be up as early as you please;
But hence to-night you shall not.

Y. Ger. You are powerful.

Winc. This night, of purpose, I have parted beds,
Feigning myself not well, to give you meeting;
Nor can be ought suspected by my wife,
I have kept all so private: now 'tis late,
I'll steal up to my rest. But, howsoever,
Let's not be strange in writing; that way daily
We may confer without the least suspect,
In spite of all such base calumnious tongues;
So now good night, sweet friend. [*Exit.*

Y. Ger. May he that made you
So just and good, still guard you! Not to bed,
So I perhaps might oversleep myself,
And then my tardy waking might betray me
To the more early household: thus as I am,
I'll rest me on this pallet: but in vain,
I find no sleep can fasten on mine eyes,

There are in this disturbed brain of mine
So many mutinous fancies. This, to me,
Will be a tedious night; how shall I spend it?
No book that I can spy? no company?
A little let me recollect myself:
Oh, what more wish'd company can I find,
Suiting the apt occasion, time and place,
Than the sweet contemplation of her beauty;
And the fruition too, time may produce,
Of what is yet lent out? 'Tis a sweet lady,
And every way accomplish'd: hath mere accident
Brought me thus near, and I not visit her?
Should it arrive her ear, perhaps might breed
Our lasting separation; for 'twixt lovers,
No quarrel's to unkindness: sweet opportunity
Offers prevention, and invites me to't:
The house is known to me, the stairs and rooms;
The way unto her chamber frequently
Trodden by me at midnight, and all hours:
How joyful to her would a meeting be,
So strange and unexpected; shadowed too
Beneath the veil of night: I am resolv'd
To give her visitation, in that place
Where we have past deep vows, her bed-chamber*.

* The general purity of young Geraldine's character is unquestionable notwithstanding the extraordinary circumstance which he mentions of visiting his friend's wife in her bedchamber at midnight, to exchange vows of their mutual fidelity. Some still more extraordinary freedoms are recorded in the plays of Ford, and both can only be accounted for by the romantic ideas which began to be adopted about that time in cases of this nature, where ladies "entered the very lime-twigs of lover's spells," and still came off. Something similar to the love between young Geraldine and Wincot's wife here is to be found between Miranda and Oriana in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of Malta;" but it is there conducted in a more judicious and proper manner.

My fiery love this darkness makes seem bright,
And this the path that leads to my delight.
[*He goes in at one door, and comes out at another.*
And this the gate unto't : I'll listen first,
Before too rudely I disturb her rest,
And gentle breathing : ha ! she's sure awake,
For in the bed two whisper, and their voices
Appear to me unequal ;—One a woman's—
And hers ;—the other should be no maid's tongue,
It bears too big a tone : and hark, they laugh ;
(Damnation !) but list further ; t'other sounds
Like—'Tis the same false perjur'd traitor, Dalavel,
To friend and goodness : Unchaste impious woman !
False to all faith, and true conjugal love :
There's met a serpent and a crocodile ;
A Synon and a Circe : Oh, to what
May I compare you ?—But my sword !
I'll act a noble execution,
On two unmatch'd for sordid villany :—
I left it in my chamber, and thanks, heaven,
That I did so ; it hath prevented me
From playing a base hangman * ; sin securely,
Whilst I, although for many, yet less faults,
Strive hourly to repent me : I once loved her,
And was to him entir'd : although I pardon,
Heaven will find time to punish : I'll not stretch
My just revenge so far, as once by blabbing,
To make your brazen impudence to blush :

* There is an evident similarity between this scene and that in our poet's "Woman killed with Kindness;" where Mrs. Frankford and Wendoll are discovered by her husband ; but it cannot be denied that the present drama suffers by the comparison.

Damn on, revenge too great; and to suppress
Your souls yet lower, without hope to rise,
Heap Ossa upon Pelion. You have made me
To hate my very country, 'cause here bred
Ne'er two such monsters: first I'll leave this house,
And then my father's; next I'll take my leave
Both of this clime and nation; travel till
Age snow upon this head: my passions now
Are unexpressible; I'll end them thus:
Ill man, bad woman, your unheard-of treachery,
This unjust censure, on a just man give,
To seek out place, where no two such can live.
[*Exit.*

Enter DALAVEL *in a Night-gown;* WINCOT'S WIFE *in a Night-tire, as coming from Bed.*

Dal. A happy morning now betide you, lady,
To equal the content of a sweet night.
Wife. It hath been to my wish, and your desire;
And this our coming by pretended love
Unto my sister Pru, cuts off suspicion
Of any such converse 'twixt you and me.
Dal. It hath been wisely carried.
Wife. One thing troubles me.
Dal. What's that, my dearest?
Wife. Why your friend Geraldine,
Should on the sudden thus absent himself:
Has he had, think you, no intelligence
Of these our private meetings?
Dal. No, on my soul;
For therein hath my brain exceeded yours;
I studying to engross you to myself,
Of his continued absence have been cause;

Yet he of your affection no way jealous,
Or of my friendship—How the plot was cast,
You at our better leisure shall partake.
The air grows cold, have care unto your health:
Suspicious eyes are o'er us, that yet sleep,
But with the dawn will open: sweet, retire you
To your warm sheets; I now to fill my own,
That have this night been empty.

Wife. You advise well:
Oh, might this kiss dwell ever on thy lips,
In my remembrance! [*Kisses him.*

Dal. Doubt it not, I pray,
Whilst day frights night, and night pursues the day:
Good morrow. [*Exeunt.*

Enter REIGNALD, YOUNG LIONEL, BLANDA, SCAPHA, RIOTER, *and two* GALLANTS, REIGNALD *with a Key in his Hand.*

Reig. Now is the jail delivery; through this back gate
Shift for yourselves, I here unprison all.

Y. Lio. But tell me how shall we dispose ourselves?
We are as far to seek now as at the first:
What is it to reprieve us for few hours,
And now to suffer? better had it been
At first to have stood the trial, so by this
We might have past our penance.

Blan. Sweet Reignald!

Y. Lio. Honest rogue!

Riot. If now thou failest us, then we are lost for ever.

Reig. This same *sweet Reignald*, and this *honest rogue*

Hath been the burgess, under whose protection
You all this while have liv'd, free from arrests;
But now the sessions of my pow'r's broke up,
And you expos'd to actions, warrants, writs;
For all the hellish rabble are broke loose,
Of sergeants, sheriffs, and bailiffs.

All. Guard us, heaven!

Reig. I tell you as it is; nay, I myself
That have been your protector, now as subject
To every varlet's pestle, for you know
How I am engag'd with you. *(Starts.)* At whose suit, sir?

All. Why didst thou start?

Reig. I was afraid some catchpole stood behind me,
To clap me on the shoulder.

Riot. No such thing;
Yet I protest thy fear did fright us all.

Reig. I know your guilty consciences.

Y. Lio. No brain left?

Blan. No crotchet for my sake?

Reig. One kiss then, sweet;
Thus shall my crotchets, and your kisses meet.

Y. Lio. Nay, tell us what to trust to.

Reig. Lodge yourselves
In the next tavern; there's the cash that's left;
Go, health it freely for my good success;
Nay, drown it all, let not a teaster 'scape
To be consum'd in rot-gut: I have begun,
And I will stand the period.

Y. Lio. Bravely spoke!

Reig. Or perish in the conflict.

Riot. Worthy Reignald!

Reig. Well, if he now come off well, fox you all*;
Go, call for wine; for singly of myself
I will oppose all danger; but I charge you,
When I shall faint or find myself distress'd,
If I, like brave Orlando, wind my horn,
Make haste unto my rescue.

Y. Lio. And die in't.

Reig. Well hast thou spoke, my noble Charlemain,
With these thy peers about thee.

Y. Lio. May good speed
Attend thee still.

Reig. The end still crowns the deed.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter OLD LIONEL, *and the first* OWNER *of the House.*

Own. Sir, sir, your threats, nor warrants, can fright me;
My honesty and innocency's known
Always to have been unblemish'd: would you could
As well approve your own integrity,
As I shall doubtlessly acquit myself
Of this surmised murder.

O. Lio. Rather surrender
The price I paid, and take into thy hands
This haunted mansion, or I'll prosecute
My wrongs, even to the utmost of the law,
Which is no less than death.

* *i. e.* "*Make yourselves drunk.*" The reader may recollect its having occurred in the "Spanish Gipsy." See vol. iv. p. 158.

Own. I'll answer all,
Old Lionel, both to thy shame and scorn:
This for thy menaces. [*Snaps his fingers at him.*

Enter the CLOWN.

Clown. This is the house; but where's the noise that was wont to be in't? I am sent hither to deliver a note to two young gentlemen that here keep revel-rout; I remember it, since the last massacre of meat that was made in't; but it seems, that the great storm that was raised then is ceas'd now; I have other notes to deliver: one to Master Ricot—and—I shall think on them all in order: my old master makes a great feast, for the parting of young Master Geraldine, who is presently upon his departure for travel, and the better to grace it, hath invited many of his neighbours and friends; where will be old Master Geraldine—his son, and I cannot tell how many: but this is strange; the gates shut up at this time o' day? belike they are all drunk and laid to sleep; if they be, I'll wake them with a murrain. [*Knocks.*

O. Lio. What desperate fellow's this, that, ignorant
Of his own danger, thunders at these gates?

Clown. Ho, Reignald, riotous Reignald, revelling Reignald!

O. Lio. What madness dost possess thee, honest friend,
To touch that hammer's handle?

Clown. What madness doth possess thee, honest friend,
To ask me such a question?

O. Lio. (To Own.) Nay, stir not you?

Own. Not I; the game begins.

O. Lio. How doest thou? art thou well?

Clown. Yes, very well I thank you; how do you, sir?

O. Lio. No alteration? What change about thee?

Clown. Not so much change about me at this time,
As to change you a shilling into two teasters.

O. Lio. Yet I advise thee, fellow, for thy good,
Stand further from the gate.

Clown. And I advise thee, friend, for thine own good, stand not betwixt me and the gate, but give me leave to deliver my errand. Ho, Reignald, you mad rascal!

O. Lio. In vain thou thunder'st at these silent doors,
Where no man dwells to answer, saving ghosts, Furies, and sprites.

Clown. Ghosts! Indeed there has been much walking in and about the house after midnight.

O. Lio. Strange noise oft heard.

Clown. Yes, terrible noise, that none of the neighbours could take any rest for it: I have heard it myself.

O. Lio. (To Own.) You hear this? Here's more witness.

Own. Very well, sir.

O. Lio. Which you shall dearly answer. *(To Clown.)* Whooping?

Clown. And holloing.

O. Lio. And shouting?

Clown. And crying out, till the whole house rung again.

O. Lio. Which thou hast heard?
Clown. Oftener than I have toes and fingers.
O. Lio. Thou wilt be depos'd of this?
Clown. I'll be sworn to't, and that's as good.
O. Lio. Very good still. *(To Own.)* Yet you are innocent?
(To Clown.) Shall I entreat thee, friend, to avouch as much
Here by, to the next justice.
Clown. I'll take my soldier's oath on't.
O. Lio. A soldier's oath? what's that?
Clown. My corporal oath; and you know, sir, a corporal is an office belonging to a soldier.
O. Lio. Yet you are clear?
Murder will come to light.
Own. So will your gullery too.

Enter ROBIN, *the old Servingman.*

Rob. They say my old master's come home; I'll see if he will turn me out of doors, as the young man has done: I have laid rods in piss for somebody, 'scape Reignald as he can; and with more freedom than I durst late, I boldly now dare knock. [*Robin knocks.*
O. Lio. More madmen yet! I think since my last voyage,
Half of the world's turn'd frantic: what dost mean,
Or long'st thou to be blasted?
Rob. Oh, sir, you are welcome home: 'twas time to come
Ere all was gone to havoc.
O. Lio. My old servant!
Before I shall demand of further business,

Resolve me why thou thunder'st at these doors,
Where thou know'st none inhabit?

Rob. Are they gone, sir?
'Twas well yet they have left the house behind;
For all the furniture, to a bare bench,
I am sure is spent and wasted.

O. Lio. Where's my son,
That Reignald, posting for him with such speed,
Brings him not from the country?

Rob. Country, sir?
It is a thing they know not: here they feast,
Dice, drink, and drab; the company they keep,
Cheaters and roaring lads, and these attended
By bawds and queans: your son hath got a strumpet,
On whom he spends all that your sparing left,
And here they keep court; to whose damn'd abuses
Reignald gives all encouragement.

O. Lio. But stay, stay;
No living soul hath for these six months space
Here enter'd, but the house stood desolate.

Rob. Last week I am sure, so late, and th' other day,
Such revels were here kept.

O. Lio. And by my son?

Rob. Yes, and his servant Reignald.

O. Lio. And this house
At all not haunted?

Rob. Save, sir, with such sprites.

Own. This murder will come out.

Enter RICOT.

O. Lio. But see, in happy time here comes my neighbour,
Of whom he bought this mansion; he I am sure

More amply can resolve me: *(To Ric.)* I pray, sir,
What sums of monies have you late received
Of my young son?

Ric. Of him? None, I assure you.

O. Lio. What of my servant Reignald?

Ric. But devise
What to call less than nothing, and that sum
I will confess receiv'd.

O. Lio. Pray, sir, be serious;
I do confess myself indebted to you
A hundred pound.

Ric. You may do well to pay't then, for here's witness
Sufficient of your words.

O. Lio. I speak no more
Than what I purpose; just so much I owe you,
And ere I sleep will tender.

Ric. I shall be
As ready to receive it, and as willing,
As you can be to pay't.

O. Lio. But provided,
You will confess seven hundred pounds received
Before hand of my son?

Ric. But by your favour,
Why should I yield seven hundred pounds receiv'd
Of them I never dealt with? why? for what?
What reason? what condition? where, or when
Should such a sum be paid me?

O. Lio. Why? for this bargain: and for what? this house:
Reason? because you sold it: the conditions?
Such as were agreed between you: where and when?
That only hath escap'd me.

Ric. Madness all.

O. Lio. Was I not brought to take free view thereof,
As of mine own possession?

Ric. I confess,
Your servant told me you had found out a wife
Fit for your son, and that you meant to build;
Desir'd to take a friendly view of mine,
To make it your example: but for selling,
I tell you, sir, my wants be not so great,
To change my house to coin.

O. Lio. Spare, sir, your anger,
And turn it into pity: neighbours and friends,
I am quite lost: was never man so fool'd,
And by a wicked servant! shame and blushing
Will not permit to tell the manner how,
Lest I be made ridiculous to all:
My fears are, to inherit what's yet left,
He hath made my son away.

Rob. That's my fear too.

O. Lio. Friends, as you would commiserate a man
Depriv'd at once, both of his wealth and son;
And in his age, by one I ever tender'd
More like a son than servant; by imagining
My case were yours, have feeling of my griefs,
And help to apprehend him; furnish me
With cords and fetters; I will lay him safe
In prison within prison.

Ric. We'll assist you.

Rob. And I.

Clown. And all:
But not to do the least hurt to my old friend Reignald.

O. Lio. His legs will be as nimble as his brain,
And 'twill be difficult to seize the slave;
Yet your endeavours, pray. Peace! here he comes.

Enter REIGNALD. *(They withdraw behind the Arras.*

Reig. My heart misgives, for 'tis not possible
But that in all these windings and indents
I shall be found at last: I'll take that course
That men both troubled and affrighted do,
Heap doubt on doubt, and as combustions rise,
Try if from many I can make my peace,
And work mine own atonement.

O. Lio. (To the others.) Stand you close;
Be not yet seen; but at your best advantage
Hand him, and bind him fast; whilst I dissemble
As if I yet knew nothing.

Reig. I suspect
And find there's trouble in my master's looks;
Therefore I must not trust myself too far
Within his fingers.

O. Lio. Reignald.

Reig. Worshipful sir.

O. Lio. What says my son i' th' country?

Reig. That to-morrow,
Early i' th' morning, he'll attend your pleasure,
And do as all such duteous children ought,
Demand your blessing, sir.

O. Lio. Well, 'tis well.

Reig. (Aside.) I do not like his countenance.

O. Lio. But, Reignald, I suspect the honesty
And the good meaning of my neighbour here,
Old Master Ricot: meeting him but now,

And having some discourse about the house,
He makes all strange, and tells me in plain terms,
He knows of no such matter.

Reig. Tell me that, sir?

O. Lio. I tell thee as it is: nor that such monies,
Took up at use, were ever tender'd him
On any such conditions.

Reig. I cannot blame
Your worship to be pleasant, knowing at what
An under-rate we bought it; but you ever
Were a most merry gentleman.

O. Lio. (Aside.) Impudent slave!
But, Reignald, he not only doth deny it,
But offers to depose himself and servants,
No such thing ever was.

Reig. Now, heaven, to see
To what this world is come to! I will make him—

O. Lio. Nay more, this man will not confess the murder.

Reig. Which both shall dearly answer: you have warrant
For him already; but for the other, sir,
If he deny it, he had better——

O. Lio. (Aside to those concealed.) Appear, gentlemen;
'Tis a fit time to take him.

Reig. (Aside.) I discover the ambush that's laid for me.

O. Lio. Come nearer, Reignald.

Reig. First, sir,
Resolve me one thing: amongst other merchandise
Bought in your absence by your son and me,
We engross'd a great commodity of combs;
And how many sorts think you?

O. Lio. You might buy
Some of the bones of fishes, some of beasts,
Box-combs, and ivory-combs.

Reig. But besides these, we have, for horses, sir,
Mane-combs, and curry-combs: now, sir, for men,
We have head-combs, beard-combs, ay, and
cock's-combs too;
Take view of them at your pleasure, whilst for
my part,
I thus bestow myself.

[*Whilst the persons concealed behind the arras come forward with cords and chains to secure him, he climbs up into the house.*

Clown. Well said, Reignald! nobly put off, Reignald! look to thyself, Reignald!

O. Lio. Why dost thou climb thus?

Reig. Only to practice the nimbleness of my arms and legs, ere they prove your cords and fetters.

O. Lio. Why to that place?

Reig. Why? because, sir, 'tis your own house: it hath been my harbour long, and now it must be my sanctuary: dispute now, and I'll answer.

Own. Villain, what devilish meaning hadst thou in't,
To challenge me of murder?

Reig. Oh, sir, the man you kill'd is alive at this present to justify it. *I am, quoth he, a transmarine by birth*——

Ric. Why challenge me receipt of monies, and
To give abroad that I had sold my house?

Reig. Why? because, sir,
Could I have purchas'd houses at that rate,
I had meant to have bought all London.

Clown. Yes, and Middlesex too; and I would have been thy half, Reignald.

O. Lio. Yours are great,
My wrongs insufferable: as first, to fright me
From mine own dwelling, till they had consumed
The whole remainder of the little left;
Besides, out of my late stock got at sea,
Discharg'd the clamorous usurer; make me accuse
This man of murder; be at charge of warrants;
And challenging this my worthy neighbour of
Forswearing sums he never yet received;
Fool me, to think my son that had spent all,
Had by his thrift bought land; ay, and him too,
To open all the secrets of his house
To me, a stranger: oh, thou insolent villain,
What to all these canst answer?

Reig. Guilty, guilty.

O. Lio. But to my son's death what, thou slave?

Reig. Not guilty.

O. Lio. Produce him then: and i' th' meantime,
Honest friends, get ladders.

Reig. Yes, and come down in your own ropes.

Own. I'll fetch a piece and shoot him.

Reig. So the warrant in my master's pocket will serve for my murder; and ever after shall my ghost haunt this house.

Clown. And I will say, like Reignald, *This ghost and I am friends.*

O. Lio. Bring faggots, I'll set fire upon the house,
Rather than this endure.

Reig. To burn houses is felony, and I'll not out
Till I be fir'd out: but since I am besieged thus,
I'll summon supplies unto my rescue.

He winds a Horn. Enter YOUNG LIONEL, RIOTER, *two* GALLANTS, BLANDA, &c.

Y. Lio. Before you chide, first hear me: next your blessing,
That on my knees I beg: *(kneels to him.)* I have but done
Like misspent youth; which after wit dear bought,
Turns his eyes inward, sorry and ashamed:
These things in which I have offended most,
Had I not proved, I should have thought them still
Essential things, delights perdurable;
Which now I find mere shadows, toys and dreams,
Now hated more than erst I doted on:
Best natures are soonest wrought on; such was mine:
As I the offences, so the offenders throw
Here at your feet, to punish as you please:
You have but paid so much as I have wasted,
To purchase to yourself a thrifty son;
Which I from henceforth vow.

O. Lio. See what fathers are!
That can three years offences (foul ones too)
Thus in a minute pardon; and thy faults
Upon myself chastise, in these my tears:
Ere this submission I had cast thee off;
Rise in my new adoption: but for these——

Clown. The one you have nothing to do withall, here's his ticket for his discharge: another for you, sir, to summon you to my master's feast: for you, and you*: where I charge you all to ap-

* The tickets here mentioned seem to be notes of invitation to Wincot's entertainment.

pear, upon his displeasure, and your own apperils.

Y. Lio. This is my friend; the other one I loved,
Only because they have been dear to him
That now will strive to be more dear to you;
Vouchsafe their pardon.

O. Lio. All dear to me indeed; for I have paid
for't soundly;
Yet for thy sake, I am aton'd for all;
Only that wanton—her, and her company,
Abandon quite; so doing, we are friends.

Y. Lio. A just condition, and willingly subscrib'd to.

O. Lio. But for that villain, I am now devising
What shame, what punishment remarkable
To inflict on him.

Reig. Why, master, have I laboured,
Plotted, contrived, and all this while for you,
And will you leave me to the whip and stocks?
Not mediate my peace?

O. Lio. Sirrah, come down.

Reig. Not till my pardon's sealed; I'll rather
stand here
Like a statue, in the fore-front of your house
For ever, like the picture of Dame Fortune
Before the Fortune Playhouse.

Y. Lio. If I have here
But any friend amongst you, join with me
In this petition.

Clown. Good sir, for my sake; I resolved you truly concerning whooping, the noise, the walking, and the sprites; and for a need, can show you a ticket for him too.

Own. I impute my wrongs rather to knavish
cunning,
Than least pretended malice.
Ric. What he did,
Was but for his young master; I allow it
Rather as sports of wit, than injuries;
No other, pray, esteem them.
O. Lio. Even as freely
As you forget my quarrels made with you,
Rais'd from the errors first begot by him,
I here remit all free; I now am calm,
But had I seiz'd upon him in my spleen——
Reig. I knew that, therefore this was my in-
vention;
For policy's the art still of prevention.
Clown. Come down then, Reignald, first on your hands and feet, and then on your knees to your master. Now, gentlemen, what do you say to your inviting to my master's feast.
Ric. We will attend him.
O. Lio. Nor do I love to break good company;
For Master Wincot is my worthy friend,

Enter REIGNALD.

And old acquaintance. *(To Reig.)* Oh, thou
crafty wagstring,
And couldst thou thus delude me? But we are
friends:
Nor, gentlemen, let not what's hereto past,
In your least thoughts disable my estate:
This my last voyage hath made all things good,
With surplus too; be that your comfort, son:
Well, Reignald—but no more.

Reig. I was the fox,
But I from henceforth will no more the cock's-
Comb put upon your pate.

O. Lio. Let's walk, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter OLD GERALDINE *and* YOUNG GERALDINE.

O. Ger. Son, let me tell you, you are ill-advised;
And doubly to be blam'd, by undertaking
Unnecessary travel; grounding no reason
For such a rash and giddy enterprise:
What profit aim you at, you have not reap'd?
What novelty affords the Christian world,
Of which your view hath not participated
In a full measure? can you either better
Your language or experience? Your self-will
Hath only purpose to deprive a father
Of a loved son, and many noble friends,
Of your much-wish'd acquaintance.

Y. Ger. Oh, dear sir,
Do not, I do intreat you, now repent you
Of your free grant; which with such care and study,
I have so long, so often laboured for.

O. Ger. Say that may be dispens'd with, show me reason
Why you desire to steal out of your country,
Like some malefactor that had forfeited
His life and freedom: here's a worthy gentleman
Hath for your sake invited many guests,
To his great charge, only to take of you
A parting leave; you send him word you cannot,

After, you may not come: had not my urgence,
Almost compulsion, driven you to his house,
Th' unkindness might have forfeited your love,
And rased you from his will; in which he hath
given you
A fair and large estate: yet you of all this strange-
ness,
Show no sufficient ground.

Y. Ger. Then understand;
The ground thereof took his first birth from you;
'Twas you first charg'd me to forbear the house,
And that upon your blessing: let it not then
Offend you, sir, if I so great a charge
Have striv'd to keep so strictly.

O. Ger. Me, perhaps,
You may appease, and with small difficulty,
Because a father; but how satisfy
Their dear, and on your part, unmerited love?
But this your last obedience may solve all:
We now grow near the house.

Y. Ger. (Aside.) Whose doors, to me,
Appear as horrid as the gates of hell:
Where shall I borrow patience, or from whence,

Enter WINCOT, WIFE, RICOT, *the two* LIONELS, OWNER, DALAVEL, PRUDENTILLA, REIGNALD, *and* RIOTER.

To give a meeting to this viperous brood,
Of friend and mistress!

Winc. You've entertain'd me with a strange
discourse
Of your man's knavish wit, but I rejoice,
That in your safe return, all ends so well:

Most welcome you, and you, and indeed all;
To whom I am bound, that at so short a warning,
Thus friendly, you will deign to visit me.

O. Lio. It seems my absence hath begot some sport;
Thank my kind servant here.

Reig. Not so much worth, sir.

O. Lio. But though their riots tripp'd at my estate,
They have not quite o'erthrown it.

Winc. But see, gentlemen,
These whom we most expected come at length:
This I proclaim the master of the feast,
In which to express the bounty of my love,
I'll show myself no niggard.

Y. Ger. Your choice favours,
I still taste in abundance.

Wife. Methinks it would not misbecome me, sir,
To chide your absence; that have made yourself,
To us, so long a stranger.

[*He turns away pensive, and addresses himself to Old Lionel, as though he had not heard her.*

Y. Ger. Pardon me, sir,
That have not yet, since your return from sea,
Voted the least fit opportunity,
To entertain you with a kind salute.

O. Lio. Most kindly, sir, I thank you.

Dal. Methinks, friend,
You should expect green rushes to be strow'd,
After such discontinuance.

Y. Ger. (Turning from him.) Mistress Pru,
I have not seen you long, but greet you thus:

May you be lady of a better husband
Than I expect a wife.

Winc. I like that greeting:
Nay, enter, gentlemen; dinner perhaps
Is not yet ready, but the time we stay,
We'll find some fresh discourse to spend away.
[*Exeunt. Manet Dalavel.*

Dal. Not speak to me! nor once vouchsafe an answer,
But slight me with a poor and base neglect!
No, nor so much as cast an eye on her,
Or least regard, though in a seeming shew
She courted a reply: 'twixt him and her,
Nay, him and me, this was not wont to be;
If she have brain to apprehend as much

Enter YOUNG GERALDINE *and* WIFE.

As I have done, she'll quickly find it out:
Now as I live, as our affections meet,
So our conceits, and she hath singled him
To some such purpose: I'll retire myself,
Not interrupt their conference. [*Exit.*

Wife. You are sad, sir.

Y. Ger. I know no cause.

Wife. Then can I show you some:
Who would be otherwise, to leave a father
So careful, and each way so provident?
To leave so many, and such worthy friends?
To abandon your own country? These are some:
Nor do I think you can be much the merrier
For my sake.

Y. Ger. Now your tongue speaks oracles;

For all the rest are nothing: 'tis for you,
Only for you I cannot.

Wife. So I thought:
Why then have you been all this while so strange?
Why will you travel? suing a divorce
Betwixt us, of a love inseparable;
For here shall I be left as desolate
Unto a frozen, almost widowed bed;
Warm'd only in that future, stor'd in you;
For who can in your absence comfort me?

Y. Ger. (Aside.) Shall my oppressed sufferance yet break forth
Into impatience, or endure her more?

Wife. But since by no persuasion, no entreats,
Your settled obstinacy can be sway'd;
Though you seem desperate of your own dear life,
Have care of mine, for it exists in you.
Oh, sir, should you miscarry I were lost,
Lost and forsaken; then by our past vows,
And by this hand once given me, by these tears,
Which are but springs begetting greater flood,
I do beseech thee, my dear Geraldine,
Look to thy safety, and preserve thy health;
Have care into what company you fall;
Travel not late, and cross no dangerous seas;
For till heaven bless me in thy safe return,
How will this poor heart suffer?

Y. Ger. (Aside.) I had thought
Long since the syrens had been all destroy'd;
But one of them I find survives in her:
She almost makes me question what I know,
An heretic unto my own belief:
Oh, thou mankind's seducer!

Wife. What, no answer?

Y. Ger. Yes, thou hast spoke to me in showers,
I will reply in thunder! Thou, adultress!
Thou hast more poison in thee than the serpent,
Who was the first that did corrupt thy sex,
The devil.

Wife. To whom speaks the man?

Y. Ger. To thee,
Falsest of all that ever man term'd fair:
Hath impudence so steel'd thy smooth soft skin,
It cannot blush? or sin so obdur'd thy heart,
It doth not quake and tremble? Search thy conscience,
There thou shalt find a thousand clamorous tongues
To speak as loud as mine doth.

Wife. Save from yours,
I hear no noise at all.

Y. Ger. I'll play the doctor
To open thy deaf ears: Monday, the ninth
Of the last month; canst thou remember that?
That night more black in thy abhorred sin,
Than in the gloomy darkness; that the time.

Wife. Monday?

Y. Ger. Wouldst thou the place know? Thy polluted chamber,
So often witness of my sinless vows:
Wouldest thou the person? One not worthy name;
Yet to torment thy guilty soul the more,
I'll tell him thee, that monster Dalavel:
Wouldst thou your bawd know? Midnight, that the hour:
The very words thou spake? *Now what would Geraldine*
Say, if he saw us here? To which was answered,

Tush! he's a coxcomb, fit to be so fool'd.
No blush? What, no faint fever on thee yet?
How hath thy black sins chang'd thee? Thou
Medusa,
Those hairs that late appeared like golden wires,
Now crawl with snakes and adders: thou art ugly!
Wife. And yet my glass, till now, near told
me so:
Who gave you this intelligence?
Y. Ger. Only he,
That pitying such innocency as mine,
Should by two such delinquents be betray'd,
He brought me to that place by miracle;
And made me an ear witness of all this.
Wife. I am undone!
Y. Ger. But think what thou hast lost
To forfeit me: I not withstanding these,
(So fix'd was my love and unutterable)
I kept this from thy husband; nay, all ears;
With thy transgressions smothering mine own
wrongs,
In hope of thy repentance.
Wife. Which begins,
Thus low upon my knees.
Y. Ger. Tush! bow to heaven,
Which thou hast most offended: I, alas!
(Save in such scarce unheard-of treachery)
Most sinful like thyself. Wherein, oh, wherein,
Hath my unspotted and unbounded love
Deserv'd the least of these? Sworn to be made
A stale for term of life; and this for my goodness:
Die, and die soon; acquit me of my oath;
But prithee die repentant: farewell ever!

'Tis thou, and only thou, hast banish'd me,
Both from my friends and country.

Wife. Oh, I am lost! [*Sinks down.*

Enter DALAVEL, *meeting* YOUNG GERALDINE *going out.*

Dal. Why, how now! what's the business?

Y. Ger. Go, take her up, whom thou hast oft thrown down,
Villain!

Dal. That was no language from a friend,
It had too harsh an accent: But how's this?
My mistress thus low cast upon the earth,
Grovelling, and breathless: mistress! lady! sweet!

Wife. Oh, tell me if thy name be Geraldine,
Thy very looks will kill me?

Dal. View me well,
I am no such man; see, I am Dalavel.

Wife. Thou'rt then a devil, that presents before me
My horrid sins; persuades me to despair;
When he, like a good angel sent from heaven,
Besought me of repentance: swell, sick heart,
Even till thou burst the ribs that bound thee in:
[*Sinks down.*
So, there's one string crack'd, flow, and flow high,
Even till thy blood distil out of mine eyes,
To witness my great sorrow. [*Faints.*

Dal. Faint again!
Some help within there! no attendant near?
Thus to expire, in this I am more wretched
Than all the sweet fruition of her love
Before could make me happy.

Enter WINCOT, OLD GERALDINE, YOUNG GERALDINE, *the two* LIONELS, RICOT, OWNER, PRUDENTILLA, REIGNALD, *and* CLOWN.

Winc. What was he
Clamour'd so loud, to mingle with our mirth
This terror and affright?
Dal. See, sir, your wife
In these my arms expiring.
Winc. How?
Prud. My sister?
Winc. Support her! and by all means possible
Provide for her dear safety.
O. Ger. See, she recovers.
Winc. Woman, look up.
Wife. Oh, sir, your pardon!
Convey me to my chamber, I am sick,
Sick even to death. (*To Dal.*) Away, thou sycophant!
Out of my sight! I have, besides thyself,
Too many sins about me.
Clown. My sweet mistress——
[*The Wife is lead off by the Clown and Prudentilla.*
Dal. The storm's coming, I must provide for harbour. [*Exit.*
O. Lio. What strange and sudden alteration's this!
How quickly is this clear day overcast!
But such and so uncertain are all things,
That dwell beneath the moon.
Y. Lio. A woman's qualm;

Frailties that are inherent to her sex,
Soon sick, and soon recover'd.

Winc. If she misfare,
I am a man more wretched in her loss,
Than ever I had forfeited life and estate;
She was so good a creature.

O. Ger. I the like
Suffer'd when I my wife brought to her grave;
So you, when you were first a widower:
Come, arm yourself with patience.

Ric. These are casualties
That are not new, but common.

Reig. Burying of wives,
As stale as shifting shirts, or for some servants
To flout and gull their masters.

Own. Best to send
And see how her fit holds her.

Enter PRUDENTILLA *and* CLOWN.

Prud. Sir, my sister
In these few lines commends her last to you,
For she's now no more: what's therein writ,
Save heaven and you, none knows; this she desir'd,
You would take view of; and with these words expired.

Winc. Dead?

Y. Ger. (Aside.) She hath made me then a free release
Of all the debts I owed her.

Winc. (Reads to himself.) *My fear is beyond pardon; Dalavel*
Hath play'd the villain; but for Geraldine,

He hath been each way noble: love him still.
My peace already I have made with heaven;
Oh, be not you at war with me: my honour
Is in your hands to punish or preserve.
I am now confest, and only Geraldine
Hath wrought on me this unexpected good:
The ink I write with, I wish had been my blood,
To witness my repentance.—Dalavel?
Where's he? Go, seek him out.

Clown. I shall, I shall, sir. [*Exit.*

Winc. (Aside.) The wills of dead folk should
be still obeyed;
However false to me, I'll not reveal't;
Where heaven forgives, I pardon. Gentlemen,
I know you all commiserate my loss;
I little thought this feast should have been turn'd

Enter CLOWN.

Into a funeral. What's the news of him?

Clown. He went presently to the stable, put the saddle upon his horse, put his foot into the stirrup, clapp'd his spurs into his sides, and away he's gallop'd, as if he were to ride a race for a wager.

Winc. All our ill lucks go with him, farewell he:
(To Y. Ger.) But all my best of wishes wait on you,
As my chief friend: this meeting that was made
Only to take of you a parting leave,
Shall now be made a marriage of our love,
Which none, save only death, shall separate.

Y. Ger. It calls me from all travel, and from
henceforth,
With my country I am friends.

Winc. The lands that I have left,
You lend me for the short space of my life;
As soon as heaven calls me, they call you lord:
First feast, and after mourn; we'll like some gallants,
That bury thrifty fathers, think't no sin
To wear black without, but other thoughts within.

[*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE

ROYAL KING AND LOYAL SUBJECT:

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

BY

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

ROYAL KING AND LOYAL SUBJECT.

It may not perhaps be unnecessary to remark, that Langbaine, who has observed that the plot of this play extremely resembles that of Fletcher's "Loyal Subject," has not pointed out the source from which the story was derived. The "Loyal Subject" appears to have been acted in 1618. The only copy of the present play, of which the editor has any knowledge, is printed in 1637; but it is to be observed, that it is spoken of in the Epilogue *as an old play*, and fitted to *some former season*. It cannot therefore, perhaps, be affirmed with certainty, that our poet was indebted to the "Loyal Subject" for the general outline of this drama, though the circumstances of resemblance are such as cannot easily be supposed accidental; and as the present performance does not appear to advantage on the comparison, one would be glad if it could be proved to be the original. The resentful jealousy which the King only *feigns* in the present play, is in some degree *felt* in the "Loyal Subject," and is naturally and satisfactorily accounted for: and the incident of the renewal of the war with the Tartars, gives a degree of spirit and interest to that play, to which the present has by no means an equal claim; the change of the sovereign's mind also is so well accounted for in the "Loyal Subject," that every judicious reader is prepared to expect the restoration of Archas to his master's favour; but the unexpected anger which the King assumes, in the last act of the present play, towards the injured Marshal, after a reconciliation apparently so perfect, almost compels the reader to expect a most unjust and tragical issue, from which painful apprehension he is barely delivered before the play concludes. Who was the sovereign depicted in this drama, does not seem absolutely certain; but as the first Richard, and the first

Edward, were the only kings of England who personally carried their arms into Palestine, one of them must be supposed to be meant by our poet; and as the Prince of England is one of the persons in the drama, this circumstance seems to confine it to the latter. The Marshal, however, (who here seems to entertain as high a notion of a subject's passive obedience, as patient Grisild of conjugal nonresistance *) agrees but ill with the character of Bigod, the Marshal of England in that reign, who flatly refused to serve under any other than the king in person, and who, on Edward's swearing by the eternal God that he should either march or be hanged, swore, by the same oath, that he would neither march nor be hanged.

* See "The Clerke's Tale" in Chaucer.

THE

PROLOGUE.

To give content to this most curious age,
The gods themselves we've brought down to the
stage,
And figur'd them in planets; made even hell
Deliver up the furies, by no spell,
(Saving the Muse's rapture:) further, we
Have traffic'd by their help; no history
We have left unrifled; our pens have been dipt
As well in opening each hid manuscript,
As tracks more vulgar, whether read, or sung
In our domestic, or more foreign tongue:
Of fairy elves, nymphs of the sea, and land,
The lawns, the gróves; no number can be scan'd
Which we have not given feet to; nay, 'tis known
That when our chronicles have barren grown
Of story, we have all invention stretch'd,
Div'd low as to the centre, and then reach'd
Unto the *primum mobile* above:
Nor 'scap'd things intermediate; for your love,
These have been acted often; all have past
Censure; of which some live, and some are cast:
For this in agitation, stay the end,
Though nothing please, yet nothing can offend.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The King of England.
Prince of England.
The Lord Marshal.
Earl of Chester.
Lord Lacy.
Lord Clinton.
Lord Audley.
Lord Bonvile.
Captain Bonvile.
Corporal Touch-box,
Lanceprezado* Match, } three of Captain Bonvile's soldiers.
Cock,
A Welshman.
Host of the Ordinary.
Four young Gallants.
Two Gentlemen.
A Servant.

Princess.
Isabella, the Marshal's eldest daughter.
Margaret, the Marshal's younger daughter.
Lady Mary Audley.
A Bawd.
Two Courtezans.

Attendants, &c. &c.

* "*Lanceprezado.*" On this word occurring in the "Maid of Honour," Mr. Gifford quotes the following from the "Souldier's Accidence." "The lowest range and meanest officer in an army is called the *lancepesado*, or *prezado*, who is the leader or governor of half a file; and therefore is commonly called a middle man, or captain over four."

THE ROYAL KING AND LOYAL SUBJECT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the KING *of* ENGLAND, *the* LORDS LACY, CLINTON, CHESTER, *and the* MARSHAL, AUDLEY *and* BONVILE.

King. THUS from the holy wars are we return'd,
To slumber in the summer of soft Peace:
Since those proud enemies that late blasphem'd
And spit their furies in the face of heaven,
Are now laid low in dust.

Chest. Dread sovereign,
The heavens have show'd their bounty unto us,
In guarding your most dear and sacred life
From opposite hatred, and that imminent peril
To which you were engag'd.

Clint. When in one battle you were twice unhors'd,
Girt with the opposite ranks of infidels,
That had not timely rescue come from heaven,
Mortal assistance had been used in vain.

King. Ay, now you load me with a surplusage
Of countless debt to this thrice valiant Lord,

My noble Marshal: twice that perilous day
Did he bestride me; and beneath his targe
Methought that instant did I lie as safe
As in my best and strongest citadel;
The whilst his bright sword, like the bolt of Jove,
Pierc'd the steel crests of barbarous infidels,
And flatted them with earth: although my subject,
Yet in this one thing thou hast prov'd my lord;
For when my life was forfeit to the wars,
Thou by thy valour didst redeem it freely,
And gav'st it me, whilst thou engag'd'st thy life:
For which, if ever by like chance of war,
Law's forfeiture, or our prerogative,
Thy life come in like danger, here we swear
By our earth's honours, and our hopes divine,
As thou for us, we'll ours engage for thine.

Marsh. You give, my lord, to duty attributes
Too high for her submiss humility:
I am your vassal, and ten thousand lives
Of equal rank with mine, subjects and servants,
Be overrated if compar'd with yours.

King. When I forget thee, may my operant powers
Each one forget their office*: we create thee
Next to ourself of power: we but except
The name of king; all other dignities
We will communicate to thee our friend.

Marsh. May I no longer use these royalties,
Or have the power to enjoy them, than I wholly
Devote them to your service.

* "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning." PSALMS.

Prince. Noble Marshal,
If I survive England's inheritance,
Or ever live to sit on Jacob's stone *,
Thy love shall with my crown be hereditary.

Marsh. And, gracious Prince, since heaven hath been as liberal,
To grace me with your favour, as my birth
Was to endow me richly; all your graces
Shall, with my great and ample revenues,
Be ever to your virtues serviceable.

King. We know it, and have been observers long
Of thy choice virtues; neither could we yet
Fasten that love on thee, which came not home
With double use and ample recompense.

Clint. (Aside to Chester.) These graces are beyond dimension,
They have nor height, nor depth; uncircumscrib'd,
And without bounds. He like a broad-arm'd tree
O'ershadows us, and through his spacious boughs
We that grow under cannot see the sun,
Nor taste the cheerful warmth of his bright beams:
These branches we must lop by fire or thunder,
Or by his shadowy arms be still kept under.

Chest. (To Clint.) I was born eagle-sighted, and to gaze
In the sun's forehead, I will brook no cloud
To stand betwixt me and his glorious fire:
I'll have full light or none; either soar high,

* This is fabulously reported to have been Jacob's pillow: it was brought from Scotland by King Edward the First, and deposited in Westminster, where it may still be seen under the coronation chair.

Or else sink low: my ominous fate is cast,
Or to be first, or of all abjects last.

King. You shall, renown'd Marshal, feast for us
The ambassadors that come from foreign lands,
To gratulate our famous victories.

Marsh. I shall, my lord, and give them entertainment
To England's honour, and to suit the place
Of which I bear the name.

King. We doubt it not.
We understand, lords, in these tedious wars
Some forward spirits have been at great expense
To furnish them like noble gentlemen;
And many spent most part of their revenues
In honour of their country; some undone
In pursuit of these wars: now if such come
For their relief by suit petitionary,
Let them have gracious hearing, and supply,
Or by our service, or our treasury.

Aud. (Aside.) I have one kinsman hath spent all his land,
And is return'd a beggar; and so tatter'd,
As that I can but blush to acknowledge him:
But in the wars he spent it, and, for me,
Wars shall relieve him: he was a noble heir,
But what these lost, let other wars repair.

King. Lords all, once more we greet your safe return
With general welcome; we invite you all
To feast with us, and joy what we have won;
Happiest in these, our Marshal and our son.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter COCK *and a* WELSHMAN.

Cock. It seems thou hast not been in the wars, my friend, but art new come up to London.

Welsh. Heaven pless thee for all his mercies, and his graces! It was told us in Wales, that you have great pig organ in Paul's, and pigger by a great deal than our organ in Rixam *, which made me make my travels and my journeys on the pare hoof up to London, to have resolutions, and certifications, in that pisiness; that when I return into my countries, and habitations, I may give notice to mine uncle, Rice ap Davy, ap Morgan, ap Evan, ap Jones, ap Geffrey. I pray where apout stands Paul's church, can you tell her?

Cock. O very easily: stand with thy face that way, and follow thy nose, and thou wilt be there presently. But dost thou hear, Briton, take my words, our organ of Powl's is much bigger and better than yours of Rixam, by as much as Powl's church is bigger and better than Saint Pancridge †.

Welsh. Awe-man, you prittle and prattle nothing but leasings and untruths: now will you but ease your posteriors a little, and I will quickly show you your organ of Paul's.

Cock. Very good, I like your demonstration well. But dost thou think your organ of Rixam can compare with ours for all that?

* The town of Wrexham has been remarked by Camden as noted for its organ; it is a question, whether it was as ancient as the supposed date of the present play.

† Saint Pancras: it is still called so by the lower classes.

Welsh. Lend me but your ears and your apprehensions, and I will make you easily to acknowledge your errors.

Cock. But first shew me your case in which you carry your two pair of organs: sure those slops * will not hold them? But in the meantime walk with me to the next red lattice †, and I will give thee two cans, and wet thine organ pipes well, I warrant thee.

Welsh. I will take your courtesies; and if ever I shall meet you in Glamorgan or Rednockshire ‡, I will make bold to requite some part of your kindnesses. [*A loud winding of horns within.*

Cock. The very noise of that horn hath frighted my courtesy; but all's one: farewell for this time, and at our next meeting ten to one I will be as good as my word.

Welsh. Say you so, man? Why, then Cod keep you from all his mercies and good fortunes, and make us all his servants. [*Exeunt.*

(Sound again.) Enter the KING, MARSHAL, *&c. &c.*

King. Come, we will to the chase: be near us, Marshal;
I'll try to day which of our two good steeds
Can speed it best; let the most swift take both.

Marsh. So please your grace, but I shall surely lose:
Yours is the best for proof, though mine for show.

* Vide vol. ii. p. 182.

† *i. e.* To the next ale-house. Vide vol. ii. p. 185.

‡ Brecknockshire, or Radnorshire, is, I presume, meant.

King. That will we try; the wager grows not
deep;
Equal's the lay, and what we win we'll keep.
Mount, mount! [*Exeunt King and Marshal.*

Chest. Greater and greater still: no plot, no trick
To have him quite remov'd from the King's grace?
To slander him?

Clint. The King will lend no ear
To any just complaint that's made of him,
What can our scandals do then?

Chest. Challenge him
Of treason then; and that may haply call
His loyalty into suspect and question,
Which in the King at least will breed a coldness,
If not a deadness of affection.

Clint. Of treason? Say he crave the combat
then,
For that's the least he can: which of us two
Shall combat him? I know his blows too well;
Not I.

Chest. I should be loath.

Clint. How do you relish this?
His virtue, and his bounty, won him grace,
On that we'll build to ruin all his favours,
And work him to disgrace.

Chest. Pray teach me how?

Clint. First praise him to the King; give all
his virtues
Double their due; add unto every thing,
Ay, and hyperbolize in all his deeds:
Let his known virtues be the common theme
Of our discourse to stale him; rate his worth
To equalize, if not to exceed the King:
This cannot but beget distaste at least.

Chest. But further?

Clint. Thus: then fall off from his praise,
And question his best deeds; as it may be,
His noble bounty is but popular grace,
And his humility but inward pride:
His vulgar suffrage and applause abroad,
A way to climb and seat himself aloft:
You understand me?

Chest. Fully. *(Horns sound.)* Come, to horse;
And as we ride, our further plots digest,
To find what may disturb, what aid us best.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to a Forest. Enter MARSHAL *and* SERVANT.

Marsh. Spur to the King, his steed's unshod before;
The ways be stony, and he'll spoil his beast;
Here, take these shoes and hammer, brought of purpose
For mine own use.

Serv. My lord, have you pluck'd the shoes off from your own horse, to set them on another's? A thousand to one but you will spoil your own gelding quite.

Marsh. No matter, do as I command thee, sirrah;
Follow* him straight: I know he loves that horse,
And would not ride him bare for any gold.

Serv. Your horse is as good as his, I am sure; and I think you love him as well.

* The quarto reads, "*Hollow* him straight;" but it can scarcely be supposed that the Marshal would direct his servant to holla to the King: I have therefore presumed on the alteration.

Marsh. No matter: if he ask thee where thou hadst them,
Tell him thou brought'st them with thee for my use.
Away! I'll gallop after and o'ertake thee.

Serv. Put your shoes on another horse's feet, and let your own go barefoot? a jest indeed!

Marsh. The King affects both his good horse and game,
I'll help to further both. [*Exeunt.*

Horns sound. *Enter* KING *and* MARSHAL.

King. You have fetch'd me up at length, that's to your fortune,
Or my misfortune, for I lost a shoe.
Marshal, you ride well furnish'd to the field.

Marsh. My lord, so horsemen should; and I am glad
My man was so well furnish'd, and the rather
Since we are far from help: my man is cunning;
Your highness to his skill may trust your horse.

King. Thou couldst not have presented me a gift
I could have tasted better; for that beast
I much esteem: you were outstripp'd at length.

Marsh. Till I was forc'd to alight, my horse with yours
Kept equal speed.

Enter the LORDS.

King. Our lords: Now, gentlemen,
How do you like the chase?

Aud. 'Twas excellent.

King. Had not my horse been by mischance unshod,
My Marshal here and I had led you still.
Chest. You were the better hors'd.
King. And you the worst;
Witness the hugeness of your way behind.
Is not my horse yet shod?
Serv. He is, my lord.
King. Then let us mount again.
Clint. *(To Marsh.)* Your horse, my lord, is not in state to ride;
He wants two shoes before.
King. Whose doth? the Marshal's?
Marsh. Oft such mischances happen.
King. Were you furnish'd
For us, and for yourself kept no supply?
Marsh. So I may have, my lord, to furnish you,
I care not how myself want.
King. Apprehension
Help me! for every circumstance applies.
Thou hast done me an unwonted courtesy:
You spy'd my loss first?
Marsh. I did, my lord.
King. And then alighted?
Marsh. True.
King. Upon my life 'tis so!
To unshoe thine own good steed, and furnish mine,
Was't not? upon thy life resolve me true.
Marsh. What I have done, my lord, I did to you.
King. You will exceed me still; and yet my courtesy
Shall rank with thine: for this great duty shown
I pay thee thus—both steeds are now thine own.
Clint. *(Aside.)* They wager love.

Marsh. The best thing I can do,
In me is duty, the worst, grace in you.
King. Thou'rt ours! come, mount; we will return to court,
To order the great tournament prepar'd
To do our son grace; in which we entreat,
Marshal, your aid, because your skill is great.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to London—Enter CORPORAL *and* COCK, *ragged.*

Corp. We have visited all our familiars: is it not now time that we revisit our Captain?

Cock. With all my heart, good Corporal: but it had not been amiss if we had gone to Burchen Lane* first to have suited us; and yet it is a credit for a man of the sword to go thread-bare, because by his apparel he may be taken to be an old soldier.

Corp. Cock, thy father was a fresh water soldier, thou art not: thou hast been powder'd, witness thy flax and touch-box.

Enter MATCH.

Cock. But who comes yonder? My Match! I am glad I have met thee.

Match. I knew, Cock, at one time or other thou wouldst meet with thy Match. What, shall we go to my Captain's lodging?

* Birchin-lane seems to have been the Monmouth-street of that age.

Enter CAPTAIN, *extremely ragged.*

Corp. Spare that pains, yonder he appears in his colours.

Capt. Fortune de la guerre! I that have flourish'd, no colours like me, nay, no trumpet though in his highest key, have nothing now but rags to flourish: I that have fac'd the enemy, have not so much as any facing left me: were my suit but as well pointed as I have seen some, and stood I but in the midst of my followers, I might say I had nothing about me but tag and rag. I am descended nobly, for I am descended so low, that all the clothes of my back are scarce worth a noble*: I was born to thousands, and yet a thousand to one they will now scarce acknowledge me where I was born.

Corp. Health to our worthy Captain.

Capt. Thanks, my most worthy soldiers: and yet if I should examine your worths, what at the most could all you make?

Corp. I would not have your worship to examine our outsides.

Capt. And for your insides I'll pass my word.

Cock. Cannot all your worship's credit afford you a new suit?

Capt. Credit me? no: my revenues were a thousand a-year, part of which I lavish'd amongst gallants, rioted in taverns, havock'd in ordinaries; and when my estate began to ebb, as my last

* The piece of money so called was first coined by Edward the Third.

refuge, I laid all my hopes upon the last wars; but failing there (as the world imagines) I am return'd as you see. The King hath promis'd supply and relief to all that have spent their estates in his expeditions; but many like myself have been born to be poor, that scorn to be beggars; as many have been born to be rich, that can never leave it: the truth is, I am myself as my proceedings will express me further.

Corp. Will you cashier us, Captain, or shall we follow your future fortunes?

Capt. You shall not leave me: my purpose is to try the humours of all my friends, my allies, my ancient associates, and see how they will respect me in my supposed poverty: though I lose their acquaintance, I will lose none of my retinue. How say you, gentlemen, will you copart with me in this my dejectedness?

Corp. As I am corporal, so will I prove true squire to thy body.

Cock. And as I am true Cock, so will I crow at thy service, wait on thee with a comb for thy head, with fire to thy piece, with water to thy hands, and be cocksure in any employment whatsoever.

Match. And as I am true Match, I shall scorn that any of them shall o'er-match me in duty.

Capt. Attend me then: if I rise, you shall ascend; if fall, I will lie flat with you. First then I will make some trial of my friends at the court; and, in good time, here's the King.

Flourish. Enter the KING *discoursing with* CHESTER *and* CLINTON: AUDLEY *and* BONVILE, CAPTAIN *and the others, stand apart.*

King. You have persuaded much, and I begin
To censure strangely of his emulous love.
Chest. Further, my lord, what can his smoothness mean,
His courtesy, and his humility,
But as sly baits to catch the people's hearts,
And wean them from your love?
Clint. Doth he not strive
In all things to exceed your courtesy,
Of purpose to outshine your royal deeds,
And dazzle your brightness, that himself may shine?
Is he not only popular, my liege?
Is not the people's suff'rage sole to him,
Whilst they neglect your fame? his train doth equal
If not exceed yours: still his chamber's throng'd
With store of suitors: where the Marshal lies,
There is the court: all eyes are bent on him,
And on his glories: there's no theme abroad,
But how he sav'd you from the Pagan's sword,
How his sole hand sways, guides, and guards the realm.
Chest. Think but, my lord, on his last game at chess;
'Twas his past odds, but when he saw you mov'd,
With what a sly neglect he lost the mate,
Only to make you bound to him.
Clint. For all the favours, graces, honours, loves,

Bestow'd upon him from your bounteous hand,
His cunning was to think to quit you all,
And pay you with a horse-shoe.

Chest. In the tournament,
Made by the prince your son, when he was peerless,
And without equal, this ambitious Marshal
Strives to exceed, and did; but when he saw
Your highness mov'd to see the prince disgrac'd,
He lost the prize; but how? that all the people
Might see it giv'n, not forfeit; which did add
Rather than derogate: briefly, my lord,
His courtesy is all ambition.

King. And well it may be: is he not our vassal?
Why should the Marshal then contend with us,
To exceed in any virtue? We observe him;
His popularity; how affable
He's to the people; his hospitality,
Which adds unto his love; his forwardness
To entertain ambassadors, and feast them;
Which though he do't upon his proper charge,
And for our honour, yet it may be thought
A smoothness, and a cunning, to grow great:
It must be so. A project we intend
To prove him faithless, or a perfect friend.

[*Exit.*

Chest. It takes: these jealous thoughts we must pursue,
And to his late doubts still add something new.

Capt. *(Aside.)* Your speech being ended, now comes in my cue.
(Comes forward.) My honourable lord——

Chest. What beggar's this?

Capt. Beggar, my lord? I never begg'd of you:

But were I, I might be a courtier's fellow*:
Could I beg suits, my lord, as well as you,
I need not go thus clad: or were you free
From begging, as I am, you might rank me.

Chest. Comparisons? Away! [*Exit.*

Capt. Folly and pride,
In silks and lace their imperfections show;
But let pure virtue come in garments torn
To beg relief, she gets a courtly scorn.
My lord, you know me?

Clint. I have seen that face.

Capt. Why, 'tis the same it was; it is no changeling;
It bears the self-same front; 'tis not like yours,
Paled with the least disgrace, or puft with brags,
That smiles upon gay clothes, and frowns on rags;
Mine's stedfast as the sun, and free as fate,
Whose equal eyes look upon want and state.

Clint. And doth not mine so to? Pray what's your business?

Capt. Only that you would know me: the King's favour hath made you a baron, and the King's wars hath made me a bare one: there's less difference in the accent of the word than in the cost of our weeds. This is the same face you were once acquainted with, though not the same habit: I could know your face, though your diseas'd body were wrapt in sheepskins.

Clint. This fellow offends me. [*Exit.*

* The quarto reads,

"But were I *a beggar*, I might be a courtier's fellow."

It was quite unnecessary to the sense, and destroyed the measure.

Capt. Go, churl; pass free;
Thou know'st my forfeit lands, thou forget'st me.
(To Bonv.) Nay, you would be going to: you
are as afraid of a torn suit, as a younger brother
of a serjeant, a rich corn-master of a plentiful
year, or a troublesome attorney to hear of suits
put to compromise.
Sir, I must challenge you; you are my kinsman;
My grandsire was the first that rais'd the name
Of Bonvile to this height; but, Lord, to see
That you are grown a lord, and know not me.

Bonv. Cousin, I know you; you have been an
unthrift,
And lavish'd what you had; had I so done
I might have ebb'd like you, where I now flow.

Capt. Yet I can purchase that, which all the
wealth
You have will never win you.

Bonv. And what's that,
I pray?

Capt. Wit: Is the word strange to you? Wit.

Bonv. Whither wilt thou*?

Capt. True,
Wit will to many ere it come to you.

Bonv. Feed you upon your purchase, I'll keep
mine.

Capt. Have you the wit to do't?

Bonv. I have wit to buy,
And you to sell: which is the greater gain?
Cousin, I'll keep my wealth, keep you your brain.
[*Exit.*

* ——— Wit.
Whither wilt thou!
Vide note, vol. iv. p. 394.

Capt. The wealth of Midas choke thee ere thou'rt old,
And even the bread thou feed'st on change to gold!
(To Aud.) My lord, you hear how I pray for my kindred;
I have a little more charity for my friend:
With you I have some business.

Aud. I am in haste now.

Capt. I pray you stay.

Aud. Not now, indeed.

Capt. Pardon, for here's no way,
Before you hear me. [*Stops him.*

Aud. Prithee be brief.

Capt. Your daughter lives, I hope?

Aud. What's that to thee?

Capt. Somewhat 'twill prove, ay, and concerning me:
Before I laid my fortunes on these wars,
And was in hope to thrive,—by your consent,
Nay, by your motion, our united hearts
Were made more firm by contract; well you know
We were betroth'd.

Aud. Sir, I remember't not.

Capt. I do, and thus proceed:
I was in hope to have rais'd my fortune high,
And with them to have pull'd her by degrees
Unto that eminence at which I aim:
I ventur'd for it; but instead of wealth
I purchas'd nought but wounds: Honour I had,
And the repute of valour; but, my lord,
These simply of themselves are naked titles,
Respectless, without pride and bombast wealth,
And to the purblind world shew seeming bad:
Behold in me their shapes, they thus go clad.

Aud. You said you would be brief.
Capt. All that I had,
I spent upon my soldiers: we took no spoil:
The wars have grated on me e'en to this
That you now see: now my last refuge is
To raise myself by her.
Aud. And spend her means
As thou hast done thine own? Vile unthrift! no,
I know no contract.
Capt. I have one to show.
Aud. No matter: think'st thou that I'll vent my bags,
To suit in satin him that jets in rags? [*Exit.*
Capt. The world's all of one heart! this blaze I can,
All love the money, none esteem the man.
These be our friends at court; and fine ones too,
Are they not pray? Where be our fellows?
Cock. Here, noble Captain.
Capt. You see how our friends grace us; what hopes we have to prefer you?
Corp. I see sufficient: Captain, I will discharge myself; I mean to seek elsewhere for preferment.
Capt. All leave me if you please; but him that stays,
If e'er I mount, I'll with my fortunes raise.
Match. Captain, I desire your pass; I mean to march along with my Corporal.
Capt. (To Cock.) Wilt thou go too?
Cock. I leave you? Who, I? for a little diversity? for a wet storm? no, sir, though your outsides fall away, I'll cleave as close to you as your linings.

Capt. Gramercy yet! *(To Corp. and Match.)* Away! without reply!

Corp. Foutre for thy base service!

Capt. Away! 'Sfoot, how am I fallen out of my humour! And yet this strangeness of my nearest friends and alliance deserves a little contemplating: is't possible that even lords, that have the best educating, whose ears are frequent to the most fluent discourse, that live in the very brain of the land, the court, that these should be gull'd with shadows, and not be able to distinguish a man when they see him? Thou know'st me, yet these do not.

Cock. Why may not a poor man have as good eyes as another? their ears, indeed, may be larger than mine; but I can see as far without spectacles as the best lord in the land.

Capt. These superficial lords that think every thing to be as it appears, they never question a man's wit, his discretion, his language, his inward virtues, but as he seems he passes.

Cock. I warrant if I should look like an ass, they would take me for one too.

Capt. The next I try is my betroth'd: if she acknowledge this hand that hath received hers, this heart, this face, and knows the person from the garment, I shall say, woman, there is more virtue in thee than man.

Cock. There's no question of that, for they say they will hold out better. But, sir, if we be no better habited, I make a question how we shall get in at the court-gate; for I'll assure you your fashion is not in request at the court.

Capt. My virtue is not to be imitated:

I'll hold my purpose though I be kept back,
And venture lashing in the porter's lodge*:
Come, follow me; I will go see my mistress,
Though girt with all the ladies of the court:
Though ragged virtue oft may be kept out,
No grate so strangely kept above the centre,
But asses, with gold laden, free may enter.

* "The porter's lodge," says Mr. Gifford, in a note on "The Duke of Millain," "in our author's days, when the great claimed, and, indeed, frequently exercised, the right of chastising their servants, was the usual place of punishment."

ACT II. Scene I.

Enter the Prince, *the* Princess, *the* Marshal, *and the* Lady Mary Audley.

Prince. Lord Marshal, we are much in debt to you,
For by your favour we obtained the prize
In the last tourney: we acknowledge it.
Marsh. I could not love my sovereign, gracious Prince,
Without extent of duty to the son.
Princess. 'Twas nobly ply'd on both sides, both had honour;
Yet, brother, to be modest in your praise,
You had the best.
Prince. You please to grace me, sister.
Marshal, I hear you are a widower late;
How long is't since your beauteous countess died?
Marsh. My lord, you make me now, unsoldier-like,
Forget the name of Marshal, to become
A passionate husband; her remembrance draws
Tears from mine eyes: she died some three months since;
Good lady, she's now gone.
Princess. A kind husband,
I'll warrant him: if e'er I chance to bride,
Heaven grant I find no worse!

Prince. Have you no children by her?
Marsh. Two sweet girls,
Now all my hopes and solace of this earth;
Whom, next the zeal I owe unto my king,
I prize above the world.
Prince. Why, noble sir,
Are they not brought up to be train'd at court,
To attend our sister?
Marsh. They are young and tender,
And, ere I teach them fashion, I would gladly
Train them in virtue, and to arm their youth
Against the smooth and amorous baits of court.
Princess. As kind a father as a husband now!
If e'er I chance to wed, such, heaven, grant me!
Prince. Why heaven may hear your prayer.
(To Lady Aud.) Here's one, I warrant,
That dreams not on a husband.
Princess. Yet ere long
She may both dream, and speak as much as I:
No question but she thinks as much already;
And were her voice and her election free,
She would not stick to say, this man for me.
Prince. You make the lady blush.
Princess. Why, to change face,
They say, in modest maids, are signs of grace:
Yet many that like her hold down the head,
Will ne'er change colour when they're once in bed.
Prince. You'll put the lady out of countenance quite.
Princess. Not out of heart; for all of her complexion
Shew in their face the fire of their affection:
And even the modest wives, this know we too,
Oft blush to speak what is no shame to do.

Marsh. Lady, the Princess doth but try your spirit,
And prove your cheek: yet do not take it ill,
He'll one day come will act the husband's part.

Enter CAPTAIN *and* COCK.

Princess. Here enters one, I hope it be not he.

Capt. Attend me, sirrah, into the presence, and if any of the guard repulse thee, regard him not.

Cock. I'll march where my Captain leads, wer't into the presence of the great Termagant *.

Capt. My duty to the Prince:—Madam, your favour:—
Lord Marshal, yours.

Prince. What will the fellow do?

Capt. (To Lady Aud.) Lady, your lip.

[*Kisses her.*

Princess. My lord, how like you this?
She'd blush to speak, that doth not blush to kiss.

Cock. Well said, mistress.

Prince. A good bold fellow!

Capt. You are not asham'd to acknowledge me in this good company: I have brought thee all that the wars have left of me; were I better worth 'twere all thine: thou canst have no more of the cat but his skin †: I have brought thee home the same eyes that first saw thee, the same

* It has been before observed (vol. iv. p. 305) that Dr. Percy conjectured that this was a name given to the god of the Saracens: it should have been added, that Mr. Gifford is of a contrary opinion, and supposes it to have been an attribute of the supreme being of the Saxons. See his note on "The Renegado," vol. ii. p. 125.

† A common proverb.

tongue that first courted thee, the same hand that first contracted thee, and the same heart that first affected thee: more I have not, less I cannot: nay, quickly, sweet wench, and let me know what to trust to.

L. Mary. Were you more worth, I could not love you more,
Or less, affect you less: you have brought me home
All that I love, yourself, and you are welcome.
I gave no faith to money, but a man,
And that I cannot lose possessing you:
'Tis not the robe or garment I affect,
For who would marry with a suit of clothes?
Diamonds, though set in lead, retain their worth,
And leaden knives may have a golden sheath:
My love is to the jewel, not the case,
And you my jewel are.

Capt. Why, God-a-mercy, wench! come, sirrah.

Cock. Here's a short horse soon curried *.

[*Exeunt Capt. and Cock.*

Princess. Is this your sweetheart? I had need wish you much joy, for I see but a little towards. Where did you take him up? by the highway,

* This also seems a proverbial expression, implying that the business in hand has been soon dispatched. It is found in "The Valentinian" of Beaumont and Fletcher, where the Emperor and his Courtiers are playing at dice, and one of them having lost his money stakes his horse—

Chi. At my horse, sir.
Val. The dappled Spaniard?
Chi. He.
Val. (Throws.) He's mine.
Chi. He is so.
Max. Your short horse is soon curried.

or did you not fall in love with him, hanging on a gibbet?

Prince. What is he, for heaven's sake?
Can no man give him his true character?

Marsh. I can, my lord: He's of a noble house,
A Bonvile, and great heir; but being profuse
And lavish in his nonage, spent the most
Of his known means, and hoping now at last
To raise his fortunes by the wars, now ceas'd,
His hopes have fail'd him: yet we know him valiant,
And fortunate in service; one whose mind
No fortune can deject, no favour raise
Above his virtue's pitch.

Prince. If he be such,
We'll move the King in his behalf, and help
To cherish his good parts.

Enter CHESTER.

Chest. My lord the Prince,
The King calls for you; for he dines to-day
In the great hall with great solemnity,
And his best state: Lord Marshal, you this day
Must use your place, and wait; so all the lords.

Prince. Come, we'll go see the King.

Marsh. I shall attend your grace.

[*Exeunt all but the Princess and Lady Mary.*

Princess. And in faith, lady, can you be in love with this rag of honour?

L. Mary. Madam, you know I am my father's heir;
My possibilities may raise his hopes

To their first height: should I despise my hand
In a torn glove? or taste a poisonous draught
Because presented in a cup of gold?
Virtue will last when wealth flies, and is gone;
Let me drink nectar though in earth or stone.

Princess. But say your father now, as many fathers are, prove a true worldling, and rather than bestow thee on one dejected, disinherit thee? how then?

L. Mary. My father is my father, but my husband,
He is myself: my resolution is
To profess constancy, and keep mine honour;
And rather than to quean it where I hate,
Beg where I love: I wish no better fate.

Princess. By my faith, good counsel! if I live long enough,
It may be I may have the grace to follow it.

[*Exeunt.*

Flourish. Two Banquets are set out: at the one the KING *and the* PRINCE *sit dressed in their Robes of State—at the other the* LORDS *of the Court standing: the* MARSHAL *attends with the Staff and Key of Office to wait upon the* KING.

King. This anniversary do we yearly keep
In memory of our late victories:
In joy of which we make a public feast,
And banquet all our peers thus openly.
Sit, lords; these only we appoint to wait,
Attend us for this day: and now to crown
Our festival, we will begin this health—

Who's that so near our elbow? Marshal, you?
Stand off, we wish you further.

Marsh. Me, my lord?

King. Ay, you, my lord.

Marsh. Your highness' will's a law;
I shall obey.

King. You are too near us yet:
What! are we king, or have we countermanders?

Chest. (*Aside to Clint.*) Note you that?

Clint. Now it begins.

Marsh. (*Aside.*) I fear some sycophants
Have dealt ignobly with us to the King:
No matter, I am arm'd with innocence,
And that dares front all danger.

King. Lord, this health:

[*The King drinks, the Lords all stand up.*

See it go round, 'twas to our victory.

Marsh. With pardon, can your highness that remember,
And so forget me?

King. Thou dost promp me well;
You are our Marshal.

Marsh. I have us'd that place.

King. Your staff: support it, and resolve me this:
Which of yon lords there seated at the board,
Hast thou been most in opposition with,
Or whom dost thou least favour?

Marsh. I love all:
But should you ask me who hath wrong'd me most,
Then should I point out Chester.

King. Chester? then
Bear him that staff; give't up into his hand;

Say I commend me to him by the name
Of our high marshal: take your place below,
And let him wait on us. What! do you pause?
Or shall we twice command?

Marsh. I'll do't, my lord.

[*He advances to, and then addresses Chester.*

Chester, the King commends his love to you,
And by my mouth he styles you by the name
Of his high marshal, which this staff of office
Makes good to you: my place I thus resign,
And giv't up freely as it first was mine.
You must attend the King: it is a place
Of honour, Chester, and of great command;
Use it with no less modesty than he
That late enjoy'd it, and resigns it thee.

Chest. I need not your instruction; the King's bounty
Bestows it freely, and I take my place.

Marsh. And I mine here: th' allegiance that I owe him
Bids me accept it, were it yet more low.

King. Attend us, Chester; wait upon our cup;
It is an honour due to you this day.

Chest. I shall, my lord.

Clint. Oh, my lord, you're welcome: we have not had your company amongst us long.

Marsh. You ever had my heart, though the King's service
Commanded still my person: I am eas'd
Of a great burthen, so the King rest pleas'd.

Aud. (To Bon.) I have not seen a man hath borne his disgrace with more patience; especially to be forc'd with his own hand to deliver up his honours to his enemy

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Stand off, we wish you further.

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Bonv. It would have troubl'd me; I should not brook it.

King. Command yon fellow give his golden key
To the Lord Clinton; henceforth we debar him
Access unto our chamber: see it done.

Chest. (To Marsh.) The King commands you to give up your key
Unto that lord that's near you: henceforth, sir,
You to his person are deny'd access,
But when the King commands.

Marsh. Say to my liege,
The proudest foe he hath, were he an emperor,
Should not have forc'd the least of these from me;
But I acknowledge these, and all I have,
To be sole his; my life too, which as willingly
To please him I will send: I thank his highness
That sees so into my debility,
That he hath care to ease me of these loads
That have oppress'd me long: so, sir, 'tis done.

[*Gives the key to Clinton.*

Come, lords, now let's be merry, and drink round;
After great tempest we a calm have found.

Aud. This lord is of an unwonted constancy: he entertains his disgraces as merrily as a man dies that is tickled to death.

King. (Aside.) Cannot all this stir his impatience up?
I'll search his breast but I will find his gall.
Command him give his staff of council up,
We will bestow it elsewhere where we please.

Chest. (To Marsh.) The King would have you to forbear the council,
And to give up your staff.

Marsh. I shall turn man,
Kings cannot force to bear more than we can.

Chest. Sir, are you mov'd?
Marsh. Those that are wrong'd may speak:
My lord, I let you know my innocence,
And that my true and unstain'd loyalty
Deserves not this disgrace; none ever bore
Like eminence with me, that hath discharg'd it
With better zeal and conscience: for my service
Let my wounds witness; I have some to show
That, had I not my body interpos'd,
Had been your scars: all my deserved honours
You have bestow'd upon mine enemies;
Ay, such as have whole skins,
And never bled but for their ease and health.
You might with as much justice take my life,
As seize my honours: howsoe'er, my lord,
Give me free leave to speak but as I find,
I ever have been true, you now unkind.
King. Will you contest?
What have you, sir, that is not held from us?
Or what can your own virtue purchase you
Without our grace? Are not your fortunes, favours,
And your revenues, ours? where should they end
But where they first began? Have we not power
To give our own? or must we ask your council
To grace where we appoint*? need we a guardian,
Or aim you at the place?
Marsh. Oh, my dread King,
It sorrows me that you misprize my love;
And with more freedom I could part with life
Than with your grace: my offices, alas!

* The quarto reads,

"To grace where *you* appoint."

They were my troubles; but to want your favours,
That only thus afflicts my loyal thoughts,
And makes me bold to term your grace unkind.

King. Sir, we command you to abandon court;
And take it as a favour that we now
Not question of your life: without reply
Leave us!

Marsh. I'll leave the court as I would leave my burthen:
But from your highness in this kind to part,
Is as my body should forsake my heart. [*Exit*.

King. Shall we not be ourself, or shall we brook
Competitors in reign? act what we do
By other mens' appointment? he being gone,
We are unrival'd; we'll be sole or none.

Prince. The Marshal's gone in discontent, my liege.

King. Pleas'd, or not pleas'd, if we be England's king,
And mightiest in the sphere in which we move,
We'll shine alone: this Phæton cast down,
We'll state us now midst of our best affected:
Our new created marshal first lead on,
Whose loyalty we now must build upon.
[*Exeunt*.

Enter CAPTAIN *and* COCK *.

Capt. Sir, now attend me: I'll to the ordinary,
And see if any of my ancient friends

* In the quarto it is, "Enter Captain and *Clown*." There is a confusion throughout the play, and indeed in the Dramatis Personæ.

Will take note of me. *(Calls.)* Where's the good man? Within!

Cock. There's none dwells here: you may speak with the master of the house if you will.

Enter HOST.

Captain, Captain, I have descried an host.

Capt. An host? where? which way march they?

Cock. Mine host of the house; see where he marches.

Capt. Here, take my cloak. *(To Host.)* What, is't not dinner-time?
Are there no gallants come yet?

Host. Why, sir, do you mean to dine here to-day?

Capt. Here do I mean to cranch, to munch, to eat,
To feed, and be fat, my fine calipolis *.

Host. You must pardon me, sir, my house entertains none but gentlemen: if you will stand at gate, when dinner's done I'll help you to some fragments.

Capt. Sirrah, if your house be free for gentlemen, it is fit for me: thou see'st I keep my man;
I've crowns to spend with him that bravest here:
I'll keep my room in spite of silks and satins.

Host. (Aside.) I would I were well rid of this raggamuffin.

Enter Two GENTLEMEN.

1 *Gent.* How goes the day?

* A burlesque on a line in an old play, called "The Battle of Alcazar," as has been observed by Stevens.

2 *Gent.* It cannot yet be old,
Because I see no more gallants come.
1 *Gent.* Mine host, what's here?
Host. A tatterdemalion,
That stays to sit at th' ordinary to-day
2 *Gent.* Dost know him?
Host. I did when he was flush, and had the crowns; but since he grew poor he is worn quite out of my remembrance. He is a decay'd captain, and his name Bonvile.
1 *Gent.* I would he would leave this place, and rank himself with his companions.

Enter Two more GENTLEMEN.

2 *Gent.* Morrow, gentlemen.
3 *Gent.* The morning's past, 'tis mid-day at the least.
4 *Gent.* What, is the room so empty?
Host. An please your worships,
Here's more by one than it can well receive.
3 *Gent.* What tatter's that that walks there?
4 *Gent.* If he will not leave the room, kick him down stairs.
Capt. There's ne'er a silken outside in this company
That dares present a foot to do that office:
I'll toss that heel a yard above his head
That offers but a spurn.
1 *Gent.* Can we not be private?
Capt. I am a man, like you perhaps, well bred;
Nor want I coin, for hark, my pockets chink:
I keep my man to attend me, more perhaps
Than some can do that go in costlier silk.

Are you so fearful of a ragged suit?
They were first paid for ere they were put on;
A man may question whether yours were so.
Who kicks first, ha? Come! have you mind to game?
I'll cast or set at thus much: *(takes out money.)*
Will you card?
A rest for this: no: then let's to dinner.
Come, serve in meat.

1 *Gent.* Mine host, prithee put this fellow out of the room, and let him not drop his shoe-clouts here.

2 *Gent.* 'Sfoot! dost thou mean we shall go lousy out of the house?

3 *Gent.* If he will not go out by fair means, send for a constable.

4 *Gent.* And send him to Bridewell ordinary; whipping cheer is best for him.

Host. Nay, pray, sir, leave my house; you see the gentlemen will not endure your company.

Capt. Mine host, thou knewest me in my flourishing prime:
I was the first brought custom to thine house:
Most of my means I spent here to enrich thee;
And to set thee up, I've cast down myself.

Host. I remember, sir, some such matter; but you see the times change. Nay, will you leave the gentlemen?

Capt. The lease of this house hadst thou not from me?
Did I not give thee both the fine and rent?

Host. I must needs say you were bountiful when you had it: but, in troth, sir, if you will not

be gone, I shall be forc'd to turn you out by the head and shoulders.

Capt. And is not all this worth the trusting for an ordinary?

Host. Nay, if you prate, I shall use you somewhat extraordinary.

Gent. Down with the rogue!

Capt. Since you hate calms and will more stormy weather,
Now host and guests shall all down stairs together.

[*Draws and beats them out of the room.*

Cock. Ah, well done, master! tickle them, noble Captain!

Capt. Come, Cock, I have took some of their stomachs away from them before dinner.

Scene—The MARSHAL'S *House in the Country.*
Enter MARSHAL *and his two* DAUGHTERS.

Marsh. We are at peace now, and in threaten'd death
We do enjoy new life: my only comforts,
The image of my late deceased wife,
Now have I time to surfeit on your sight,
Which court-employments have debar'd me long.
Oh, Fortune, thou didst threaten misery,
And thou hast paid me comfort! need we aught
That we should seek the suffrage of the court?
Are we not rich? are we not well revenued?
Are not the country pleasures far more sweet,
Than the court cares? Instead of bawling suitors,
Our ears receive the music of the hound:
For mounting pride and lofty ambition,
We in the air behold the falcons tower,

And in that moral mock those that aspire.
Oh, my good king, instead of threat and wrong,
Thou hast brought me rest which I have wish'd so long!

Isab. Sir, we have long been orphans in the country,
Whilst you still followed your affairs at court:
We heard we had a father by our guardian,
But scarce till now could we enjoy your sight.

Cath. Nor let it seem offensive to your love,
That we in your retirement should take pride;
The King in this pursues our greater happiness,
And quickens most where he would most destroy.

Marsh. Your are mine own sweet girls, and in your virtues
I place my sole bliss: you are all my honours,
My favours, state, and offices at court:
What are you not? Let the King take my lands,
And my possessions, and but leave me you,
He leaves me rich; more would I not desire,
And less he cannot grant.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. One from the King
Attends your honour; and his urgency
Craves quick dispatch.

Marsh. Ladies, withdraw a little.

[*Isab. and Cath. retire.*

I long to know what mischief's now afoot;
We'll front it be it death, ay, and march towards it.
A chair: admit the herald; let him in;
We are arm'd 'gainst what can come: our breast is true,

And that's one maxim, what is forc'd is wrong;
We can both keep our heart and guide our tongue

Enter the SERVANT, *ushering in* CHESTER.

Chest. Sir, the King greets you, and commands you effect
His will in this. *(Delivers a Letter.)* You know the character.

Marsh. My good Lord Marshal, you are welcome hither;
These lines I kiss because they come from him.

Chest. (Aside.) You'll like the letter better than the style:
Ha! changes your face? is your blood mov'd to the tide,
Or ebbs it to your heart?

Marsh. (Reads.) Thou hast two daughters,
Fair by report; her whom thou lov'st best
Send to the court: it is thy king's behest;
Do this on thy allegiance.

Chest. Sir, your answer?

Marsh. I pray, sir, deal with men in misery,
Like one that may himself be miserable:
Insult not too much upon men distress'd;
Play not too much upon my wretchedness;
The noble mind still will not when they can.

Chest. I cannot stay for answer, pray be brief.

Marsh. You are more welcome than your message, sir,
And yet that's welcome coming from my King:
Pray, sir, forbear me; 'tis the King's command,
And you shall know mine answer instantly:
(To Servant.) Receive him nobly.

Chest. I shall wait your pleasure.

[*Exeunt Chester and Servant.*

Marsh. Malice, revenge, displeasure, envy, hate,
I had thought that you had only dwelt at court,
And that the country had been clear and free;
But from Kings' wraths no place I find is safe.
My fairest daughter?* had the King commanded
One of my hands, I had sent it willingly;
But her! yet kings must not be dallied with:
Somewhat I must resolve to breed of force
Treason or to my blood, or to my King:
False father or false subject I must prove;
Be true to him I serve, or her I love;
Somewhat I must: my daughters! call them in.

Enter SERVANT, *ushering them in.*

Leave them and us. [*Exit Servant.*
Ladies I must be blunt; the King's displeas'd,
And hearing of two children whom I love,
My patience and my loyalty to try,
Commands that she whom I love best must die.

Isab. Die? 'las, that's nothing! must not all men so?
And doth not heaven crown martyr'd innocence?
I was afraid, my lord, the King had sent
To have strumpetted the fairest of your blood:
An innocent death, my lord, is crown of rest:
Then let me die as her whom you love best.

Cath. If but to die prove that you love me, then
Death were most welcome to confirm your love.
Alas! my sister, she hath not the heart

* It is singular enough that the King does not send for his "*fairest* daughter," but for her *he loved best*.

To look upon a rough tormentor's face:
I am bold and constant, and my courage great;
As token of your love, then point out me.

Marsh. Alas! my girls, for greater ills prepare:
Death would end yours, and somewhat ease my sorrows:
What I must speak, contains heaven's greatest curse;
Search all the world, you can find nought so ill.

Isab. Speak't at once.

Marsh. Her whom I best affect,
The King intends to strumpet.

Cath. Bless me heaven!

Marsh. Should he——

Cath. By all my joys, I'll sooner die
Than suffer it!

Isab. And so, by heaven! will I.

Marsh. Now you are mine indeed! who would forego
One of these gems so fine, and valued so?
But, passion give me leave! the King commands,
I must obey. The *fairest* he sent for:
None of my daughters have been seen at court,
Nor hath the ambitious Chester view'd them yet:
My eldest then shall go. *(To Isab.)* Come hither, girl:
I send *thee*; heaven knows whether to thy death
Or to thine honour! though he envy me,
Yet in himself the King is honourable,
And will not stretch his malice to my child:
The worst I fear, and yet the best I hope.
I charge thee then, even by a father's name,
If the King deign to take thee to his bed
By name of queen, if thou perceiv'st thyself

To be with child, conceal it, even from him:
Next, when thou find'st him affable and free,
Find out some talk about thy sister here,
As thus: thy father sent thee but in jest,
Thy sister's fairest, and I love her best.

Isab. It may incense the King.

Marsh. What I intend
Is to myself, inquire no further of it.

Isab. I shall perform your will, and thus resolv'd,
To be a martyr ere a concubine:
But if the king afford me further favour,
In my close bosom your last words I'll place.

Marsh. Sister and sister part. *(To Cath.)* Be you not seen:
Bid her farewell a martyr or a queen.
They cannot speak for tears; alas! for woe,
That force should part sister and sister thus,
[*Exit Cath.*
And that the child and father of one heart,
Commands and powerful threats should thus divide.
But Chester stays——Within there!

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. My lord?

Marsh. Have you receiv'd Earl Chester honourably?

Serv. The noblest welcome that the house could yield
He hath had, my lord; nothing was held too dear:
He much extols your bounty.

Marsh. Usher him in;
We now are ready for him.

Serv. I shall, my lord.

Enter CHESTER.

Chest. Sir, I have stay'd your leisure, now your answer.

Marsh. That I obey: The fairest of my girls
I send the King.

Chest. I easily can believe
That this the fairest is; her like in court
Lives not; she is a present for a king.

Marsh. Say to the King I give her, but conditionally,
That if he like not this fairest of the two,
Unstain'd he will his gift send back again.

Chest. I shall: Come, lady.

Marsh. My lord, I do not load you with commends
And duties, which I could do, to the King
I know your love, your memory may fail you,
And you them all may scatter by the way.
(To Isab.) Do thou a father's duty thus in tears,
And send me how thou speed'st to free these fears.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. Scene I.

Enter Cock *and* Lady Mary.

L. Mary. Came you from him?

Cock. Yes, if it please your maidenship: my master sends you word he is the old man, and his suit is the old suit still, and his clothes the old clothes; he scorns to be a changeling or a shifter: he fears nothing but this, that he shall fall into the lord, your father's hands, for want of reparation *.

L. Mary. We know thy meaning: here, bear him this gold,
And bid him suit him like the man he was;
Bid him to face the proudest he in court;
He shall not want whilst we have.

Cock. This was out of my commission, lady; gold tempts; I have commandment not to touch it: 'tis another thing he aims at; it is a thing, but I know not what manner of thing; but something it is, and he vows not to shift a shirt till he be further resolv'd: he only sends you commendations, and withal to know if you would stand to your word.

L. Mary. He wrongs me to cast doubts:
Tell him I am the same I ever was,

* Possibly as an estray wandering about, and by grant from the crown belonging the the Lord of the Manor.

And ever will continue as I am:
But that he should disdain this courtesy,
Being in want, and coming too from me,
Doth somewhat trouble me.

Cock. We want, madam? you are deceiv'd: we have store—of rags; plenty—of tatters; abundance—of jags; huge rents—witness our breeches; ground enough to command—for we can walk where we will, none will bid us to dinner; houses rent free; and goodly ones to choose where we will—the Marshalsy, the Counter, Newgate, Bridewell: and would a man desire to dwell in stronger buildings? and can you say that we are in want? No, lady, my captain wants nothing but your love, and that he entreats you to send by me the bearer.

L. Mary. I do, with all the best affection
A virgin can bestow upon her friend.

Cock. I dare swear he is an honest man; but I dare not say he is a true man.

L. Mary. How, not a true man?

Cock. No: for he hath sworn to steal you away, and thus I prove it: if he steal you away, I am sure you will not go naked; he cannot steal you, but he must steal the clothes you have on; and he that steals apparel, what is he but a thief? and he that is a thief cannot be a true man; *ergo.*

L. Mary. That is not theft when men but steal their own,
And I am his; witness this diamond,
Which bear him, and thus say: that no disaster
Shall ever part me from his company.

Cock. I shall bear this with as good will as you would bear him, *utcunque volumus.* [*Exit.*

L. Mary. What are we but our words? when they are past,
Faith should succeed, and that should ever last.
My father!

Enter AUDLEY.

Aud. Wott'st thou who's return'd?
The unthrift Bonvile, ragged as a scare-crow;
The wars have gnaw'd his garments to the skin,
I met him, and he told me of a contract.

L. Mary. Sir, such a thing there was.

Aud. Upon condition if he came rich.

L. Mary. I heard no such exception.

Aud. Thou dost not mean to marry with a beggar?

L. Mary. Unless he be a gentleman, and Bonvile
Is by his birth no less.

Aud. Such only gentle are, that can maintain
Gentility.

L. Mary. Why, should your state fail you,
Can it from you your honours take away?
Whilst your allegiance holds, what need you more?
You ever shall be noble although poor.

Aud. They are noble that have nobles; gentle they
That appear such.

L. Mary. Indeed so worldlings say:
But virtuous men prove they are only dear
That all their riches can about them bear.

Flourish. Enter KING, CLINTON, BONVILE, PRINCE *and* PRINCESS.

King. Is not Earl Chester
Return'd yet with an answer from the Marshal?
Prince. Not yet, my lord.
King. For such contention we now scorn revenge;
We'll try the utmost of his patience now:
He would exceed our love, if it appear
He will hold nothing for his king too dear.
Aud. Earl Chester is return'd.

Enter CHESTER *and* ISABELLA.

King. Hast brought her, Chester?
Chest. Her whom her father the most fair esteems,
He hath sent by me; only with this request:
That if his free gift do not like your highness,
You'll send her back untouch'd to his embrace.
King. I fear we shall not; she appears too fair
So straightly to part with: what is he would
Attempt such virgin-modesty to stain
By hopes of honour, flattery, or constraint?
How do you like her? Your opinions, lords?
Prince. A beauteous lady, one that hath no peer
In the whole court.
King. Therefore I hold her precious.
Princess. A fairer face in court who ever saw?
Her beauty would become the name of queen.
Clint. One of more state or shape where shall we find?
Aud. Her modesty doth do her beauty grace;
Both in her cheek have choos'd a sovereign seat.

King. You have past censure, lady, now you're
mine:
And by your father's free gift you are so,
To make or mar*; to keep or [to] bestow.
Isab. It glads me I am present to a king,
Whom I have always heard my father term
Royal in all things; virtuous, modest, chaste;
And to have one free attribute besides,
Which even the greatest emperor need not scorn,
Honest: to you, if you be such, my liege,
A virgin's love I prostrate; and a heart
[*Kneels*.
That wishes you all goodness, with the duty
Of a true subject, and a noble father.
Then, mighty prince, report your subject noble,
Since all those virtues you receive ~~in me~~.
King. Thou hast o'ercome us all: *that* thou
hast term'd us,
We'll strive to be: and to make good those at-
tributes
Thou hast bestow'd upon us, rise our queen:
Thy virtue hath took off the threat'ning edge
Of our intended hate: though thou art ours
Both by free gift and duty, which we challenge
As from a subject; though our power could stretch
To thy dishonour, we proclaim thee freed,
And in this grace thy father we exceed.
Prince. The King in this shews honour: princes
still
Should be the lords of their own appetites,
And cherish virtue.

* It has been observed by Stevens, that *make* and *mar* are always placed in opposition to each other by our ancient writers.

King. Have I your applause?
Bonv. Your highness shows both royalty and judgment
In your fair choice.
King. Are your opinions so?
Aud. Far be it, mighty King, we should distaste
Where you so well affect.
Princess. For grace and feature
England affords not a more complete virgin.
Clint. *(Aside to Chest.)* Were she not the Marshal's daughter
I'd term her worthy for my sovereign's bride.
Chest. Ay, that's the grief.
King. This kiss then be the seal:
[*Kisses Isabella.*
Thou art our queen, and now art only mine.
Isab. May I become your vassal and your handmaid,
Titles but equal to my humble birth:
But since your grace a higher title deigns,
Envy must needs obey where power compels.
King. *Give expeditious order for the rites
Of these our present nuptials, which shall be
Done with all state, and due solemnity:
And, Marshal, in this business thou shalt find
Thyself defective, and not us unkind.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Health to your highness!
King. Whence?
Serv. From my sad master,

* In the quarto this is, beyond question erroneously, the continuation of Isabella's speech.

Your marshal once, now your dejected vassal;
And thus he bid me say: If the King deign
To grace my daughter with the style of queen,
To give you then this casket, which contains
A double dower: half of this mighty sum
He out of his revenues had afforded,
Had she been match'd but to a baron's bed;
But since your highness deigns her for your bride,
And his alliance scorns not to disdain,
He sayeth a double dower is due to you.

King. He strives to exceed us still! this emulation
Begets our hate, and questions him of life.
This dower we take, his daughter entertain,
But him we never shall receive to grace.
Bear not from us so much as love or thanks:
We only strive in all our actions
To be held peerless for our courtesy,
And royal bounty, which appears the worse,
Since he a subject would precede his prince:
And did we not his daughter dearly love,
We'd send her back with scorn and base neglect;
But her we love, though him in heart despise:
Pay him that thanks for all his courtesies.

Serv. In this employment I will strive to do
The office of a subject, and of servant too.

King. Since to that emulous lord we have sent our hate,
Come, to our nuptials let's pass on in state.

[*Exeunt*.

Enter CAPTAIN *and* COCK.

Capt. The humours of court, city, camp, and country I have trac'd, and in them can find no

man, but money; all subscribe to this motto, *Malo pecuniam viro.* O poverty! thou art esteem'd a sin worse than whoredom, gluttony, extortion, or usury:
And earthy gold, thou art prefer'd 'fore heaven.
Let but a poor man in a threadbare suit,
Or ragged as I am, appear at court,
The fine-nos'd courtiers will not scent him; no,
They shun the way as if they met the pest:
Or if he have a suit, it strikes them deaf,
They cannot hear of that side.

Cock. Come to the city, the haberdasher will sooner call us blockheads than block us*: come to the sempsters, unless we will give them money, we cannot enter into their bands: though we have the law of our sides, yet we may walk through Burchin Lane and be non-suited: come barefoot to a shoemaker, though he be a constable, he will not put us into his stocks: though the girdler be my brother, yet he will not let his leather embrace me: come to the glover, his gloves are either so little that I cannot pluck them on, or so great that I cannot compass: and for the camp, there's honour cut out of the whole piece, but not a rag of money.

Capt. The country hath alliance with the rest: my purpose is now I have so thoroughly made proof of the humours of men, I will next assay the dispositions of women; not of the choicest, but of those whom we call good wenches.

Clown. Pray, master, if you go to a house of

* A block, as has been observed by Stevens, is the mould on which a hat is formed; but it is commonly enough used by our ancient writers for the hat itself. See notes on Act IV. of "Lear."

good fellowship, give me something to spend upon my cockatrice: if I have nothing about me I shall never get in.

Capt. There's for you, sirrah. *(Gives him money.)* Doth not the world wonder I should be so flush of money, and so bare in clothes? the reason of this I shall give account for hereafter: but to our purpose. Here they say dwells my Lady Bawdyface; here will we knock.

[*Knocks.*

Enter BAWD.

Bawd. Who's there? what would you have, ha?

Capt. Sweet lady, we would enter: nay, by your leave.

Bawd. Enter? where? Here be no breaches for you to enter truly.

Capt. And yet we are soldiers, and have ventur'd upon as hot service as this place affords any.

Bawd. Away! you base companions: we have no breaches for such tatter'd breeches; we have no patches to suit with your rags.

Capt. Nay, pray give way.

Bawd. Away! you rogues: do you come to shake your rags here? Do you think we can vent our ware without money, you rascals? get you from my door, you beggarly companions, or I'll wash you hence with hot scalding water.

Clown. Nay, I warrant her wenches can afford her that at all times.

Bawd. Do I keep house to entertain Tatterdemalions? With a pox! you will be gone?

Capt. We must forbear the gallows out of patience: stand aside.

Enter Two GENTLEMEN.

1 *Gent.* I would fain go in, but I have spent all my money.

2 *Gent.* No matter, they shall not know so much till we get in, and then let me alone, I'll not out till I be fir'd out.

1 *Gent.* Then let's set a good face of the matter. *(To Bawd.)* By your leave, lady.

Bawd. You're welcome, gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* What fellows be yon?

Bawd. Two poor soldiers that came for an alms an please you, that stay for some reversions *: there's none such come into my house, I warrant you.

2 *Gent.* Save you, sweet lady!

Bawd. Where be those kitchenstuffs here? Shall we have no attendance? *(Enter* SERVANT.*)* Shew these gentlemen into a close room, with a standing bed in't, and a truckle too: you are welcome, gentlemen. [*Exeunt Gent. and Serv.*

Capt. 'Tis general through the world! each state esteems
A man not what he is, but what he seems:
The purest flesh ragg'd, can no entrance have,
But itch and all disease if it come brave:
Wide open stand the gates of lust and sin,
And those at which the wide world enters in.
(To Bawd.) Madam, to be short, I must have a

* What is meant by "*reversions,*" unless it be *broken victuals*, I cannot say.

wench: though I am ragged outward, I am rich inward: here's a brace of angels for you; let me have a pretty wench, I'll be as bountiful to her.

Bawd. Your worship's very heartily welcome. Where's Sis? Where's Joyce? the best room in the house for the gentleman: Call Mistress Priscilla, and bid her keep the gentleman company.

Capt. I'll make bold to enter. [*Goes in.*

Bawd. Your worship's most lovingly welcome. Let the gentleman have attendance, and clean linen if he need any. *(To Cock.)* Whither would you, you rogue?

Cock. Marry, I would after my master.

Bawd. Thy master? Why, is yon raggamuffin able to keep a man?

Cock. Ay, that he is; able to keep a man, and himself too.

Bawd. Then that man must be able to pay for himself too, or else he may cool his heels without, if his appetite be hot.

Cock. Then shall I not go in?

Bawd. No, by my maidenhead, shall you not; nor any such beggarly companion shall enter here, but he shall come through me too.

Cock. No? what remedy? *(Shakes a purse.)* Ha! ha! he that rings at a door with such a bell, and cannot enter.—Well, if there be no remedy, I'll even stay without.

Bawd. Oh me! is it you, sir? and are you so strange* to stand at the door? Pray will you come near? your master is new gone in afore. Lord, Lord, that you would not enter without

* The quarto reads, "*strong*."

trusting! you were even as far out of my remembrance, as one that I had never seen afore.

Cock. I cannot blame you to forget me, for I think this be the first time of our meeting.

Bawd. What would you have, sir?

Cock. Nothing, as they say, but a congratulation for our first acquaintance. I have it here, old bully bottom, I have it here.

Bawd. I have it here too: nay, pray, sir, come in, I am loath to kiss at door, for fear my neighbours should see.

Cock. Speak, shall you and I condog together? I'll pay you to a hair.

Bawd. Nay, I beseech you, sir, come in: a gentleman, and stand at door? I'll lead the way, and you shall come behind.

Cock. No, no; I will not salute you after the Italian fashion; I'll enter before.

Bawd. Most lovingly: pray draw the latch, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Two GENTLEMEN *with Two* WENCHES.

1 *Gent.* Nay, faith, sweet rogue, thou shalt trust me for once.

1 *Whore.* Trust you? come up! canst thou pay the hackney for the hire of a horse, and thinkst thou to breathe me upon trust?

1 *Gent.* Thou bidst me come up, and shall I not ride?

1 *Whore.* Yes, the gallows as soon.

2 *Whore.* A gentleman, and have no money? marry, you make a most knightly offer.

2 *Gent.* How, to offer thee no money?

2 *Whore.* How can they offer that have none?

2 *Gent.* I'll either give thee ware or money, that's as good.

2 *Whore.* Ay, but, sir, I'll deal with no such chapmen.

Enter BAWD.

Bawd. What's the matter here? Ha, can you not agree about the bargain?

1 *Whore.* Here are gallants would have us breath'd, and forsooth they have no money.

2 *Whore.* They think belike, diet, lodging, ruffs, clothes, and holland-smocks can all be had without money; and a disease, if we should catch it, heaven bless us! can be cur'd without money.

Bawd. That's fine, i'faith! if my beds be shaken out of their joints or my cords broken, must not the joiner and the ropemaker both have money? If my rugs be rubbed out with your toes, can they be repair'd without money? If my linen be foul'd, can I pay my laundress without money? Besides, we must have something to maintain our broken windows I hope; the glazier will not mend them without money.

1 *Gent.* Come, come, let's run a score for once.

Bawd. You shall not score of my tally: Out of my doors!

Enter CAPTAIN *and* COCK.

Capt. Why shall we not be bosom'd? have we paid, and must we not have wenches?

Bawd. You shall have the choicest of my house, gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Who, those rascals?

Bawd. They be rascals that have no money; those be gentlemen that have crowns: these are they that pay the joiner, the ropemaker, the upholsterer, the laundrer, the glazier. Will you out of my doors, or shall we scald* you hence?

Cock. That you shall never by thrusting them out of doors.

1 *Gent.* Who, but a madman, would be so base as to be hir'd, much more to hire one of those brutist that make no difference betwixt a gentleman and a beggar? Nay, I have seen enough to be soon entreated. [*Exit.*

2 *Gent.* You shall not need to fear me; I am gone;
He's past before, nor will I stay behind:
I have seen enough to loath all your sisterhood.
[*Exit.*

Bawd. Marry, farewell, frost! Now, sir, will you make your choice, and your man after?

Capt. I'll have both; these are mine.

Cock. Go you then with your pair of whores, I'll go with this old sculler that first ply'd me.

Bawd. I see thou lovest to go by water. Come, shall we dally together? Sit upon my knee, my sweet boy: what money hast thou in thy purse? wilt thou bestow this upon me, my sweet chick?

Cock. I'll see what I shall have first for my money, by your favour.

1 *Whore.* And shall I have this?

2 *Whore.* And I this?

* The quarto reads, "*scold* you hence." I think the present reading more in character; and the reader may recollect she so threatens the Captain when she first sees him.

Capt. Both these are mine; we are agreed then?
But I'm asham'd, being such a tatter'd rogue,
To lie with two such fine gentlewomen;
Besides, to tell you truly, I am lousy.

1 *Whore.* No matter; thou shalt have a clean shirt, but pay for the washing; and thy clothes shall in the meantime be cast into an oven.

Capt. But I have a worse fault, my skin's not perfect:
What should I say I am?

2 *Whore.* Itchy? Oh, thou shalt have brimstone and butter.

Capt. Worse than all these, my body is diseas'd; I shall infect yours.

1 *Whore.* If we come by any mischance, thou hast money to pay for the cure. Come, shall's withdraw into the next chamber?

Capt. You are not women, you are devils both,
And that your dam: my body, save in wars,
Is yet unscarr'd; nor shall it be with you.
Say the last letcher, that embrac'd you here,
And folded in his arms your rottenness,
Had been all these; would you not all that filth
Vomit on me? or who would buy diseases,
And make his body for a spital fit,
That may walk sound? I came to school you, whore,
Not to corrupt you; for what need I that,
When you are all corruption? Be he lame,
Have he no nose, be all his body stung
With the French fly, with the sarpego* dry'd;

* This word is found in the "Measure for Measure," and "Troilus and Cressida" of Shakspeare, and is explained by Stevens to be a kind of tetter.

Be he a lazar, or a leper, bring
Coin in his fist, he shall embrace your lust
Before the purest flesh that sues of trust.

Bawd. What Diogenes have we here? I warrant the cynic himself said not so much when he was seen to come out of a bawdy-house.

Capt. He sham'd not to come out, but held it sin
Not to be pardon'd, to be seen go in.
But I'll be modest. *(The Whores offer him back the money.)* Nay, nay, keep your gold,
To cure those hot diseases you have got:
And being once clear, betake you to one man,
And study to be honest; that's my counsel:
You have brought many, like yon gentlemen,
That jet in silks, to go thus ragg'd like us;
Which did they own our thoughts, these rags would change
To shine as we shall, though you think it strange.
(To Cock.) Come, come, this house is infected, shall we go?

Cock. Why, sir, shall I have no sport for my money, but even a snatch and away?

Capt. Leave me, and leave me ever: and observe
This rule from me: where there is lodg'd a whore
Think the plague's cross is set upon that door*.

[*Exit.*

* In one of the ordinances of Elizabeth, reprinted by King James in 1603, relating to the plague, it is directed that "some speciall marke shall be made and fixed to the doores of the infected houses, and where any such houses shall be innes or ale-houses, the signes shall be taken downe for the time of the restraint, [*i. e.* six weeks] and some *crosse* or other marke set upon the place thereof, to be a token of the sickenesse."

Cock. Then, *Lord have mercy upon us!* where have we been?

[*He goes out leering and shaking his head.*

Bawd. Hist, hist! here's a railing companion indeed!

1 *Whore.* I know not what you call a railing companion, but such another discourse would make me go near to turn honest.

Bawd. Nay, if you be in that mind, I'll send for your love. The plague in my house? the pox is as soon. I am sure there was never man yet that had *Lord have mercy upon us* in his mind *, that would ever enter here. Nay, will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter the KING, QUEEN, PRINCE, PRINCESS, LORDS, *&c.*

King. Before you all I here acknowledge, lords,
I never held me happy, but in this
My virtuous choice: in having your applause,
Methinks I had the sweet consent of heaven.

Prince. This noble lady, now my royal mother,
Hath by her love to you, regard to us,
And courteous affability to all,
Attain'd the general suffrage of the realm.

* The Bawd may be more correct in this than she intended. In those times of dreadful mortality, when persons not unfrequently expired without assistance in the streets, "*Lord have mercy upon us!*" was, naturally enough, in the mouths of every one of the dying persons, and of those who accidentally approached them. When the Captain tells Cock, that the plague's cross is set upon the house he had just quitted, the latter says,

"Then, *Lord have mercy upon us!* where have we been?"

And the Bawd alludes here only to the Captain's charge.

Princess. Her modest carriage shall be rules to me;
Her words, instructions; her behaviour, precepts;
Which I shall ever study to observe.

Queen. *(Aside.)* I feel my body growing by the King,
And I am quick although he know it not:
Now comes my father's last injunction
To my remembrance, which I must fulfil:
Although a queen, I am his daughter still.

King. Lords, and the rest, forbear us till we call:
A chair first, and another for our queen,
Some private conference we intend for her:

[*They place the chairs.*

Now leave us. [*Exeunt all but King and Queen.*
My fairest Isabella, the choice jewel
That I wear next my heart, I cannot hide
My love to thee; 'tis like the sun envelop'd
In watery clouds, whose glory will break through,
And, spite opposure, scorns to be conceal'd:
Saving one thing, ask what my kingdom yields,
And it is freely thine.

Queen. What's that, my lord?

King. I cannot speak it without some distaste
To thee, my queen; yet if thy heart be ours
Name it not to me.

Queen. I am only yours.

King. Beg not thy father's free repeal to court,
And to those offices we have bestow'd;
Save this, my kingdom, and what it contains,
Is thy will's subject.

Queen. You are my king, and husband;
The first includes allegiance, the next duty,
Both these have power above a father's name:

Though, as a daughter, I could wish it done,
Yet since it stands against your royal pleasure,
I have no suit that way.

King. Thou now hast thrust thy hand into my bosom,
And we are one: thy beauty, oh, thy beauty!
Never was king bless'd with so fair a wife.
I do not blame thy father to prefer
Thee 'fore thy sister, both in love and face,
Since Europe yields not one of equal grace:
Why smiles my love?

Queen. As knowing one so fair,
With whom my pale cheek never durst compare:
Had you but seen my sister, you would say
To her the blushing coral should give way,
For her cheek stains it: lilies to her brow
Must yield their ivory whiteness, and allow
Themselves o'ercome: if e'er you saw the sky
When it was clearest, it never could come nigh
Her azure veins in colour: she's much clearer,
Ay, and her love much to my father dearer.

King. We, by our noble Marshal, made request
For the most fair, and her whom he best lov'd:
Durst he delude us?

Queen. What I speak is true,
So will yourself say when she comes in place.

King. Our love to thee shall not o'ercome that hate
We owe thy father, though thou be'st our queen.

Queen. He keeps her as his treasure; locks her safe
Within his arms: he only minded me
As one he lov'd not, but thought merely lost.

King. Thou art lost indeed, for thou hast lost
my heart,
Nor shalt thou keep it longer: all my love
Is swallowed in the spleen I bear thy father,
And in this deep disgrace put on his king,
Which we'll revenge.

Enter PRINCE, PRINCESS, CHESTER, CLINTON, BONVILE, *and* AUDLEY.

It shall be thus:
Chester, bear hence this lady to her father,
As one unworthy us; with her that dower,
The double dower he by his servant sent.
(To the Queen.) Thy tears, nor knee, shall once
prevail with us.
As thou art loyal, without further language
Depart our presence, we'll not hear thee speak.
Chest. What shall I further say?
King. Command him, on his life, to send to
court
His t'other daughter; and at our first summons,
Lest we proclaim him traitor: this see done,
On thy allegiance.
Chest. *(Aside.)* Now the goal is ours.
King. None dare to censure or examine this,
That we shall hold our friend, or of our blood:
Subjects that dare against their king contend,
Hurl themselves down, whilst others high ascend.
[*Exeunt*.

ACT IV. Scene 1.

The Marshal's *House in the Country.—Enter the* Marshal *and his Daughter* Catharine.

Marsh. I see the King is truly honourable:
All my disgraces and disparagements
He hath made good to me in this, to queen my child;
And, which more glads me, with such ardency
He seems to affect her, and to hold her dear,
That nothing's valued if compar'd with her.
Now, heaven, whilst thou this second happiness
And bliss wilt lend me, I shall still grow great
In my content, opinion, and my fate,
In spite of whisperers and court-flatterers.

Cath. Had you best lov'd my sister, and less me,
I had been queen before her; but she ventur'd
For her preferment, therefore 'tis her due;
Out of our fears and loves her honours grew.

Marsh. Whilst I may keep thy beauty in mine eye,
And with her new-rais'd fortunes fill mine ear,
I second none in bliss; she's my court comfort,
Thou my home happiness; in these two blest,
Heaven hath enrich'd me with a crown of rest.

Cath. Nor do I covet greater royalties
Than to enjoy your presence, and your love;
The best of these I prize above all fortunes,
Nor would I change them for my sister's state.

Marsh. Her beauty and her virtues mix'd, have won
The King, my sovereign, to be term'd my son.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Earl Chester, with the queen your princely daughter,
Are, without train, alighted at the gate,
And by this entered.

Marsh. Thou hast troubled me,
And with a thousand thoughts at once perplex'd
My affrighted heart. Admit them: soft, not yet:
What might this mean? my daughter in the charge
Of him that is my greatest opposite,
And without train, such as becomes a queen?
More tempest towards Kate! from which, sweet child,
If I may keep thee, may it on my head
Pour all his wrath, even till it strike me dead.

Cath. Rather, my lord, your royal life to free,
All his stern fury let him shower on me.

Serv. My lord, shall I admit them?

Marsh. Prithee stay:
Fate threatens us; I would devise a means
To shun it if we might. *(To his daughter.)* Thou shalt withdraw,
And not be seen: something we must devise
To guard ourselves, and stand our opposites:
Go keep your chamber. *(Exit Cath.)* Now let Chester in.

Serv. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Marsh. My loyalty for me; that keep me still!
A tower of safety, and a shield 'gainst fate.

Enter SERVANT, *ushering in the* QUEEN *and* CHESTER.

Chest. The King, thy daughter hath in scorn sent back——

Marsh. Pause there! and as you're noble, answer me,
Ere you proceed, but to one question.

Chest. Propound it.

Marsh. Whence might this distaste arise?
From any loose demeanor, wanton carriage,
Spouse-breach, or disobedience in my daughter?
If so, I'll not receive her, she's not mine.

Queen. Then let mine enemy speak, for in this kind
I would be tax'd by such.

Chest. Upon my soul
There is no guilt in her.

Marsh. Be't but his humour
Thou'rt welcome, both my daughter and my queen:
In this my palace thou shalt reign alone,
I'll keep thy state, and make these arms thy throne:
Whilst thou art chaste, thy style with thee shall stay,
And reign, though none but I, and mine, obey.
(To Chest.) What can you further speak?

Chest. Her double dower
The King returns thee.

Marsh. We accept it, see,
It shall maintain her port even with her name:
Being my King's wife, so well I love his grace,
She shall not want will double this maintain her.

Chest. Being thus discharg'd of her, I, from the King,

Command thee send thy fairer girl to court,
She that's at home, with her to act his pleasure.
Marsh. Sir, you were sent to challenge, not to kill;
These are not threats, but blows; they wound, they wound!
Chest. If treason's imputation thou wilt shun,
And not incur the forfeit of thy life,
Let the King's will take place.
Marsh. You have my offices,
Would you had now my grief; but that alone
I must endure: would thou hadst both, or none.
Sentence of death when it is mildly spoke,
Half promises life; but when your doom you mix
With such rough threats, what is't but twice to kill?
You tyrannize, Earl Chester.
Chest. Will you send her?
Marsh. That you shall know anon. *(Aside to his daughter.)* Tell me, my queen,
How grew this quarrel 'tween the King and thee?
Queen. By you: Was never lady more belov'd,
Or wife more constant than I was to him.
Have you forgot your charge? When I perceiv'd
Myself so grown, I could no longer hide
My greatness, I began to speak the beauties
Of my fair sister, and how much she excell'd;
And that you sent me thither as a jest;
That she was fairest, and you lov'd her best.
Marsh. Enough! Thou'rt sure with child, and near thy time?
Queen. Nothing more sure.
Marsh. Then that from hence shall grow
A salve for all our late indignities.
(To Chest.) Pray do my humble duty to the King,

And thus excuse me: that my daughter's sick,
Crazed, and weak, and that her native beauty
Is much decay'd; and should she travel now,
Before recover'd, 'twould engage her life
To too much danger; when she hath ability,
And strength to journey, I will send her safe
Unto my King: this as I am a subject,
And loyal to his highness.

Chest. Your excuse
Hath ground from love and reason: This your answer,
I shall return to the King.

Marsh. With all my thanks;
That since my daughter doth distaste his bed,
He hath sent her back, and home to me her father:
His pleasure I withstand not, but return
My zeal, and these do not forget I pray.

Chest. I shall your words have perfect, and repeat them
Unto the King.

Marsh. I should disgrace her beauty
To send it maim'd and waining; but when she
Attains her perfectness, then shall appear
The brightest star fix'd in your courtly sphere.

Chest. The King shall know as much. [*Exit.*

Marsh. It is my purpose
All my attempts to this one head to draw,
Once more in courtesies to o'ercome the King.
Come, beauteous queen, and thy fair sister cheer,
Whom this sad news will both amaze and fear.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter CAPTAIN *very richly dressed, attended by* COCK *in a new Livery.*

Capt. Sirrah, are all my lands out of mortgage, and my deeds redeem'd?

Cock. I cannot tell that, sir; but we have had whole chests full of writings brought home to our house.

Capt. Why then 'tis done, I am possess'd again
Of all my father's ancient revenues.

Cock. But how came you by all this money to buy these new suits? methinks we are not the men we were.

Capt. Questionless that; for now those that before despis'd us, and our company, at meeting give us the *bon jour*.
Oh! heaven, thou ever art virtue's sole patron,
And wilt not let it sink: all my known fortunes
I had engag'd at home, or spent abroad:
But in the wars, when I was held quite bankrupt
Of all good hap, it was my chance to quarter
In such a house, when we had sack'd a town,
That yielded me inestimable store
Of gold and jewels; those I kept till now
Unknown to any; pleading poverty,
Only to try the humour of my friends;
Which I have prov'd, and now know how to find
Fix'd upon wealth, to want unnatural.

Enter CORPORAL *and* MATCH.

Cock. See, sir, yonder are my old fellows, Match and Touchbox: I do not think but they come to offer their service to you.

Corp. Save thee, noble Captain! hearing of thy good fortunes and advancement, I am come to offer myself to be partaker of the same, and to follow thee in the same colours that thou hast suited the rest of thy servants.

Cock. God-a-mercy horse! you shall not stand to my livery.

Match. You see our old clothes stick by us still; good Captain, see us new moulded.

Capt. You are flies, away! they that my winter fled,
Shall not my summer taste: they only merit
A happy harbour, that through stormy seas
Hazard their barks, not they that sail with ease.
You taste none of my fortunes.

Cock. Corporal, you see this livery? if you had stay'd by it, we had been both cut out of a piece: Match, if you had not left us, you had been one of this guard: go! away! betake you to the end of the town; let me find you between Woodsclose-stile and Islington, with *will it please your worship to bestow the price of two cans upon a poor soldier that hath serv'd in the face of the Souldan*, and so forth a page—away! I scorn to be fellow to any that will leave their masters in adversity: if he entertain you, he shall turn away me, that's certain.

Match. Then, good your worship, bestow something upon a poor soldier; I protest——

Cock. Lo, I have taught him his lesson already: I knew where I should have you.

Capt. There's first to make you beggars *(gives them money)*, for to that all such must come that

leave their masters poor. Begone! and never let me see you more.

Corp. God be with you, good Captain! Come, Match, let us betake us to our rendezvous at some out end of the city *.

[*Exeunt Corp. and Match.*

Capt. He makes a beggar first that first relieves him:

Not usurers make more beggars where they live,
Than charitable men that use to give.

Enter CLINTON.

Cock. Here come a lord.

Clint. I am glad to see you, sir.

Capt. You know me now? your worship's wondrous wise,

You could not know me in my last disguise.

Clint. Lord God! you were so chang'd.

Capt. So am I now

From what I was of late: you can allow
This habit well, but put my other on,
No congee then, your lordship must be gone:
You are my summer friend.

Enter BONVILE.

Bonv. Cousin, well met.

Capt. You should have said well found,

For I was lost but late; dead, under ground
Our kindred was: when I redeem'd my land,
They both reviv'd, and both before you stand.

* The Clown had before recommended them to betake themselves "to the end of the town," and Falstaff tells us that the three of his ragged company who were left at the battle of Shrewsbury were for *the town's end to beg during life.*

Bonv. Well, well, I know you now.
Capt. And why not then?
I am the same without all difference: when
You saw me last, I was as rich, as good;
Have no additions since of name, or blood:
Only because I wore a threadbare suit,
I was not worthy of a poor salute.
A few good clothes put on with small ado,
Purchase your knowledge, and your kindred too.
You are my silken uncle.

Enter AUDLEY *and his Daughter.*

Oh, my lord,
You are not in haste now.
Aud. I have time to stay,
To ask you how you do, being glad to hear
Of your good fortune, your repurchas'd lands,
And 'state much amplified.
Capt. All this is true:
Ay, but my lord, let me examine you:
Remember you a contract that once past
Betwixt me and your daughter? Here she stands.
Aud. Sir, since you did unmortgage all your means,
It came into my thoughts; trust me, before
I could not call't to mind.
Capt. Oh, mens' weak strength!
That aim at worlds, when they but their mere length
Must at their end enjoy. *(To L. Mary.)* Thou then art mine,
Of all that I have prov'd in poverty,
The only test of virtue: what are these?
Though they be lords, but worldlings, men of earth;

Thou art above them; virtuous, that's divine;
Only thy heart is noble, therefore mine.

L. Mary. And to be yours is to be what I wish:
You were to me as welcome in your rags
As in these silks: I never did examine
The outside of a man, but I begin
To censure first of that which grows within.

Capt. Only for that I love thee. These are lords
That have bought titles: men may merchandize
Wares, ay, and traffic all commodities
From sea to sea, ay, and from shore to shore,
But in my thoughts, of all things that are sold,
'Tis pity honour should be bought for gold:
It cuts off all desert.

Enter the HOST.

Cock. Master, who's here? Mine Host of the Ordinary?

Capt. Your business, sir? *(Host offers a petition.)* What, by petition?

Host. Fall'n to a little decay by trusting, and knowing your worship ever a bountiful young gentleman, I make bold to make my wants first known to you.

Capt. Pray what's your suit?

Host. Only for a cast suit, or some small remuneration.

Capt. And thou shalt have the suit I last put off: Fetch it me, Cock.

Cock. I shall, sir.

[*Goes out and returns immediately with an old suit of clothes.*

Capt. Fall'n to decay? I'll fit you in your kind.

Cock. I have a suit to you, sir, and this it is.

Capt. In this suit came I to thine ordinary,
In this thou wouldst have thrust me out of doors;
Therefore with this, that then proclaim'd me poor,
I'll salve thy wants, nor will I give thee more.
Base worldlings! that despise all such as need;
Who to the needy beggar are still dumb,
Not knowing unto what themselves may come.

Host. I have a cold suit on't if I be forc'd to wear it in winter. I bid your worship farewell.

Cock. So should all that keep ordinaries; bid their guests farewell, though their entertainment be never so ill. Well, sir, I take you but for an ordinary fellow, and so I leave you. [*Exit Host.*] Master, who will not say that you are a brave fellow, and a most noble captain, that with a word or two can discomfit an Host?

Capt. I know you, therefore know to rate your worths
Both to their height and depth; their true dimensions
I understand, for I have try'd them all:
(To L. Mary.) But thou art of another element,
A mirror of thy sex, that canst distinguish
Virtue from wealth; thee, as my own, I elect,
And these, according to themselves, despise.
A courtier henceforth I myself profess,
And thee my wife, thou hast deserv'd no less.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the KING, PRINCE, PRINCESS, *and* CHESTER.

King. No news yet from our Marshal? we three months
Have stay'd his leisure, but receive not yet
That daughter we sent for.

Prince. She peradventure
Hath not her strength recovered, or her beauty,
Lost by her sickness, to the full regain'd.

Chest. Upon my life, my lord, when she is perfect,
And hath receiv'd her full ability,
She shall attend your pleasure.

Princess. But our queen,
That virtuous lady, when I think on her,
I can but grieve at her dejectedness.

King. Heaven knows I love her above all the world,
And, but her father thus contends with us
When we in all our actions strive to exceed,
We could not brook her absence half so long:
But we will try his patience to the full.

Enter BONVILE, AUDLEY, CAPTAIN, CLINTON, LADY MARY, *and* COCK.

Capt. My prostrate duty to the King, my master,
I here present.

Prince. This is the gentleman
Commended for his valour in your wars,
Whose ruin'd fortunes I made suit to raise:
I would entreat your highness to respect him.

King. All his proceedings we partake at large,
Know both his fall and height; we shall regard him
Even with his worth: be near us, of our chamber.
Sir, we shall use your wisdom, and prefer it
According to your worth. Be this your hope,
We know you.

Capt. Only in that I am happy.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Health to your majesty!
King. Whence?

Serv. From my master,
The poorest subject that your land contains,
Rich only in his truth and loyalty.

King. Speak, hath he sent his daughter?

Serv. Yes, my liege,
He hath sent his daughters; please you rest satisfied,
And patiently peruse what he hath sent.

[*Delivers a letter which the King reads.*

King. We are full of expectations, pray admit
Those presents that he means to greet us with.

Serv. You shall, my lord.

Flourish. Enter with two GENTLEMEN USHERS *before them, the* QUEEN *crowned, her Sister to attend her as her Waiting-maid, and a Train of Ladies following.*

Serv. Your queen and wife, crown'd with a wreath of gold
Of his own charge, with that this double dower
Doubled again, and guarded with this train
Of gentlewomen according to her state,
My lord presents you: this, his younger daughter,
He hath bestow'd a handmaid to your queen;
A place that may become her, were she child
Unto your greatest peer: had he had more,
More had been sent: these, worthless as they be,
He humbly craves you would receive by me.

King. His bounty hath no limit: but, my queen!

[*Queen kneels.*

Her bright aspect so much persuades with me,
It charms me more than his humility.
Arise in grace, and, sweet, forget your wrong.

Queen. My joys unspeakable can find no tongue
To express my true heart's meaning.
King. *(To Cath.)* Beauteous maid,
You are our sister, and that royal title
From all disgrace your freedom shall proclaim.
Cath. I find your grace the same my noble father
Hath still reported you: royal in all,
By whom the virtuous rise, th' ignoble fall.
Prince. I have not seen a lady more complete;
Her modesty and beauty, both are matchless.
King. Am I a king, and must be exceeded still?
Or shall a subject say that we can owe?
His bounty we will equal, and exceed;
We have power to better what in him's but well.
Your free opinions, lords, is not this lady
The fairer of the twain? How durst our subject
Then dally with us in that high design?
Chest. With pardon of the Queen, she's paral-
lel'd
By her fair sister.
Clint. Were my censure free,
I durst say better'd.
Prince. Were it put to me,
I should avow she, not the Queen alone
Excels in grace, but all that I have seen.
King. Dost love her?
Prince. As my honour or my life.
King. Her whom thou so much praisest take
to wife.
Prince. You bless my youth.
Cath. And strive to eternize me.
Queen. Nor in this joy have I the meanest part:
Now doth your grace your inward love express
To me and mine.

King. I never meant thee less:
Thy sister and thy daughter freely embrace,
That next thee hath our kingdom's second place.
How say you, lords, have we requited well
Our subject's bounty? are we in his debt?

Aud. Your highness is in courtesy invincible.

Bonv. And bountiful beyond comparison.

Chest. *(Aside to Clint.)* This must not hold,
prevention out of hand,
For if the Marshal rise, we stand not long.

Clint. Our wits must then to work.

Chest. They must of force.
This is not that to which our fortunes trust.

King. Let then our subject know his King hath
power
To vanquish him in all degrees of honour,
And he must now confess himself excell'd:
With what can heaven or earth his want supply
To equal this our latest courtesy?
We have the day; we rise, and he must fall
As one subdu'd.

Serv. *(Aside.)* His highness knows not all:
One special gift he hath reserv'd in store,
May haply make your grace contend no more.

King. No, sir? Think you your master will
yet yield,
And leave to us the honour of the day?
I wish him here but this last sight to see,
To make him us acknowledge.

Serv. On my knee
One boon I have to beg.

King. Speak, let me know
Thy utmost suit.

Serv. My noble master stays

Not far from court, and durst he be so ambitious
As but to appear before you, and present you
With a rich gift exceeding all have past,
The only perfect token of his zeal,
He would himself perpetually hold vanquish'd
In all degrees of love and courtesy.

King. For our Queen's love, and our fair daughter's sake,
We do not much care if we grant him that.
Admit him, and his presence urge with speed:
Well may he imitate but not exceed.

Chest. *(Aside to Clint.)* I fear our fall: if once the Marshal rise,
Down, down must we.

Clint. Therefore devise some plot
His favour to prevent.

Chest. Leave it to me.

King. Lords, we are proud of this our unity,
Double alliance, of our son's fair choice,
Since 'tis applauded by your general voice;
The rather since so matchless is our grace,
That force per force our subject must give place.

Enter the MARSHAL, *with a rich Cradle borne after him by two Servants.*

Marsh. Not to contend, but to express a duty
Of zeal and homage, I present your grace
With a rich jewel, which can only value
These royal honours to my daughters done.

King. Value our bounty? shouldst thou sell thyself
Even to thy skin, thou couldst not rate it truly.

Marsh. My liege, I cannot; but in lieu and part,

Though not in satisfaction, I make bold
To tender you this present.

King. What's the project?
Here's cost and art, and amply both express'd:
I have not view'd the like.

Prince. 'Tis wondrous rare,
I have not seen a model richlier fram'd.

Princess. Or for the quantity better contriv'd:
This lord in all his actions is still noble,
Exceeding all requital.

King. 'Tis a brave outside.

Marsh. This that you see, my lord, is nothing yet;
More than its worth it hath commended been:
This is the case, the jewel lies within;
Pleaseth your grace t' unveil it.

King. Yes, I will:
But ere I open it, my lord, I doubt
The wealth within not equals that without.
[*Uncovers it.*
What have we here!

Marsh. A jewel I should rate,
Were it mine own, above your crown and sceptre.

King. A child?

Marsh. A prince, one of your royal blood:
Behold him, King, my grandchild, and thy son,
Truly descended from the Queen and thee,
The image of thyself.

King. How can this be?

Queen. My royal liege and husband, view him well;
If your own favour you can call to mind,
Behold it in this infant, limn'd to the life;
He's yours and mine, no kindred can be nearer.

King. To this rich jewel I hold nothing equal;
I know thee virtuous, and thy father loyal,
But should I doubt both, yet this royal infant
Hath such affection in my heart impress'd,
That it assures him mine: my noble subject,
Thou hast at length o'ercome me, and I now
Shall ever, ever hold me vanquished.
Hadst thou sought earth or sea, and from them both
Extracted that which was most precious held,
Thou nothing couldst have found to equal this;
This, the mix'd image of my Queen and me:
Here then shall all my emulation end,
O'ercome by thee, our subject and our friend.

Marsh. Your vassal and your servant, that hath strove
Only to love you, and your royal favours;
Not to requite, for that it never can,
But to acknowledge, and in what I may
To express my gratitude.

King. Thine is the conquest:
But shall I give 't o'er thus? 'tis in my head
How I this lost day's honour shall regain:
A gift as great as rich I have in store,
With which to gratify our subject's love,
And of a value unrequitable.
Thou hast given me a grandchild, and a son,
A royal infant, and to me most dear,
Yet to surpass thee in this emulous strife,
I give thee here a daughter and a wife.
Now must thou needs confess the conquest won,
By me, thy King, thy father, and thy son.

Marsh. Your father, son, and subject quite surpass'd,
Yields himself vanquish'd and o'ercome at length.

Princess. You have not my consent yet.

Marsh. Madam, no;
The King doth this his bounty to express;
Your love is to yourself, and therefore free;
Bestow it where you please.

Princess. Why, then, on thee:
He that the father doth so much respect,
Should not, methinks, the daughter's love despise.
'Tis good for maids take husbands when they may,
Heaven knows how long we may be forc'd to stay.

King. Now, lords, these nuptials we will solemnize,
I'll all high state; in which we will include
Yours, noble Bonvile; and with masks and revels
Sport out the tedious nights; each hand his bride,
Doubly by us from either part allied. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cock.

Cock. Why, this is as it should be! now do I smell courtier already: I feel the soldier steal out of me by degrees, for soldier and courtier can hardly dwell both together in one bosom. I had a kind of fawning humour creeping upon me as soon as I but look'd into the court-gate; and now could I take a bribe, if any would be so foolish to give 't me. Now farewell gunpowder, I must change thee into damask powder; for if I offer but to smell like a soldier, the courtiers will stop their noses when they pass by me: my cask I must change to a cap and feather; my bandilero * to a scarf to hang my sword in, and

* The bandileer was a leathern belt worn by the musqueteers over the left shoulder, to which was suspended a bullet bag, a primer, a priming-wire, and ten or twelve small boxes, each containing a charge of powder.

indeed fashion myself wholly to the humours of the time. My piece I must alter to a poynado, and my pike to a pikedevant*: only this is my comfort, that our provant will be better here in the court, than in the camp: there we did use to lie hard and seldom; here I must practice to lie extremely and often: but whilst I am trifling here, I shall lose the sight of the solemnity. The Prince is married, and the Marshal's married, and my master's married; there will be simple doings at night. Well, I must hence; for I believe the King, the Queen, and the rest of the lords will use this place for their revels. *Dixi!*

[*Exit.*

* This expression is found in the "Midas" of Lyly, and seems to have been the affected term for the beard when so dressed as to taper to a point, or what the courtly barber there calls a *bodkin* beard.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter CLINTON *and* CHESTER.

Clint. And why so sad, my lord?
Chest. I am all dulness,
There's no life in me, I have lost my spirit,
And fluence of my brain: observe you not
In what a height yon fellow now resides,
That was so late dejected; trebly grafted
Into the royal blood? what can succeed,
But that we all our honours must resign,
And he of them be repossess'd again?
Clint. The marriages indeed are celebrated.
Chest. And they have all our pointed stratagems
Turn'd back upon ourselves.
Clint. What, no prevention?
Chest. His bases are so fix'd he cannot shrink,
Being so many ways ingraft and planted
In the King's blood: but our supporters stand
As shak'd with earthquakes, or else built on sand.

Enter AUDLEY *and* CAPTAIN.

Aud. My lords, attend the King, and clear this chamber;
For this night's revels 'tis the place prepar'd.
Bonv. Your duties, lords, the King's upon his entrance.

Enter the KING, *leading the* QUEEN; *the* PRINCE, *his Bride; and the* MARSHAL, *the* PRINCESS.

King. Ay, so it must be, each man hand his own,
For I am where I love: we are even coupled:
Some music then.

Princess. Here's one falls off from me.

King. How now, my lord, dejected in your looks?
Or doth our sports distaste you?

Marsh. Pardon me,
I cannot dance, my liege.

King. You can look on.
My lord, you take his place; we'll have a measure,
And I will lead it: bid the music strike.

[*A measure: in the midst the Marshal goes discontented away.*

So! well done, ladies: but we miss the husband
To our fair daughter; what's become of him?

Chest. Gone discontented hence.

King. What might this mean!
Doth he distaste his bride, or envy us
That are degree'd above him? Where's our Queen?

Queen. My liege.

King. You shall unto him instantly,
Attended with a beauteous train of ladies,
And to his chamber bear his princely bride.
Bonvile*, take you her royal dower along,
You shall receive it of our treasurer.

Capt. I shall, my lord.

King. Usher the Queen and ladies; be their guide;
That done, each one to bed with his fair bride.

[*Exeunt*.

* The Captain is addressed.

Scene changes to the MARSHAL'S *Chamber.*

Enter MARSHAL.

Marsh. I am so high, that when I look but down
To see how far the earth is under me,
It quakes my body, and quite chills my blood;
And in my fear, (although I stand secure),
I am like him that falls. I but a subject,
And married to the daughter of the King:
Though some may think me happy in this match,
To me 'tis fearful: who would have a wife
Above him in command, to embrace with awe,
Whom to displease, is to distaste the King?
It is to have a mistress, not a wife,
A queen, and not a subject's bedfellow.
State I could wish abroad to crown my head,
But never yet lov'd empire in my bed.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. The Queen, your daughter, with your princely bride,
And other ladies, make way towards your chamber.

Marsh. 'Tis open to receive them, pray them in.

Enter CAPTAIN, *the* QUEEN, PRINCESS, *&c. &c.*

Queen. My lord, the King commends his love to you
In your fair bride, whom, royally conducted,
He hath sent to be the partner of your bed.

Marsh. Whom we receive in the arms of gratitude,
Duty to him, and nuptial love to her.

Princess. 'Tis well they brought me, trust me, my dear lord,
I should have scarce had face to have come myself;
But yet their boldness mix'd with mine together,
Makes me to venture I yet scarce know whither.

Marsh. 'Tis to our nuptial bed.

Princess. Ay, so they say,
But unto me it is a path unknown:
Yet that which cheers me, I shall do no more
Than those, and such as I, have done before.
Since* 'tis a thing that must, though without skill,
Even when you please, I am ready for your will.

Capt. With her the King hath sent this princely dower,
In which his love and bounty he commends.

Marsh. You are noble, sir, and honour waits on you
To crown your future fortunes: for that casket,
Her beauty and her birth are dower sufficient
For me a subject:
I cannot think so much good to my King
As I am owing for her single self:
Then, with all duty, pray return that sum.
Her dower is in herself, and that I'll keep,
Which in these loyal arms this night shall sleep.
That is the King's, with that this jewel too;
I think her cheap bought at that easy rate:
My second duty in that gift commend,
Were I worth more, more I have will to send.

Capt. An emperor cannot shew more royalty
Than this brave peer; he's all magnificent:

* The quarto reads, "*Sure.*"

I shall with the best eloquence I have,
Make known your thoughts.

Marsh. To all at once good night:
Save this my beauteous bride, no wealth I prize,
That hath my heart took captive in her eyes.
Lights for the Queen and ladies, night grows old,
I count my virtue treasure, not my gold.

[*Exeunt divers ways.*

CHESTER *is discovered in his Study.*

Enter CLINTON.

Clint. What, not at rest, my lord?

Chest. Why who can sleep
That hath a labouring brain, and sees from far
So many storms and tempests threaten him?
It is not in my element to do't.

Clint. Find you no project yet how to remove him?

Chest. None, none, and therefore can I find no rest.

Clint. It grows towards day.

Chest. That day is night to me,
Whilst yon sun shines*: I had this even some conference
In private with the King; in which I urg'd
The Marshal's discontent, withal inferr'd
That by his look the Princess he despis'd:
The King chang'd face; and could we second this
By any new conjecture, there were hope
To draw him in displeasure.

Clint. Watch advantage,
And as you find the humour of the King,

* "*Yon sun shines,*" *i. e.* the Marshal.

Work it unto the Marshal's deep disgrace;
But soft, the Prince.

[*They retire to the back of the stage.*

Enter the PRINCE *and* CATHERINE.

Cath. So early up! how did you like your rest?
Prince. I found my most rest in my most unrest;
A little sleep serves a new married man,
The first night of his bridal: I have made you
A woman of a maid.
Cath. You were up
Both late and early.
Prince. Why, you were abroad
Before the sun was up; and the most wise
Do say 'tis healthful still by times to rise.

[*Chester and Clinton come forward.*

Good day.
Chest. In one, ten thousand.
Prince. Lords, you have not seen
The King to-day? it was his custom ever
Still to be stirring early with the sun.
But here's his majesty.

Enter KING, CAPTAIN, AUDLEY *and* BONVILE.

King. Not all your smooth and cunning oratory
Can colour so his pride: but we esteem him
A flattering traitor, one that scorns our love,
And in disdain sent back our daughter's dower:
Your judgment, lords?
Chest. Hath he refus'd the Princess?
King. No, but her dower sent back, and insolently;

Her whom we gave, he with a gift would buy,
A jewel: shall we merchandize our daughter,
As one not able to bestow her nobly,
But that our poverty must force us sell her?

Capt. Your highness much mispriseth his intent,
For he had no such thought.

King. We know his pride,
Which his ambition can no longer shadow.

Chest. Your highness might do well to call in question
His insolence, and to arraign him for't.

King. Be you his judges: Bonvile, Audley, you,
Command him straight, on his allegiance,
To make appearance, and to answer us,
Before our lords, of his contempt and scorn.

Bonv. Shall we command him hither?

King. From his bed,
And if convicted, he shall surely pay for't.

Aud. We shall, my lord.

Chest. Arraign him on the sudden, ere provided:
Let him not dream upon evasive shifts,
But take him unprepared.

Clint. Shall we command
A bar, and call a jury of his peers,
Whilst Chester, that enjoys the place of marshal,
Objects such allegations 'gainst his life,
As he hath drawn out of his rude demeanor?

King. It shall be so: a bar, and instantly:
We will ourself in person hear him speak,
And see what just excuse he can produce
For his contempt.

Prince. My gracious lord and father,
What he hath done to you, proceeds of honour,

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As he hath drawn out of his rude demeanor?

King. It shall be so: a bar, and instantly:
We will ourself in person hear him speak,
And see what just excuse he can produce
For his contempt.

Prince. My gracious lord and father,
What he hath done to you, proceeds of honour,

Not of disdain or scorn; he's truly noble;
And if a regal bounty be a sin
In any subject, he is only guilty
Of that true virtue.

Capt. Saw your majesty
With what an humble zeal, and prostrate love,
He did re-tender your fair daughter's dower,
You would not his intent thus misreceive.

Chest. 'Tis humble pride, and mere hypocrisy
To blind the King; 'tis but ambitious zeal,
And a dissembling cunning to aspire.

Cath. My father call'd in question for his life?
Oh! let not me a sad spectator be
Of such a dismal object.

Prince. Nor will I,
But leave them to their hated cruelty.

King. This is no place for ladies, we allow
Her absence; of the rest let none depart,

[*Exit Cath.*

Till we have search'd the cunning of his heart.

[*A bar set out. The King, Prince, Chester, Clinton, and Captain, take their seats: Audley and Bonvile bring the Marshal to the bar, as just risen from his bed, and then take their seats.*

Marsh. A bar, a judgment seat, a jury set?
Yet cannot all this daunt our innocence.

Chest. You have disloyally sought to exceed
The King, your sovereign, and his royal deeds
To blemish, which your fellow peers thus construe:
That strengthen'd by th' alliance of the King,
And better arm'd by the people's love,
You may prove dangerous.

'Tis * policy of state to quench the sparks
Before they grow to flame, and top your height,
Before your spacious branches spread too far:
What to this general motion can you say,
Before we tax you with particulars?

Marsh. With reverence to the state 'fore which I stand,
That you, my Lord of Chester, appear shallow,
To think my actions can disgrace the King's;
As if the lustre of a petty star
Should with the moon compare: alas! my deeds,
Conferr'd † with his, are like a candle's light
To outshine the midday's glory. Can the King,
The glorious mirror of all gratitude,
Condemn that virtue in another's bosom,
Which in his own shines so transparently?
Oh, pardon me, mere virtue is my end,
Whose pitch the King doth many times transcend.

Clint. To tax you more succinctly, you have first
Abus'd the King in sending to the court
Your daughter less fair, and the least belov'd.

Aud. And that includes contempt most barbarous,
Which you, in that unsubject-like, express'd:
Your former emulations we omit,
As things that may find tolerable excuse,
And are indeed not matters capital;
But to the best and greatest—when the King,
Out of his bounty and magnificence,

* The quarto reads, "*In* policy."

† "*Conferr'd*"—compared. The word frequently occurs in this sense in the old writers. See vol. iii. p. 309.

Vouchsaf'd to style you with the name of son,
Being but a subject, with contorted brows,
And looks of scorn, you took his courtesy,
And in contempt sent back the princess' dower.

Chest. Most true: a grounded proposition
To question you of life.

Marsh. My life, my lords?
It pleases me that the King in person deigns
To grace my cause with his majestic ear:
You plead for me in this, and speak my excuse:
I have but two in all,
He sent for one, and he receiv'd them both,
With them a sweet and lovely prince to boot:
Whoever lost, I am sure the King hath won
At once a wife, a daughter, and a son.

Capt. *'Tis true, my lord; we all can witness it.

Marsh. He that my discontent objects to me
With the fair Princess, speaks uncertainly:
The man judicious such for fools allows,
As have their inward hearts drawn in their brows:
Is there in all that bench a man so honest
That can in this be discontent with me?
I charge you all: those favours I receive
From his high majesty, I swallow not
With greedy appetite, perhaps like you:
When I am grac'd it comes with awe and fear,
Lest I offend that prince that holds me dear:
That for my brow.

* The quarto has *Bonvile* prefixed to this speech; the *nobleman*, however, was probably too finished a courtier to have opened his lips on the occasion, and I had the less hesitation in making the alteration from some preceding confusion in this particular in the quarto, which is, however, I believe, now rectified.

Chest. But for your scornful sending
Of the fair Princess' dower back to the King,
How can you answer that?

Marsh. Why, Chester, thus:
I am a man, though subject; if the meanest 's
Lord o'er his wife, why should that privilege
Be only barr'd me? Should I wive an empress,
And take her dowerless, should we love, or hate,
In that my bounty equals her estate?
Witness that judge above you, I esteem
The Princess dearly, and yet married her,
But as my wife, for which I am infinitely
Bound to the King: why should I grow engag'd
Above my power, since this, my lords, you know,
The less we run in debt the less we owe:
Give me my thoughts, and score you on I pray,
I wish no more than I have means to pay.

Chest, Shall we, my lord, his actions censure freely?

King. And sentence them.

Aud. A Persian history
I read of late, how the great Sophy once
Flying a noble falcon at the hern,
It comes by chance an eagle sousing by;
Which when the hawk espies, leaves her first game
And boldly ventures on the king of birds;
Long tugg'd they in the air, till at the length
The falcon (better breath'd) seiz'd on the eagle,
And struck it dead. The barons prais'd the bird,
And for her courage she was peerless held.
The emperor, after some deliberate thoughts,
Made her no less: he caus'd a crown of gold
To be new fram'd, and fitted to her head,
In honour of her courage: then the bird,

With great applause, was to the market-place
In triumph borne; where, when her utmost worth
Had been proclaim'd, the common executioner
First, by the king's command, took off her crown,
And after with a sword struck off her head,
As one no better than a noble traitor
Unto the king of birds.

Chest. This use we make
From this your ancient Persian history:
That you, a noble and a courteous peer,
Prais'd for your hospital virtues and high bounty,
Shall be first crown'd with laurel to your worth;
But, since you durst against your sovereign
Oppose yourself, you, by your pride misled,
Shall as a noble traitor lose your head.

King. That sentence we confirm, and it shall stand
Irrevocable by our strict command.

Marsh. I am glad, my liege, I have a life yet left
In which to show my bounty; even in that
I will be liberal, and spend it for you:
Take it, 'tis the last jewel that I have,
In lieu of which, oh! grant me but a grave.

King. A laurel wreath, a scaffold, and a block!

[*These things are brought in, followed by the Executioner* *.

Ourself will see the execution done:
Only thy life is ours, thy goods are free.

Marsh. My lord, you are the life of courtesy,

* This stage direction is not in the quarto; something of the sort however was necessary, as it seems evident from Catherine's calling to the *Executioner to forbear*, that preparation had been made for his death before they entered; and this, on the whole, appears the most proper place for it.

And you are kind unto me above measure,
To give away what might enrich yourself.
Since they are mine, I will bestow them thus:
The best of those that were so late but yours,
My jewels, I, by will, restore you back,
You shall receive them separate from the rest:
To you, the King's son, and by marriage mine,
On you I will bestow my armory,
Stables of horse, and weapons for the wars;
I know you love a soldier: to the Princess,
And my two daughters, I give equal portions
From my revenue; but if my fair wife
Prove, and produce a male child, him I make
My universal heir, but if a female,
Her dower is with the rest proportionable:
The next I give, it is my soul to heaven,
Where my Creator reigns: my words thus end,
Body to earth, my soul to heaven ascend!

Enter the QUEEN, CATHERINE, *the* PRINCESS, *and* LADY MARY AUDLEY.

Princess. Stay!
Queen. Hold!
Cath. Executioner, forbear!
Queen. Hear me, a daughter, for a father plead.
Princess. Oh! father, hear me for my husband's life,
Doubly allied, I am his niece and wife.
Cath. Oh! father, hear me for a father crave.
Queen. Than sentence him, oh! let me perish rather:
I plead for him that's both my son and father.
Cath. Oh! make your mercy to this prisoner free.

Queen. Father to us.
Princess. And husband unto me.
King. Hence with these womanish clamours!
Prince. Unto these
Let me, my liege, presume to add another;
Behold him kneel that is your son and brother.
Cath. Your sister and your daughter, great King, hear.
Princess. Your mother and your daughter.
Queen. Or, like dear,
Your Queen and sister.
Princess. Speak, what hath he done?
Prince. Who ever saw a father, or a son,
Give sentence? or, my royal lord, which rather
Adds to your guilt, a son condemn the father*?
Chest. My liege, command them hence; they but disturb
The traitor in his death.
King. A traitor he
That dares so term him! Chester, we mean thee.
(To the Marsh.) Our best of subjects, with our height of grace
We wed thee unto us, in this embrace:
[*Embraces him.*

Thy virtues, bounties, envied courtesies,
Thy courage, and thy constancy in death,
Thy love and loyalty to the end continued,

* Our poet (or his auditory) seems to have been much pleased with these riddling distinctions, if we may be allowed to judge by the various forms in which the same idea is introduced and repeated. The passage may remind the reader of the riddle in Pericles; but on the whole it seems to have been better calculated for publication in the Lady's Diary than for so serious a scene as the present was intended to be.

More than their clamorous importunities,
Prevail with us: then, as our best and greatest,
Not to exceed, but equal thee in love,
To end between us this heroic strife,
Accept, what we most precious hold, thy life.

Marsh. Which, as your gift, I'll keep, till heaven and nature
Confine * it hence, and always it expose
Unto your love and service; I never lov'd it
But since 'twas yours, and by your gift now mine.

King. I observe in thee
The substance of all perfect loyalty:
(To Chest. and Clint.) In you, save flattery, envy, hate, and pride,
Nothing or ought to goodness thus ally'd:
Resign those places that belong to him,
Better than so born noble, be unborn:
Till you your hearts can fashion to your faces
We here suspend you from your styles and places.

Prince. A royal doom!

King. Once more from us receive
Thy beauteous bride, as we will hand our queen;
The Prince already is possess'd of his.
Nay, Bonvile, as your bridals were together,
So follow in your rank, and by the style
Of a Lord Baron; you are now no less
If you dare take our word: our funerals thus
We'll turn to feasting, and our blood to wines
Of most choice taste, press'd from the purest grape.
Our noble Mashal, kinsman, and our friend,
In our two virtues aftertimes shall sing,
A Loyal Subject, and a Royal King.

* "*Confine.*" It occurs in the same sense in "Appius and Virginia." Vide vol. v. p. 448.

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Queen. Father to us.
Princess. And husband unto me.
King. Hence with these womanish clamours!
Prince. Unto these
Let me, my liege, presume to add another;
Behold him kneel that is your son and brother.
Cath. Your sister and your daughter, great King, hear.
Princess. Your mother and your daughter.
Queen. Or, like dear,
Your Queen and sister.
Princess. Speak, what hath he done?
Prince. Who ever saw a father, or a son,
Give sentence? or, my royal lord, which rather
Adds to your guilt, a son condemn the father*?
Chest. My liege, command them hence; they but disturb
The traitor in his death.
King. A traitor he
That dares so term him! Chester, we mean thee.
(To the Marsh.) Our best of subjects, with our height of grace
We wed thee unto us, in this embrace:
[*Embraces him.*
Thy virtues, bounties, envied courtesies,
Thy courage, and thy constancy in death,
Thy love and loyalty to the end continued,

* Our poet (or his auditory) seems to have been much pleased with these riddling distinctions, if we may be allowed to judge by the various forms in which the same idea is introduced and repeated. The passage may remind the reader of the riddle in Pericles; but on the whole it seems to have been better calculated for publication in the Lady's Diary than for so serious a scene as the present was intended to be.

More than their clamorous importunities,
Prevail with us: then, as our best and greatest,
Not to exceed, but equal thee in love,
To end between us this heroic strife,
Accept, what we most precious hold, thy life.

Marsh. Which, as your gift, I'll keep, till heaven and nature
Confine * it hence, and always it expose
Unto your love and service; I never lov'd it
But since 'twas yours, and by your gift now mine.

King. I observe in thee
The substance of all perfect loyalty:
(To Chest. and Clint.) In you, save flattery, envy, hate, and pride,
Nothing or ought to goodness thus ally'd:
Resign those places that belong to him,
Better than so born noble, be unborn:
Till you your hearts can fashion to your faces
We here suspend you from your styles and places.

Prince. A royal doom!

King. Once more from us receive
Thy beauteous bride, as we will hand our queen;
The Prince already is possess'd of his.
Nay, Bonvile, as your bridals were together,
So follow in your rank, and by the style
Of a Lord Baron; you are now no less
If you dare take our word: our funerals thus
We'll turn to feasting, and our blood to wines
Of most choice taste, press'd from the purest grape.
Our noble Mashal, kinsman, and our friend,
In our two virtues aftertimes shall sing,
A Loyal Subject, and a Royal King.

* "*Confine.*" It occurs in the same sense in "Appius and Virginia." Vide vol. v. p. 448.

THE

EPILOGUE.

THAT this play's old 'tis true; but now if any
Should for that cause despise it, we have many
Reasons, both just and pregnant, to maintain
Antiquity, and these too, not all vain.
We knew (and not long since) there was a time
Strong lines were not look'd after, but, if rhyme,
Oh, then 'twas excellent! who but believes
But doublets with stuft bellies, and big sleeves,
And those trunk hose, which now the age doth scorn,
Were all in fashion, and with frequence worn;
And what's now out of date, who is't can tell,
But it may come in fashion, and suit well?
With rigour therefore judge not, but with reason,
Since what you read was fitted to that season.

FINIS.

A

CHALLENGE FOR BEAUTY:

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

BY

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

PROLOGUE.

It appears from the title-page prefixed to the quarto, that this play was acted both at Black Friars, and at the Globe on the Bank Side, and was printed in the year 1636. This seems to have been the first, and was probably the only edition. The reader will not fail to discover a considerable resemblance between an incident in Shakspeare's "Cymbeline," and one in the present play; as also between the character of Honorio, in "The Picture" of Massinger, and that of Isabella in "The Challenge for Beauty." "The Picture," we are informed by Mr. Gifford, was licensed in the year 1629, and printed in 1630; so that if one of these poets be supposed to be indebted to the other, our poet was probably the person. But, perhaps, it is still more probable that Heywood, as well as Massinger, derived a part of the story of his play from the source which has been pointed out by Mr. Gifford.

THE

PROLOGUE.

THE Roman and the Athenian dramas far
Differ from us; and those that frequent are
In Italy and France, even in these days,
Compar'd with ours, are rather jigs than plays *:

* "Rather *jigs* than plays." There is a short note on the jig in the 3d vol. p. 252: the Editor has since, however, received some valuable information on the subject from the gentleman alluded to in the Preface, and he feels assured he cannot do him, or the reader, more justice than to print it entire, notwithstanding its extreme length.

The meaning of the word *jig*, as used by Heywood in the Prologue to "A Challenge for Beauty," by Shakspeare in his "Hamlet," by Ben Jonson in "Every Man out of his Humour," and by Fletcher in the Prologue to the "Fair Maid of the Inn," is, in my opinion, a dramatic performance in rhyme, every part of which was *sung* by the performers, and one which was frequently exhibited on the stage as an Afterpiece, as Farces are at present. I do not mean that the word was not sometimes used by our ancient dramatists in other senses: the noted jig *Fading* in the "Knight of the Burning Pestle," is an evidence of the contrary; but that it was frequently, if not generally, used in the sense before given; and that when Stevens explains a jig in the time of Shakspeare to mean not only a dance, but a ludicrous dialogue in metre of the lowest kind, he has given us a true but not a full and perfect explanation: I will endeavour to confirm what he has said, and to add to it some further particulars for your information.

Like of the Spanish may be said, and Dutch,
None vers'd in language but confess them such.
They do not build their projects on that ground,
Nor have their phrases half the weight and sound

From the manner in which the jig is spoken of by the great dramatic writers of that age, it is evident to me that it was a performance which they held in great contempt, and yet it is spoken of in terms which seem to imply, that it interfered in some way with their own inimitable performances. When Hamlet says, of Polonius, "He's for a *jig*, or a *tale of bawdry*;" and afterwards, as an indirect apology for the looseness of his conversation with Ophelia, calls himself "Your only *jig-maker*;" we can be at no loss to know what Shakspeare thought both of the *jig-maker* and the *jig*.

Fletcher, in the Prologue to the "Fair Maid of the Inn," (not the "Love's Pilgrimage," as Malone quotes it,) says,

"A worthy story, howsoever writ,
For language, modest mirth, conceit or wit,
Meets oftentimes with the sweet commendation
Of *Hang 't! 'tis scurvy!* when, for approbation,
A *jig* shall be clapp'd at, and every rhyme
Praised and applauded by a clamorous chime.
Let ignorance and laughter dwell together!"

And the most natural sense of the passage seems to me to be, that *jigs* were frequently applauded in the same houses where regular and well-written plays were ignorantly and unjustly censured. And this is confirmed by a passage in Chapman's "Bussy D'Ambois," where Barrisor, in allusion to the treatment of the Guise by D'Ambois, observes, "Why, here's the lion scar'd with the throat of dunghill-cock; a fellow that has newly shaked off his shackles, now does he crow for that victory;" on which L'Anou observes, "*'Tis one of the best jigs that ever was acted.*"

In the commendatory verses on Massinger, the author's friend says to the reader on "The Bondman:"

"Here are no *gipsy jigs*, no drumming stuff,
Dances, or other trumpery, to delight,
Or *take by common way the common sight.*"

That the *jig* was not only a composition in metre, but that it

Our laboured scenes have had; and yet our nation,
(Already too much tax'd for imitation,
In seeking to ape others) cannot quit
Some of our poets, who have sinn'd in it.

was *sung on the stage by players*, seems certain from the account which is given of it in Tailor's "Hog hath lost his Pearl," which was acted in 1612–13. In that piece a player comes to Haddit (a decayed gentleman) to inquire whether the *small matter* (which Haddit had promised to write for him) was finished. Haddit takes offence at the expression, and assures him that though it was but a *bare jig*, he should find it worth "Meg of Westminster;" and afterwards says, "If it prove that you have not more whores to see this than e'er '*Garlick*' had, say I am a boaster of my own works, *disgrace me* on *the open stage*, and bob me off with ne'er a penny." The player afterwards begins to peruse the *jig*, and exclaims, "Methinks the end of this stave is a foot too long"—When Haddit answers, "Oh, no, *sing it but in tune*, and I dare warrant you." The player then sings, as you have already quoted,

> "And you that delight in trulls and minions,
> Come, buy my four ropes of hard Sir Thomas's onions."

He appears, however, at last so well satisfied, that he gives the poet *four angels* for his performance, who bids him shortly expect another performance of the same kind—"a *jig* whose *tune* with the natural whistle of a carman, shall be more ravishing to the ears of shopkeepers than a whole concert of barbers at midnight." The player desires that when this new invention is produced, he may not be forgotten, and promises to shew the poet "all the kindness belonging to his functions, as a box (gratis) for his friend at a new play," &c.

That a *jig* was very commonly represented after a play is, I think, evident from a passage in the "Every Man out of his Humour" of Jonson: When Sir Puntarvolo, on his return to his own house from hunting, personates a stranger, and inquires of his lady's waiting-woman after "the lord of the castle," &c. one of the persons who are listening to this solemn farce asks another, "Does the wench know him all this while then?" and is answered, "O do you know me, man? Why, therein lies the syrup of the jest: 'tis a project, a designment of his own, a thing stu-

For where, before, great patriots, dukes and kings
Presented for some high facinorous things,
Were the stage subject; now we strive to fly
In their low pitch, who never could soar high:

died and rehearsed as *ordinarily* at his coming *from hawking or hunting*, as a *jig after a play*."

These passages I think prove that the *jig* was not only a composition in *metre*, but that it was *sung*, and very *commonly represented upon the stage*. That its form was dramatic, seems highly probable from the comparisons which have been made between the *jig* and the regular *play*, and the Prologue to the "Challenge for Beauty." I will now endeavour to supply the deficiency of evidence by circumstances, which, I trust,

"Will help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly."

These *jigs*, it is certain, continued to be represented in the North of England during the Christmas festivals by young men for the amusement of their friends, long after they had ceased to be so on any regular theatre: and I remember in my early youth to have very frequently been entertained with an account of the dramatic exploits of a very respectable old gentleman, who had been a leading personage on these occasions, had enacted Achilles in Heywood's "Iron Age," and figured in several other dramas. He had also been a performer in two or three *jigs*, and occasionally repeated and sung portions of the plays and *jigs* in which he had performed.

I perfectly remember a trifling fragment of one of these *jigs* with the *tune* to which it was *sung*—and am also old enough to remember the performance of another *jig*, the subject of which was taken from Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice," and which concluded with the following lines:

Bassanio. Here's a health to thee, Antonio.
Antonio. Thank thee heartily, *Bassanio.*
Chorus. In liquor, love, and unity,
We'll spend this evening merrily.

I can yet remember pretty correctly the music to which this elegant finale was set; but I will give you another, and as far as I can judge a more favourable specimen, for which I am indebted to the old gentleman before mentioned.

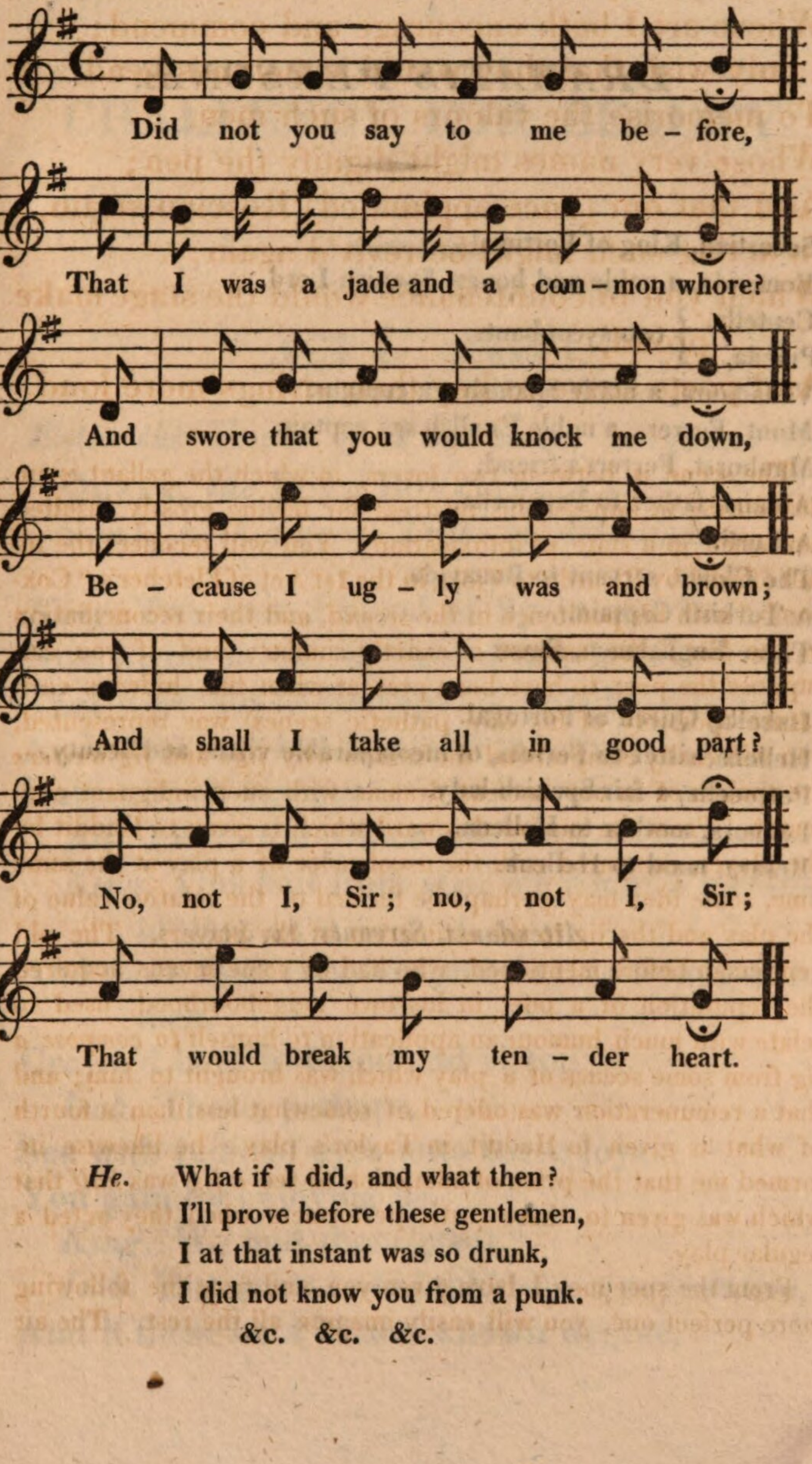
For now the common argument intreats,
Of puling lovers, crafty bawds, or cheats.
Nor blame I their quick fancies, who can fit
These queasy times, with humours flash'd in wit,
Whose art I both encourage and commend;
I only wish that they would sometimes bend
To memorise the valours of such men,
Whose very names might dignify the pen;
And that our (once applauded) Roscian strain,
In acting such might be reviv'd again:
Which you to countenance would the stage make
proud,
And poets strive to key their strings more loud.

The scene is between two lovers, in which the gallant is endeavouring to appease his mistress for having grossly insulted her when in a state of intoxication. You will recollect the insult offered by Ricardo to Viola, in the 1st Act of Fletcher's "Coxcomb," with his penitence in the *second*, and their reconciliation in the *last*; the subject is exactly similar: and if you can suppose the poet to have been present when this hideous caricature (possibly of his own pathetic scenes) was represented, you will easily comprehend the reason why *jigs* and *jig-writers* are spoken of in our ancient dramas with such indignant contempt. From the supposed reward which is given to Haddit by the player, compared with the usual price of a play at the same time, some idea may perhaps be formed of the relative value of the play and the jig in the estimation of the players. The old gentleman before mentioned, who had by some means acquired the reputation of a poet in his own neighbourhood, used to relate with much humour an application to himself *to compose a jig* from some scenes of a play which was brought to him; and that a remuneration was offered of somewhat less than a fourth of what is given to Haddit in Taylor's play: he likewise informed me that the price of admission to see *a jig* was *half* that which was given to these rustic performers when they acted a regular play.

From the specimen I have given you, and from the following more perfect one, you will easily imagine all the rest. The air

was copied down for me by a musical friend, and I have no doubt correctly: the termination of the second stanza I do not immediately recollect.

MODERATO.



He. What if I did, and what then?
I'll prove before these gentlemen,
I at that instant was so drunk,
I did not know you from a punk.
&c. &c. &c.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sebastian, King of Portugal.
Bonavida, a noble and honest Spanish Lord.
Centella, } two sycophants.
Pineda, }
Valladaura, a noble Spanish sea captain.
Mont. Ferrers, a noble English sea captain.
Manhurst, Ferrers's friend.
Aldana, father to Petrocella.
A Lord.
The Clown, servant to Bonavida.
A Turkish Captain.
Three Englishmen, slaves.

Isabella, Queen of Portugal.
Hellena, sister to Ferrers, of incomparable virtue and beauty.
Petrocella, a fair Spanish lady.
Leonora, mother to Hellena.
Rosara, maid to Hellena.

Attendants, Servants, &c. &c.

CHALLENGE FOR BEAUTY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the KING *of* PORTUGAL, ISABELLA *the* QUEEN, *the* LORD BONAVIDA, CENTELLA, PINEDA, *with a great Train of Attendants.*

King. THE united blood of Spain and Portugal,
Now meets in us: the hereditary hopes,
That were but in conception, now have birth,
And what was but idea, till this day,
Hath put on essence.

All. Joy to the prince and princess!

King. This hail from you, we count a blessing to us,
And more than common greeting, as from gentlemen,
Crown'd both in blood and virtue.

Isab. These, perhaps,
See with judicial eyes unto those joys
You gain by enjoying us.

King. We find them great.

Isab. But *great?* we look'd for a superlative,
And if there be a fit and known degree,

Above compare, to have been mark'd with that:
We would not have a thought conceiv'd of us,
But should be mix'd with rapture, and what you
Term joy, transported into ecstasy:
But *great?*

Bon. (Aside.) Methinks addition great enough
For any mortal woman.

Cent. To such goodness,
Your highness might have lent an attribute
Of far more weight and splendor.

King. Teach us that.

Isab. I shall, who would be weigh'd unto my worth,
And yet in all my poise not lose a dram.
Put you the proudest lady in one scale,
And me into another——

Bon. (Aside.) You shall mount her,
If pride will do't.

Isab. This beauty, virtue, birth,
Shall unto mine own centre sink myself,
And lift her unto nought save smoke and air.

Pin. Nay, that upon my knowledge.

King. Fair Isabella,
Instruct me modestly in what I err,
And if I shall but scant you in the least,
I'll make you large amends.

Isab. Why even in that,
In terming me but *fair: fair Isabella?*
It is a milk-maid's title; every swain
Bestows it on his mistress, ne'er so mean;
Your city damsel scorns the word, because
'Tis common in the country; and shall we,
Bred in the court's rich glory, entertain't?
What's *great* and *fair?* we would be term'd *divine.*

Such as would give us our full character,
Must search for epithets, and study phrase.
Bon. (*Aside.*) Examine but plain Mantuan*,
and he'll tell you
What woman is.
Isab. Great prince of Portugal,
Observe in me thine happiness: thank not heaven
So much that thou wert born, nor born a prince,
But that thou enjoy'st us: for that great blessing
Give thy creation thanks.
Cent. So he well may.
Isab. Behold, I here expose me to all eyes,
To universal censure. Lives a lady
Greater in blood? If any that gainsay
Spain shall maintain it by her potency:
Search Italy, and all these climes beyond,
Come by the Alps back, and view France throughout,
Produce me the most excellent German frow,
Examine England, which some say breeds beauties
Beyond all these, and, Prince, your Portugal,
To equal this: this! do I boast of those
That are not mine? Say we ascribe our birth
Only to fortune, and to nature form;
Count both these accidental, there's a third,
Virtue remains; and even in that we dare
With any princess of the world contest.
Come, your free censures, lords.

* *Mantua*, it is needless to say, was the birth-place of Virgil, and the "varium et mutabile semper Fœmina" of this poet may *possibly* be alluded to; but it seems more probable, that some part of the works of Mantuan, an Italian Poet, who was born in the fifteenth century and wrote in Latin, is here meant.

Pin. Madam, I hold you
In least of these not to be parallel'd.
Cent. In my opinion, madam, you so far
Exceed all these, that yet mine eyes have seen,
Nay heard, or read of——
Bon. (Aside.) O base flattery!
Cent. That unto those before-time wonder'd at,
You in our age appear a miracle,
And never to be match'd.
Isab. (To Bon.) We observe in you
A kind of enforc'd silence mix'd with scorns:
Your tongue hath been so backward to pronounce
So definitive a sentence.
Bon. Know then, madam,
I must confess (although a woman's son
Yet cannot I dissemble, neither would I,
Should I be rack'd and tortur'd), then, with pardon
Unto the prince and you, thus much I think:
I not deny, but you by birth are royal;
Beauteous, or else I should condemn mine eyes,
And say they were false lights; for your known virtues,
Traitor he were, that should but question them;
I make this attestation: yet, sweet princess,
These praises you confer upon yourself
(Though they be just and true) from your own tongue
Lose part of their great lustre; in these, or me,
They would have had more sweetness, better sound,
But from a Tuscan tongue, or Portuguese,
English, or French, or any stranger's mouth,
Much more harmonious relish: I have held it

Still as a maxim, my best judging days,
Such doubt their worths, are forc'd themselves to praise.

Isa. Who fitter to speak truth, than truth's own tongue?

Bon. Yet arrogance in truth may blemish it.

Isab. Of arrogance us?

Bon. Call't, if you please, self-love:
Besides, in man or woman, since the first
Nature hath yielded none so absolute,
To whom she made no fellow. First, for beauty,
If Greece afforded a fair Helen, Troy
Her parallel'd with a Polyxena:
For wisdom, Rome presented a Cornelia,
And Lydia a Sosipatra: chastity,
Lucrece, of whom the Romans so much boast,
Did not the self-same city breed a Portia,
Who, when she heard her husband Brutus slain,
Kept from all other engines, swallowed fire,
And by that means to meet with him in death?
Of such I could produce yet infinite:
And, madam, though I must confess you rare,
And most completely perfect in all these,
Yet not so choice a piece, but the wide world
May yield you a competitor.

Isab. (To the King.) As you are prince,
And ever hope to have the sweet fruition
Of those pure gifts, that man so much disdains,
Grant me one free demand.

King. Speak, and obtain.

Isab. His banishment from Spain and Portugal,
Never hereafter to be capable
Of honour, of renown, place, or office,
Till he can find, produce, and set before us,

Our match in face and bosom; birth we set by;
But be she woman, and can balance us,
In both, or either, he redeems his exile,
Without such, to return, forfeits his head:
Deny this, prince, you banish us your bed.

King. Most unpeer'd lady, that, not for ten worlds;
For if a husband can a vassal be,
To such approved virtues, I am he:
Lord Bonavida, you have from her tongue
An express doom, that cannot be revok'd;
'Tis like the Persian seal, unalterable*:
And come, my divine princess, he shall know,
In his just doom, what zeal to you we owe.

[*Exeunt all but Bonavida.*

Bon. Is this truth's merit? Can the court find place
For none but flatterers, and must I be made
The first example of her tyranny?
Shall I be made a precedent through Spain,
To deter men from speaking in the court
What's just and honest? May we term this law,
Or mere oppression. What an infinite task
Am I confin'd to? One as virtuous
No cloister scarce but could supply me with,
And never travel further; but the doubt is,
Whether it harbour in so smooth a skin:
As fair a face, I might with ease produce,
But where's the virtue then? since few there are
That wear both these ascriptions, chaste and fair:
In all his twelve great labours, Hercules
Was not thus task'd by Juno.

* The allusion is to the "law of the Medes and Persians, which *altereth not*," mentioned in the Book of Daniel.

Enter the CLOWN.

Clown. Ill news flies apace, and hath plucked me by the ears already: well, whosoever pronounced that sentence (I hope nobody hears me), I would his Portugal skin were tanned into Spanish leather, and either cut into some slovenly boot, to be dabbled in the dirt without a galosh, or snipped into a St. Martin's jerkin, that never came within the scent of a perfumer's shop.

Bon. Had she propos'd to find her match for pride,
There had been then no help, no hope at all;
For that had been the harder task of two.

Clown. Instead of confined* had his doom been to have been coffined, there had been some comfort, he might have still kept his country, but in plain Portuguese and Spanish, both banished†.

Bon. I am sure thou hearest the news.

Clown. How can I choose, being in the mouth of every Diego? which I no sooner heard, but I so sought that I might find you, and so find you never hereafter to lose you; for without you this is no place for me; and without me no country can be a country for you: and so a fig for Spain, and a prune for Portugal.

Bon. I both accept and will reward thy love,
If e'er my fate be to revisit home.
First these, then several countries we will try,
To find out this choice piece.

Clown. That's you and I. [*Exeunt.*

* "*Confined*," *i. e.* Expelled, banished. See note, Vol. v. p. 448.

† *i. e.* as I conceive, *we are both* banished.

Scene changes. *Enter* PETROCELLA, *splendidly dressed, and* ALDANA.

Ald. Why how! mistress daughter, have you conquered the West Indies, that you wear a gold mine on your back? This wearing will make your father's revenues shrink.

Pet. I'll be so bold as stretch them on the tenters an they do.

Ald. Y'are a good jewel the whilst.

Pet. And jewels must be set in gold, father: I'll not lose the least dram of my lustre.

Ald. You will not? And to what end suits all this bravery, pray?

Pet. To a good end if my aim be steady. Hear you the news at court?

Ald. Of Valladaura's fight at sea? Is this golden bait for him?

Pet. 'Las, poor sea-calf! 'tis not his love I angle for; I fish deeper streams and for a richer draught: Have you not heard of Bonavida's fortunes?

Ald. To parallel the queen in beauty and virtue? which he can never do.

Pet. Which he may easily do: her prerogative of birth set apart, what blemish do you see in me that I may not be the woman?

Ald. Thou foolish girl! then compare a glow-worm with a star, a star with the sun.

Pet. And the sun with a burning-glass: Come, come, you're dim-sighted, father; could you see with my eyes, and judge with my understanding, your comparison would hold *à contrario*, I assure you.—(*Enter* SERVANT.) Thy hasty news?

Serv. A noble gentleman——

Pet. Would speak with me: Bonavida in my conscience! Is't not so, fellow?

Serv. I am not familiar with his name: he is of a noble aspect.

Pet. It can be none but he! give me fresh ornaments: see your error now, father: Cupid and Venus! rich and new attires! Bonavida come? Live in my cheek, sweet beauty! Eloquence attend my tongue, and perfection my behaviour! Came he on horseback or caroch'd?

Serv. Neither of either: he is new come from sea.

Pet. Certainly, he having lost his labour in foreign search he meets his hopes at home; the more my honour still! fly and admit him. Your counsel, father: Shall I seem strange or familiar, wanton or serious, affable or peevish? I am as full of humours as an April day of variety! how shall I bear myself?

Ald. E'en in the midst mean, daughter; or, let me see:—an thou wilt be ruled by me, bear thyself—e'en how thou wilt, provided it be to thine own profit, and my further honour. *(Enter* VALLADAURA.*)* Noble Bonavida has—Valladaura!—Daughter, do you know this gallant?

Pet. Valladaura I hate: this gentleman, acquainted with my beanty, revealed it to Bonavida: *(To Val.)* Sir, you have bound me to you, —and comes to usher him to my presence.

Ald. Marry, and welcome; my further honour still!

Pet. We stay his coming, pray, sir, so return him.

Val. Whose coming?

Pet. His, your master's, Bonavida's.

Val. You speak riddles to me.

Pet. Be your own Œdipus, and dissolve* them then.

Ald. Come not you Nuntius from Bonavida, sir?

Val. I am mine own Nuntius, and my errand's love.

Ald. I hear no hurt, my further honour still!

Val. Which I am come in person to deliver
To this rare beauty.

Ald. Honour upon honour!

Pet. My fortunes fly of too strong a wing to stoop so low a pitch: is not Bonavida come yet?

Ald. As much as e'er he will, I think: Valladaura's a pretty piece of flesh, seize him: play not Esop's cur; lose not the substance in expectation of the shadow: 'tis a dog trick many ladies have practised: bosom him, do.

Pet. What, this mean creature?

Ald. An he were meaner, so thou get'st profit, and thy father honour by't.

Val. Are all my hopes repaid with scorn?

Ald. He begins to recoil, clap him close to thy breast, he's gone else.

Pet. Nay, Valladaura!

Val. Have I laid out more breath
In sacrificing vows, and fruitless sonnets,
Unto that beauteous shrine, than ere man did?

* "*Dissolve.*" So in Massinger's "Duke of Millain:"

"I am on the rack,
Dissolve this doubtful riddle."

And it is there observed by Mr. Gifford, that our ancient writers used *dissolve* and *solve* indiscriminately.

Pet. Come, be not passionate: though I know both my worth and beauty, and understand what orb they move into, I am not so much infected with that same court-sickness, philautia, or self-love, to scorn the service of any generous spirit.

Ald. How, neither for thy profit, nor thy father's honour?

Pet. In sober conference then, what bounded service have you ever done my beauty, that may challenge the least interest in my love?

Val. As many as man can: I writ myself
(And truly) lover ere I could write man;
Passing my service, as a star where she
The blest idea of thy glorious feature,
Drawn by the curious working of my thoughts,
Gave me the better, I put out to sea,
And there——

Pet. What did you?

Ald. For thy honour now,
What didst at sea?

Val. As much as any man——

Ald. That did no more than thou didst; thy further honour still!

Val. Somewhat I did; but what, let these deep wounds
Undress'd and unbound up deliver.

Pet. They are tongue-ty'd, and cannot speak for blushing; pretty ornaments for a soldier: how came you by them trow? honestly?

Val. As noble Hector did by his, but by
An enemy far more valiant than his.

Ald. I like that well; thy further honour still!

Val. At sea I met with a bold man of war,

Val. Whose coming?

Pet. His, your master's, Bonavida's.

Val. You speak riddles to me.

Pet. Be your own Œdipus, and dissolve* them then.

Ald. Come not you Nuntius from Bonavida, sir?

Val. I am mine own Nuntius, and my errand's love.

Ald. I hear no hurt, my further honour still!

Val. Which I am come in person to deliver
To this rare beauty.

Ald. Honour upon honour!

Pet. My fortunes fly of too strong a wing to stoop so low a pitch: is not Bonavida come yet?

Ald. As much as e'er he will, I think: Valladaura's a pretty piece of flesh, seize him: play not Esop's cur; lose not the substance in expectation of the shadow: 'tis a dog trick many ladies have practised: bosom him, do.

Pet. What, this mean creature?

Ald. An he were meaner, so thou get'st profit, and thy father honour by't.

Val. Are all my hopes repaid with scorn?

Ald. He begins to recoil, clap him close to thy breast, he's gone else.

Pet. Nay, Valladaura!

Val. Have I laid out more breath
In sacrificing vows, and fruitless sonnets,
Unto that beauteous shrine, than ere man did?

* "*Dissolve.*" So in Massinger's "Duke of Millain:"

"I am on the rack,
Dissolve this doubtful riddle."

And it is there observed by Mr. Gifford, that our ancient writers used *dissolve* and *solve* indiscriminately.

Pet. Come, be not passionate: though I know both my worth and beauty, and understand what orb they move into, I am not so much infected with that same court-sickness, philautia, or self-love, to scorn the service of any generous spirit.

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Undress'd and unbound up deliver.

Pet. They are tongue-ty'd, and cannot speak for blushing; pretty ornaments for a soldier: how came you by them trow? honestly?

Val. As noble Hector did by his, but by
An enemy far more valiant than his.

Ald. I like that well; thy further honour still!

Val. At sea I met with a bold man of war,

And somewhat more, an Englishman: Oh had
Your eye (but fate deny'd that blessedness)
Witness'd our bearing, and how far the thought
Of you and your rare beauty carried me
Above my strength——

Pet. I should have said what you are forced to acknowledge, that my beauty had been the better man.

Ald. I am proud of that, my further honour still!

Pet. All this while you are beholden to my beauty, and I nothing in debt to your valour, which, for ought I gather, is nothing at all.

Val. Nothing, to enter and hold single combat
With such a daring opposite? nothing, to take
These dangerous wounds, and bring them home
undress'd?

Pet. 'Twas I confess somewhat to take these wounds; yet in my mind he that gives the cognizance has more reason to boast of it, than he that wears it: shew me the man that gave you these wounds, and I'll commend his valour.

Ald. For giving of 'em? Knight, there's small honour in taking of 'em though, in my judgment: but what was he?

Val. A man whose noble valour I must speak.

Pet. Good reason, he has paid you soundly for't aforehand.

Val. In love and honour I shall ever serve him.

Pet. So I thought, for you wear a livery of his, cut to the skin and lined with crimson: had you gi'n't him, I should have ta'en you for the master. But, pardon me, I soar too high for a serving-man: your ear; I am modest: away!

hie to the suburbs, bribe some honest barber-surgeon to wash off your dishonour and heal your infamy.
That done once, learn this tenet of the war,
The honour's more to give than wear a scar:
Each coward may do that.

[*Exeunt Pet. and Ald.*

Val. 'Tis not my fate, but mine own imperfection,
That makes the act, in itself good and laudable,
Ill and distasteful: were my services
Done by some other, they must needs become
And grace the owner: were my words deliver'd
From any tongue but mine, they could not choose
But win attention: had my love been bred
In any breast but mine, it could not thus
Be scorn'd and baffled. I, of all the world,
Am most unfortunate; neither act, word, or love
Can please your audience, or compassion move.

[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene, England.—Enter LORD BONAVIDA *and the* CLOWN.

Bon. After our tedious travels we at length
Are safe arriv'd in England: speak, what use
Hast made of our long voyage?

Clown. Such as travellers use, for by long practice I am now at length grown perfect, and the truth is I can lie in any language.

Bon. But in our quest of this rare piece of beauty,
And virtue mix'd, to rival the great princess,
What think'st thou of our trial made in Spain?

Clown. I think of it as I ever did, that's as of a bottle of hay, and the creature you talk of, a needle, a very Spanish needle, which I fear you will never live to hit full in the eye: Spain! there are so many Moors in't, that I knew you would hope of nothing less: besides, the most beauties of Spain have been oft in Civil*.

Bon. What then of Portugal?

Clown. Worse than the t'other: the women there are for the most part like their oranges, the fairer the outside the rottener within, and the sounder at the heart, the rougher the skin; the country is too hot, too hot.

* *i. e. Seville:* but some play on the word is intended.

Bon. What of the Russian then?

Clown. As of a country too cold: and in cold countries I know we should have but cold comfort; besides, the women go wrapped in so much fur, that of necessity they must have more hair than wit*: besides, they cannot be wise they have so much ado to keep themselves warm; and more than that, what might the prince and princess think, if after all our long travels, we should come home, and present them with a rush?

Bon. Which, only taking her great title off,
Is worth more than herself: of Italy
Then give me thy true censure.

Clown. The clean contrary way: oh, my lord, there are so many Italian locks, that I knew it was impossible your own key should open them all. Moreover these, that are naturally jealous of their women, it is probable their women naturally give them cause.

Bon. For France?

Clown. What the pox should we speak of that, knowing what is bred in the bone will hardly out of the flesh?

Bon. The women of High Germany?

Clown. A place that I should highly stand for, if the princess had imposed on us a challenge for drinking.

Bon. Of the Low-Countries then?

Clown. In Flushing, there is good riding, but not without danger; for many at a high tide,

* This, as Steevens has observed, is an old English proverb. So in the "Satiro-mastix" of Dekker:

"Hair! 'tis the basest stubble: in scorn of it
The proverb sprung—*He has more hair than wit.*"

have been like to have been cast away in the road: at Middleborough, night or day, you could scarce find the Exchange empty: at Bristles, if you remember, you were used but roughly: at Sluce we were both well washed: Nimmingham bid you look to your sconce: and Ostend, beware the cat: Don-Hague is full of witches, and had we but touched at Rot or Dam, ten to one we had never come off sound men. Much ado we had to find New-Port: therefore if ever you come to Bergen, see you make it wisely*.

Bon. And now, there's hope I shall: this Albion,
That fitly bears name of his chalky cliffs,
Breeds wondrous choice of beauties, wise and lovely,
Scarce to be match'd in all the world besides;
'Mongst which I have took particular view of one,
Whom had the Trojan ravisher beheld,
Troy had still stood, the queen of love disgrac'd,
And she alone had gain'd the golden prize,
For which the three celestial beauties strove.

Clown. I grant you the face, but if she should prove rotten at the heart, there's the question.

Bon. I think none to be made. First, for her birth,
I have inquir'd her noble: for her breeding,
It hath been 'mongst her equals, and so far

*. The Clown's wit is in some places very obscure; I have only vague conjectures to offer, scarcely worth the room they occupy. *Bristles* is an evident intentional error, and *Nimmingham*, (*Nimeguen*) is possibly so called because *nimming* was in that age a cant word for stealing, and the Clown would insinuate that the women of that place were addicted to low and petty pilfering: the allusion Ostend and Bergen I do not understand.

From least taxation, to the sail of tongues*,
It merits imitation: of her chastity
Some proofs I have made, and found it like the
diamond,
Save by a diamond never to be wrought:
Could opportunity have mov'd, words tempted,
Persuasions took effect,,or griefs have o'erruled†,
Beneath my much importance ‡ she had fall'n:
But like a promontory rock she stands,
At all the curled ocean's wrath unmov'd,
Felling the gusts, and beating every storm;
Yet on such virtues are her bases fix'd,
She is not to be shaken: then in her
My travels take their period.

Clown. Then I would she and you were agreed, that you might come to a full point. And here she comes, now or never make a full conclusion, and write *Finis.*

Enter LEONORA *and her Daughter.*

Leon. Daughter,
What think you of this stranger?

Hel. As a stranger.

Leon. Of his carriage and complement?

Hel. As things
For which he hath travel'd: 'tis easy for him
That hath the liberty of many grounds,

* This is a very singular expression; I should doubt if the reading be correct.

† The quarto reads,

"Or griefs have o'reled."

‡ "*Importance,*" *i.e.* importunity. This use of it would have shown Dr. Johnson that it was not *peculiar to Shakspeare.*

To pick himself a choice nosegay;
And he that hath travel'd so many countries,
Out of every one peculiarising what's best,
With what small difficulty may such a one
Appear complimental?

Leon. His proffers to you were large.

Hel. And the performance may perhaps prove like
His journey, long.

Leon. What think you of his person?

Hel. That there's many one cannot pray so well as he,
That is better benefic'd *.

Leon. But say he had power to perform all that he hath promised.

Hel. Only this,
That I have power in myself to say,
More than I have yet either promis'd him,
Or you to utter.

Clown. (Aside to Bon.) Did you not hear her talk of *utter?* For shame, sir, either utter your mind now to the full, or else utterly give it over

Bon. Madam, what say you to my suit?

Hel. I needs must say, sir, it becomes you well,
Graces your presence, and your presence it;
I like both stuff and fashion.

Bon. Oh, sweet lady,
'Tis good to play with such as use to sport,
But with the staid be serious.

Clown. (Aside.) Now whilst they are in talk, will I hold some discourse or other with the old

* *i. e.* That there are many whose persons and address are less agreeable, who have more stirling good qualities, or are of more desirable worldly circumstances.

gentlewoman, because she shall not interrupt them. May it please your old ladyship——

Leon. (Aside.) Out of this fellow I may find perhaps
That which his master would have loath reveal'd;
I'll join with him in conference.

[*Leon. and Clown converse apart.*

Hel. Since you tax me of jest, I charge you, sir,
Henceforth to speak all earnest, or stand mute.

Bon. I vow it by my greatest bliss on earth,
My hopes I have in you.

Hel. I'll try your faith:
Have you in all the countries you have travell'd
Never made proof of lady?

Bon. Yes, in all;
And in each clime, of many.

Hel. Nay, I thought
What I should find you; trust a stranger's love
As gold to court the mind? If then such numbers,
Why, after all these trials, make you me
The last of all your stales *.

Bon. Last of my hopes,
Or period of my wishes, had you said,
I should have answered then, only because,
Of all, you are most perfect.

Hel. Now you flatter.

Leon. A lord said'st thou?

Clown. Ay, and I assure your ladyship, ally'd to the best grandees of Spain; nay, more than so——

Bon. As I confess you perfect, I entreat

* I have here altered the reading of the quarto, from "The last of all your *sales*."

Let not my merited praises make you proud,
And vie your own worth; I shall wonder then:
Know, madam, that I left my country, Spain,
And there my many honours, not of pleasure,
But by compulsive force, unwillingly,
My voyage purposely to find out you;
Which ere I could, I have travell'd kingdoms through,
Search'd courts, examin'd cities, nay, even villages.

Hel. For me?

Bon. For you; for the chief paragon
Of beauty match'd with virtue, therefore you;
For one to rival the great Spanish princess,
Matchless in both, through half the world, save you:
Indeed I flatter not, you are that mine,
(Oh, lady, might I truly say that *mine!*)
No India yields, save this, but thine; the sun
To outshine that candle, none but this clear splendour,
Dims her imperfect glories: you by this
Shall win yourself a name through all the world,
And purchase admiration; me, that so
Have priz'd you, and esteem'd you, marking you
'Mongst thousands, for a piece unparallel'd:
Before all things, my country, honours, friends,
That else like a poor exile forfeit all;
And, lady, you the cause on't. If my love,
Grounded upon such strong opinion,
Merit repulse; if you will loose yourself,
And hazard me, that have my head engag'd
To make this good; I only shall report
The strangest thing in my long search I find,
Beauty with virtue mix'd, prov'd both unkind.

Hel. Which should I be—Pray give me leave
to pause,
And then expect my answer.

Leon. And hath he choos'd her out amongst
so many?

Clown. Yes, and means to make her a great lady, to possess her of all his fortunes, to put down all the prime ladies of Spain, and for beauty and virtue, to be prefer'd before the great princess herself.

Leon. To this, should she not willingly assent,
She were no more my daughter.

Bon. Now, your answer.

Hel. Should this be true, that you prefer this
face
Before the beauties of so many climes,
And that your life and means solely depend,
There to expose it freely, I should much
Digress from honour, to neglect such love:
And should I not in unseen virtue strive
To equal that seen beauty you so praise,
I should then much wrong that great character
You have bestow'd upon me.

Leon. Which you shall not;
Daughter, I say you shall not. Sir, she's yours,
Or I disclaim her ever.

Hel. Pray, good mother,
A little pardon me. *(To Bon.)* How shall I know
What here you promise, you can there make good.

Clown. If you distrust his word, take mine, which will pass in Spain for more maravedies *

* The Clown wishes to pass before the old lady as a man of some consequence, without deviating very widely from the truth, I suppose, for a maravedie is a Spanish coin of so small value, that *thirty* are about equal to sixpence of our money.

than the best squires in England for farthing tokens.

Bon. That you may know it is not lust, but love,
And the true speculation I have ta'en,
In both these adjuncts, that proclaim you rare,
That 'tis to have you denison'd in Spain,
Be instated in my liberal fortunes there,
To appear in court a foreign miracle,
And not to make you here my prostitute,
I only beg your promise; that being granted,
I'll back into my country, tell the princess
What here in England I have seen and found:
My peace being made, I will return thus far,
To fix you in that sphere a splendent star,
And this is all I crave.

Leon. 'Tis just and honest,
In this can be no fallacy at all.

Hel. As truth then I accept it, and am yours.

Bon. And, lady, I your creature, for by you
I am new made: as mistress of this contract,
Accept this ring, which never part withal,
But to myself in person.

Hel. Not in death;
'T shall with me to my grave.

Bon. To prove your constancy,
One imposition more: there may be trains
Laid to entrap our love, to injure you,
And forfeit me; therefore till my return,
Which shall be with what suddenness I can,
Be shown unto no stranger.

Hel. These I vow,
And pray you keep this token with that care,
That I shall your commands: on this presume;
Of which, through all Hesperia you may boast,
Though my face please, yet shall my virtue most.

Bon. Thou hast lost, Isabella, and I gain'd me
An empire by my travel: I by you
Am new created, being lost and gone,
With this most sweet addition, two in one.

Clown. A good hearing; and I and the old gentlewoman are both witnesses to the bargain.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Spain.—Enter VALLADAURA, *solus.*

Val. Approv'd no act, though ne'er so well becoming,
Part, so well beautified, phrase aptly languag'd,
To the very tone and accent of the time,
But seems in me defam'd and rustical;
None can endure my sight; all things I do
Are construed to the worst; I walk the streets,
Salute I all I meet, none resaluteth me,
But look askew, and point, and laugh at me,
As who should say, *See Petrocella's scorn;*
And, that which wounds me deeper than death can,
The more I strive to make me worth her love,
So much the more unworthy she reputes me.

Enter PINEDA *and* CENTELLA, *conferring.*

Pin. And faith what think'st of Bonavida's undertaking?

Cent. As of the man himself, most frivolous and idle:
He parallel the queen? Ha! ha! ha!

Val. They speak of me, and seal it with a smile:
That I could sink, and hide me in the centre.

Pin. Bold Valladaura, well return'd from sea:
We hear——

Val. Of my disgrace: what a swift wing has rumour!

Cent. You met a bold and noble opposite.

Val. Have you heard that too?

Pin. But beauteous Petrocella——

Val. (Aside.) She has told all: I shall be balladed,
Sung up and down by minstrels!—Gentlemen,
Though my success fell short of my intent,
Let it meet fair construction.

Pin. It deserves no less.

Cent. Your noble bearing has given our modern gallants
Plain song to descant on.

Val. (Aside.) They scoff me palpably.—But, noble friends,
Such I have ever reckon'd you, let's change
Discourse awhile in private.

[*They walk and confer.*

Enter TURKISH CAPTAIN, MONT. FERRERS*, MANHURST, *as Prisoners, with others.*

Turk. Of all the Christians this arm ever slay'd,
You come the nearest men: What country?

Fer. England.

Turk. You're nobly spirited: have you got your ransoms?

Manh. None but our lives.

Fer. Them thus we tender.

Turk. They are jewels,

* *Montferrers* is possibly the right name. I have retained, however, the reading of the quarto.

We rather wish to wear than part withal;
But need commands us to make instant sale:
To the male market with 'em, each man carries
His price upon his shoulder; go, go, try it *,
Ourselves will stay, and answer customers.

Val. You've given both me and my fears satisfaction:
I shall report you noble, and esteem
My credit much richer than I did. As I said,
My opposer had man enough in him,
And indeed more than I have known in many.

Pin. The land breeds few other. What's here, a market of slaves?

Val. Mauly proportions: Ha! Mont. Ferrers?

Fer. Death!
My mortal foe? How is my poor life hunted!

Val. You do not know me!

Fer. I must give you the lie to say I do.

Val. *(Aside.)* 'Tis surely he; yet if it be, mischance
Has made him much unlike himself: when he
And I vy'd valour on the purple deck,
He wore a look more manly: I'll try further.
Were you ne'er captain of a ship at sea?

Fer. I had ne'er been slave unto a Turk ashore else.

Val. Of England? your name Ferrers?

Fer. Rather than deny my name and country,
I'll acknowledge any thing, base or deadly:
I confess you know me.

Val. You shall know me too ere we part.

Fer. I shall?

* The quarto reads, "try *the market*;" a needless repetition destructive of the measure.

Val. Unto some cost you shall, trust to't.

[*Exit.*

Fer. If Fate
Has writ my name in her black book, and this
The hindmost minute of my hours, I scorn
To bribe the beldam to wipe 't out again.

Pin. You know the gentleman confer'd with you?

Fer. For a bold foe, and a proud Spaniard.

Pin. You may have cause to say so: he's sent your ransom.

Fer. My ransom? Why? Why should he ransom me?
Nay, rather, why should I ask that? I saw
Inveterate hate flame in his burning eye,
He frees me from slight bondage of the Turk
To slave me to himself, and exercise
New tyranny: he meets a living grave
That's vassal unto him, was once his slave;
That fate o'ertakes me: I will not accept it.

Manh. Your reason?

Fer. Not that I desire to live
Slave to a Turk, or fear the bloody usage
Of an ambitious Spaniard: death is but death
What shape soe'er he comes in.

Pin. Why are ye so loath to meet him then?

Fer. Though you cannot enforce so much, I'll tell you.
See you this man? One that with me hath fronted
The wrath and utmost violence of fate:
Should mine own countrymen, nay, natural mother,
Or my kind sister, whose fair eyes I honour,
Should the best lord of those have sent my ransom,
Had it come single without his, as this,
I would have spurn'd, and sent it back.

Cent. You would, sir?
We shall return so much.
Pin. And be persuaded
To find usuage answerable to your contempt.

[*Exeunt Cent. and Pin.*

Manh. Why for my sake do you neglect your freedom?
Fer. Because for mine, thou hast not lov'd thy life,
But thrown it upon dangers more than common:
Because for me, thou left's thy native land,
Father and friends, and to make me a fortune
Unmade thine own; gav'st both thyself and fate
Wholly to me: think me not so unjust
To lose a jewel made o'er to me in trust.
But they return.

Enter PINEDA *and* CENTELLA.

Pin. Here's both their ransoms.

[*Throws down bags.*

Turk. And there's both the slaves:
A better pennyworth of flesh and blood
Turk never sold.
Fer. Nor Christian, but a Spaniard,
Would e'er have bought.
Pin. Oh, yes, your English Jews;
They'll buy and sell their fathers, prostrate their wives,
Make money of their children *; the male stews
Can witness that. Come on, sir! you must along.

* The quarto reads, "*And* make money of their *own* children;" and the speech is there printed as prose: it run, however, so easily into verse by the omission of these worse than useless monosyllables, that I rejected them without hesitation.

Mon. How, *must?*
Cent. And shall: prating, you English slave?

Enter VALLADAURA.

Val. You know me now?
Fer. Yes, truly, for a tyrant,
And bloody hangman: had I known thee half so well,
When on the deck I had thee at my mercy,
I would have ground my sword upon thy bones,
And writ my freedom in thy blood.
Val. I live,
To do the like by thee.
Fer. And I breathe yet,
To dare thee to thy utmost: and may win
More honour of thee, by my manly suffering,
Than thou, by base inflicting: my friend and I,
Like two chain-bullets, side by side, will fly
Thorough the jaws of death.
Val. A strong resolve,
But I shall quickly weaken 't. Sunder them!
Within there!

Enter SERVANT, *to whom he delivers a Paper.*

Quick! that paper will point out
Diet and lodging for him.
Fer. Sunder them? That word
Falls colder on me than the rheum of death.
Pin. Then you'll not fly like bullets in the jaws
Of death and danger?
Fer. Hear me, Valladaura:
Since thou wilt needs take up the attribute
And name of tyrant, study thy trade perfect;

Soil it not in performance; like a true artist,
Degree thy tortures; like an angry tempest,
Rise calmly first, and keep thy worst rage last;
Torment us jointly: sunder us at first!
A plague so deadly, that whatever follows
Will seem but as a cordial: would'st have devis'd
After a thousand tortures, one to mad
My manly patience, or to split my heart,
It had been done in this one accent—part.

Pin. Divide 'em so.

Manh. Mezentius' cruelty *
Comes short of yours; he join'd, but you divide
A living man in two.

Val. Right Spanish pride!

Fer. I us'd not you so though.—*(To Manh.)*
But, noble sir,
How well thou hast merited living.

Manh. So I'll die;
Thy thought's an antidote 'gainst tyranny.

Fer. Borne on that confidence, lose not one tear,
Nor spend a sigh; let guilty cowards fear.

Val. You'll find a change.

Fer. You're churlish; nor can we look to find
Usage more gentle: revenge is unconfin'd.

Val. And so shall mine be: what the art of man
Knows of tormentings, mine shall inflict, and can.
This parting of you is the least and first,
Of infinite to come.

Fer. I dare the worst. [*Exeunt.*

* The passage in Virgil relating to the cruelty of Mezentius has been quoted in a note on "Parasitaster." See vol. ii. p. 312.

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Cent. And shall: prating, you English slave?

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Will seem but as a cordial: would'st have devis'd
After a thousand tortures, one to mad
My manly patience, or to split my heart,
It had been done in this one accent—part.

Pin. Divide 'em so.

Manh. Mezentius' cruelty *
Comes short of yours; he join'd, but you divide
A living man in two.

Val. Right Spanish pride!

Fer. I us'd not you so though.—*(To Manh.)*
But, noble sir,
How well thou hast merited living.

Manh. So I'll die;
Thy thought's an antidote 'gainst tyranny.

Fer. Borne on that confidence, lose not one tear,
Nor spend a sigh; let guilty cowards fear.

Val. You'll find a change.

Fer. You're churlish; nor can we look to find
Usage more gentle: revenge is unconfin'd.

Val. And so shall mine be: what the art of man
Knows of tormentings, mine shall inflict, and can.
This parting of you is the least and first,
Of infinite to come.

Fer. I dare the worst. [*Exeunt.*

* The passage in Virgil relating to the cruelty of Mezentius has been quoted in a note on "Parasitaster." See vol. ii. p. 312.

Enter SEBASTIAN, ISABELLA, CENTELLA, PINEDA, *with other Attendants and Followers.*

Sebast. Most divine lady, in the late exile
Of your depraver Bonavida, how
Do you applaud my justice?
Isab. Why, as justice:
To have done less, should have disgrac'd me more
Than all your worth could merit.
Cent. Who doubts that!
He were not worthy to be styl'd a prince,
Or to partake that goodness got in you,
That should have let slip such proud arrogance,
Without severest rigour.
Pin. Troth, I wonder
In what remote clime the poor exile treads,
Or in what place he hopes to find that piece
His impudence durst boast of?
Isab. He's perhaps
Travell'd to Arabia Felix, and from thence
To bring the Phœnix hither.
Sebast. He should then
Have kept his country; if a Phœnix live,
You make Spain bless'd Arabia.
Isab. I remember,
There liv'd a Spanish princess of our name,
An Isabella too *, and not long since,
Who from her palace windows, stedfastly
Gazing upon the sun, her hair took fire.
Some augurers held it as a prodigy:
I rather think she was Latona's brood,

* Isabella of Castile, the wife of Ferdinand of Arragon, is probably the princess here alluded to.

And that Apollo courted her bright hair;
Else, envying that her tresses put down his,
He scorch'd them off in envy; nor dare I,
From her deriv'd, expose me to his beams;
Lest, as he burns the Phœnix in her nest,
Made of the sweetest aromatic wood,
Either in love or envy, he agree
To use the like combustion upon me.

Cent. A thing much to be fear'd.

Pin. Then, royal lady,
Might I advise you, keep out of the sun,
And walk still in the shade: by proof we see
Such meteors oft take fire.

Isab. Alas! poor lord,
To see what thy bold rashness brings thee to:
That thou art forc'd to wander through the world,
To find out a black swan to rival us.
Thou seek'st a thing that is not: and thy rashness
Hath justly forc'd thine exile.

Enter a LORD.

Lord. Fairest of creatures,
I bring you news: Lord Bonavida's return'd,
And new arriv'd at court.

Isab. Art sure 'tis so?

Lord. Most certain, royal princess.

Isab. To his death,
If he come empty handed.

Sebast. But if sped,
Then he redeems his exile.

Isab. Blind, and dull!
Hath plenty bred a surfeit in you then?
Or have you ta'en possession of that treasure,

You know not how to value to the worth?
But though you cannot, we can rate ourselves:
Perhaps despair hath brought him back to offer
His desperate life; which, if with submission,
Repentance, and some due acknowledgment,
May in our grace find pardon. Go, admit him.

Cent. Now let's prepare our eyes; for he, no question,
Hath brought o'er some rare creature.

Pin. Take your stands, let's have of her full view.

Enter BONAVIDA *and the* CLOWN.

Bon. All the delights of earth, and joys above,
For ever crown your temples!

Sebast. Welcome, Bonavida;
How sped you in your voyage?

Bon. That success,
I had in expectation, royal sir,
I am now possess'd of really.

Clown. We have found her.

Isab. Hah! whom?

Bon. The pride of nature, and of love;
Beauty and virtue in most high contention
Which should exceed each other.

Clown. Why, I can assure you, we have her to show, and such a piece——

Isab. Peace you! What country?

Bon. England.

Isab. What place there?

Bon. Of their chief cities, the metropolis, London.

Clown. Ay, and the fairest there; one so fair,

that all Bartholomew Fair could not match her again.

Isab. We have no tongue for thee.

Clown. But we have a tale for you, if you will give us the hearing.

Isab. What name?

Bon. Hellena.

Isab. Of what descent or parentage?

Bon. Noble by birth, yet not so high degreed
As her great virtues merit; nor her means,
To counterpoise her beauty.

Clown. Yet we have her, and weight and measure with her, to put down all the black-brow'd wenches in Spain, for a face, and physiognomy*.

Isab. That prater, peace there!

Clown. I hope, when travellers have light upon a rich purchase, it is lawful for them to brag of their commodity.

Isab. We may imagine one most beautiful;
But how to rank with us?

Bon. With any lady
Europe or Asia yields; then pardon, lady,
I hope without the least offence to you.

Isab. Perhaps she's fair; what instance can you give,
That she's of such prov'd virtue?

* Though there seems no reason to suppose that the Clown in this scene "speaks more than is set down for him;" yet his unreasonable and unseemly interference will perhaps remind the reader of the Clowns spoken of by Shakspeare, who "will themselves laugh to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered."

Bon. Passing thousands,
I will insist on one: at my departure,
Only one ring I left with her in change;
Which if she living part with, lend, or give
Till my return, I'll hold myself disgrac'd,
Her evermore disparag'd: in exchange,
She did bestow on me this carcanet,
Which I as long shall keep.

Isab. Pray let me see't.

Bon. Madam, I dare expose to you my life,
Then much more this.

Isab. 'Tis a most costly jewel,
Worthy a princess wearing.

Clown. I can assure you, lady, there was a ring and a thing exchang'd upon the bargain.

Isab. But where's this rare one? Come, produce her straight,
To make her the court's wonder.

Bon. Pardon, lady:
She's yet in her own country; but that carcanet
Can quickly fetch her over.

Isab. Pardon! villain,
And base imposture, liv'd there such a creature,
Would not thy pride have brought her to full view?
But this illusion, seconding the first,
Doubles thy punishment: Hence with him to prison,
More worthy of the block. Abuse us first,
And then deride us after! Royal sir,
If suffer me to swallow this disgrace,
You underprize me doubly.

Sebast. Thou hast spoke it,
And it shall stand.

Bon. Yet hear me, royal sir!
Isab. Away with him!
Clown. Then hear me, noble lady.
Isab. Shall we be still tormented?
Bon. If you deny me freedom, grant me that
Which I more prize, my precious carcanet,
That which you with no justice can detain.
Isab. Into some loathsome dungeon hurry him,
Unworthy the day's comfort. Bear this scorn?
[*Bon. is forced off.*
Sebast. You've sentenc'd justly.
Isab. Please you, sir, a little
To leave me to my private solitude:
I shall not be long from you.
Sebast. Take your pleasure,
For your content is ours.
[*Exeunt all but Isab. Cent. and Pin.*
Isab. Centella and Pineda.
Cent. Royal madam?
Isab. I have a project for you, which if you effect,
You shall endear me ever.
Cent. What's in men,
Shall not in us be scanted.
Isab. You have heard
The country, and the place of her abode;
Thither I'll furnish you: spare for no cost,
Our treasure lies ope to you: get that ring
By any slight or craft: be it possible
That gold will do't, corrupt her; use all means,
All friends, devices, plots, and stratagems,
To bring some token of her falseness back:
Further instructions you shall have with you;
Meantime prepare for travel.

Pin. And, or die,
Or bring you news of her inchastity.
Isab. Enough, you are ours: part with this carcanet?
Not for a world: I have project too in that:
Be rival'd by a petty English dame?
Knew I the large earth did my equal give,
Rather than brook her sight, I'd cease to live.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter VALLADAURA, *and* FERRERS *richly dressed.*

Fer. Sir, from a bondman you have cast me
Into a free mould, almost new made me;
Yet what your purpose is I cannot gather;
I am still yours. Is't your intention
To prank me up, to make me fit for death;
Or feed me till I be in some good plight,
The better to fat your own revenge?

Val. What I purpose to myself, I still keep in myself;
What you have found hitherto, speak; and when
You find yourself pinch'd, then freely complain.

Fer. The face of your kind visage yet looks smooth,
I spy in it no wrinkle: but my friend,
How have you dealt by him?

Val. As he deserves;
No further pray inquire him.

Fer. If he perish,
I am swept from off the earth too: with my sister,
He next my heart sits unmovable. Pray what service
Will you command me now?

Val. None: yet some love
I shall entreat; withal a grace from you:

I have a mistress, unto whom I purpose
A friendly visitation, to which duty,
I intreat you as a witness.

Fer. I am yours.

Enter ALDANA *and* PETROCELLA.

Pet. I hear say Bonavida's return'd.

Ald. And intends to visit thee: for having fail'd
In all his foreign purposes, he means
Upon thy pillars, as Hercules did upon his,
To write, *Non ultra:* Think'st thou not so, girl?
My further honour still!

Pet. To see what a virtue lives in this Spanish continent, especially amongst yellow-hair'd wenches! Jason, when he went in quest of the Golden Fleece, found it in Spain*; there's a moral in that: and that great Hercules, so talk'd on amongst the Greeks, after all his travels through Asia, Africa, and Europe, coming to this country, into the island call'd Calis†; he, that unless poets lie, lay with fifty ladies in one night, and got nine-and-forty boys; marry, I must tell you, the last was a girl; was there so tired with one woman, that he gave over all his travels, retir'd home to his country, like a man taken down, and in memory of his adventure, where he reared his pillar, writ that most methodical motto you speak of; *No further.*

Ald. My daughter is an apt and witty lass:

* If Petrocella had told us where she found this account of Jason, she would have added to our information: but it is the error of the speaker and not of the poet.

† *i. e.* Cadiz.

I know her apprehensive, and well-brain'd,
My further honour still!

Val. Noble madam,
I have brought a stranger, and an Englishman,
To give you visitation.

Ald. A worthy stranger, a bold villain too,
My further honour still!

Val. To whom, Petrocella,
As to a gentleman to me entir'd,
I beg from you all the best compliment,
Due unto my long service.

Pet. Why, what's he?

Val. This man do you mean?

Pet. Yes he, that fellow there.

Val. Fellow! to whom? he hath not his in Spain;
Nay, I might have took a larger bound,
And not have past my limit: Fellow! villain!

Pet. Yes, or companion.

Val. Paint me out a worthy,
Else he is such to none: this was the man
I met at sea, and fought with: our encounter
Was all in smoke and fire; so hotly fought,
That, in that fog, we had no further light,
Than what our lint-staves gave: our decks flow'd blood,
Which through the port-holes run, and dy'd the sea
Into a deep vermilion; yet still fought.

Fer. But never with a braver opposite
Did Englishman try with fire.

Pet. He speaks well.

Ald. Both to their honours still!

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And men withal, grew scant; for scarce was any

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Which through the port-holes run, and dy'd the sea
Into a deep vermilion; yet still fought.

Fer. But never with a braver opposite
Did Englishman try with fire.

Pet. He speaks well.

Ald. Both to their honours still!

Val. When powder, and bullet,
And men withal, grew scant; for scarce was any

Left to the present purpose, serviceable;
Both bottoms ready through the violent leaks
To split, and founder; we then hail'd, hung flags,
And grew to composition.

Fer. Which I begg'd.

Val. Sir, it came first from me: and this propos'd:
That both our ships, goods, lives, and people, might not
Be in the sea ingrav'd, and swallowed up,
Both from man's tongue and thought; that such rich prizes
Might be to one survivor; the two captains
To try it out by combat.

Ald. Honour still!

Val. This nobly he accepted: faiths new pawn'd,
Hostages given, two worthy seconds choos'd,
Lots cast, whose decks should be th' appointed lists;
To mine it fell: he boarded me to fight,
From whom I came apparell'd thus in wounds.

Pet. It seems, then, he's a cutter.

Val. Whose scars still mark me his.

Fer. Wear I not yours?
Though not so many, yet more deeply carv'd,
With greater danger, and expense of blood,
Than ever dropp'd from these.

Val. Short tale to make,
Vanquish'd I was, he victor; and when all,
Lading and lives were his, nay, even mine too
Lay prostrate at his mercy, with a magnificence
Equal to any prince, he should at——

Pet. All this we know; nor do we desire to hear over again, what was before related: but had

you spoke more in his praise than you have done, which it may be is your purpose, I find nothing but may well come within the compass of his merit, and my belief.

Val. Lady, I am glad you are so possess'd of him: And do you think him such?

Pet. I think you would gladly sell whom you have so lately bought, else you would never have spoke him thus: if you have any such purpose, it may be, there be those that, but surrender up your bargain, would be glad to help you to your money. [*Exeunt Pet. and Ald.*

Fer. (Aside.) I came but with one gyve upon my leg,
Fasten'd upon me in his courtesy,
But since I look'd upon yon* lady's eyes,
Now I am doubly fetter'd.

Val. 'Tis neglect,
A palpable neglect, she loves me not:
It shall be so, I will be boorish, and sullen.

Fer. Sir, you this day have brought me to a sight
That more contents me than the wealth of Spain;
This matchless lady.

Val. My mistress;

* The quarto reads "*your* ladies eyes," but this would not agree with "*his* courtesy" in the preceding line. I have marked it as spoken *aside*, because the substance of it is addressed to Valladaura in the next speech. We are too, in that copy, left in the dark as to the time when Petrocella and Aldana quit the stage; but as the after conversation between Ferrers and Valladaura cannot well be supposed to pass in their presence, and as the next speech of the latter may be understood as alluding to her leaving him so abruptly, I have chosen to dismiss them here. These alterations, however, are purely conjectural.

Whom if thou wilt court for me,
And win unto my wishes——

Fer. I, sir, do't?

Val. Yes, by the love thou owest me: Do you pause?
If ever I deserv'd the name of friend,
Or hopest hereafter I may merit of thee,
Make it thy sole endeavour.

Fer. *(Aside.)* Doubly captived:
Honour should still precede love: *(To him.)* Sir,
I will;
(Aside.) Though I to cure another, myself kill.

England.—HELLENA'S *Chamber.* *Enter* HELLENA *with her* MAID.

Hel. How long is't since these gentlemen of Spain arrived here?

Maid. Three days since, lady.

Hel. Came there no letters along with 'em from Spain? some note there?

Maid. Not to my hands.

Hel. Has Bonavida (that name methinks revives me)—I dare not tax him of neglect, and yet—I am very pleasant this morning, let's have a song, Rosara: I would have the subject love, and yet modest too, and yet a little wanton, yet chaste and innocent as dreams o'fools*; and, hear'st thou? where Bonavida's name vouchsafes to grace the ditty, there let music speak in its smoothest phrase, and most courtly singing. Stay, thou art

* The quarto reads, "*of ooles*," or "*of coles*," for the letter is equally imperfect in two copies that I have examined; either way it was to me quite unintelligible, and the present is the slightest possible deviation from it.

a jewel too precious to be washed with; thou wert given to dear purpose: honoured with this lie there.

[*Pulls off her ring, and places it on the edge of the bason, the Maid sings, during which Hel. washes her hands.*

Maid. The ditty's done.

Hel. And I have done; a drier.

Maid. How am I bless'd: occasion I thank thee. [*Exit Maid with bason and ring.*

Hel. Thy absence, Bonavida, makes each minute seem an hour; and thy delay, makes infant time look old; and were't not for this pledge of thy affection—— *(Misses her ring.)* Rosara! maid!

Maid. (Enters with the empty bason.) Your pleasure, madam?

Hel. Reach me my ring.

Maid. What ring, lady?

Hel. Dost ask that question? that of the bason.

Maid. Trust me, madam, I saw none.

Hel. Speak not again upon thy life! where is the water?

Maid. Thrown out, madam, and with it I fear the ring; but I'll—— [*Exit.*

Hel. Find it again, or lose thyself: inconsiderate girl! how are my hopes betrayed through thy rash negligence: was my blood pleasant for this? my thoughts joyful for this? *(Enter Maid.)* how now, hast found it?

Maid. Nor ever shall, I fear, madam.

Hel. How! never?

Then lose thyself, my hopes are lost for ever.

Torches and lights there! find it again
Or never see me more. [*Exit.*

Maid. Your will's a law, which I intend not suddenly to infringe: and have I got thee, my best happiness! now to my Don of Spain: the next news you hear of me, is a ladyship at least; but, fie on this idleness! I stand on thorns till I be in action. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to a Street.—Enter PINEDA *and* CENTELLA.

Cent. You find her pliant?

Pin. As a thing of wax: never was thrifty trader more willing to put off a sulk commodity, than she was to truck for her maidenhead; I admire her forwardness.

Cent. Call off the animal, she takes her entrance just at her cue; step you aside for fear of suspicion. [*Pineda retires.*

Enter MAID.

Maid. Oh, master Oracle, sweet master Oracle!

Cent. How thrives your project? works it into fashion?

Maid. Beyond hope or expectation: was there not a Don of Spain here, to speak with me?

Cent. Not, I assure you: you have met him then?

Maid. Yes, and so met him, sweet master Oracle, I am bound to you for ever.

Whilst she is talking with CENTELLA, *enter* PINEDA.

Pin. This, by my direction, is the place, the Labour in Vain*; and here, spite of delay, she has prevented my haste; you see I keep my word, sweet.

Maid. And that's somewhat strange, in a gallant of your rank.

Pin. But usual in a lover: may we presume upon the trust of this gentleman?

Maid. Why, do not you know him? Oh, strange! why 'tis master Oracle, man: trust him? an I had a maidenhead to spare, I durst trust it naked in bed with him.

Cent. Sir, though both strangers, yet fates past, and fortunes to come, are better known to me, than yourselves: have you got the ring?

Maid. Have I? have I not? the handsomest way I had for't.

Pin. Sweet, I am come to make tender of my promise.

Maid. The like purpose bring we, sir.

Pin. You have my heart already.

Maid. For which take mine, and that ring to boot: and master——

Pin. Welcome as health to the house of sickness! and now, where? how? what? when?

Cent. How is't, sir? I see a sudden sign of alteration in you.

Pin. And can you blame me? my blood chills,

* "*The Labour in Vain*," *i. e.* the sign of the Labour in Vain, which was that of two white persons endeavouring to wash the blackness from a negro.

Torches and lights there! find it again
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Pin. Sweet, I am come to make tender of my promise.

Maid. The like purpose bring we, sir.

Pin. You have my heart already.

Maid. For which take mine, and that ring to boot: and master——

Pin. Welcome as health to the house of sickness! and now, where? how? what? when?

Cent. How is't, sir? I see a sudden sign of alteration in you.

Pin. And can you blame me? my blood chills,

* "*The Labour in Vain*," *i. e.* the sign of the Labour in Vain, which was that of two white persons endeavouring to wash the blackness from a negro.

Torches and lights there! find it again
Or never see me more. [*Exit.*

Maid. Your will's a law, which I intend not suddenly to infringe: and have I got thee, my best happiness! now to my Don of Spain: the next news you hear of me, is a ladyship at least; but, fie on this idleness! I stand on thorns till I be in action. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to a Street.—Enter PINEDA *and* CENTELLA.

Cent. You find her pliant?

Pin. As a thing of wax: never was thrifty trader more willing to put off a sulk commodity, than she was to truck for her maidenhead; I admire her forwardness.

Cent. Call off the animal, she takes her entrance just at her cue; step you aside for fear of suspicion. [*Pineda retires.*

Enter MAID.

Maid. Oh, master Oracle, sweet master Oracle!

Cent. How thrives your project? works it into fashion?

Maid. Beyond hope or expectation: was there not a Don of Spain here, to speak with me?

Cent. Not, I assure you: you have met him then?

Maid. Yes, and so met him, sweet master Oracle, I am bound to you for ever.

Whilst she is talking with CENTELLA, *enter* PINEDA.

Pin. This, by my direction, is the place, the Labour in Vain*; and here, spite of delay, she has prevented my haste; you see I keep my word, sweet.

Maid. And that's somewhat strange, in a gallant of your rank.

Pin. But usual in a lover: may we presume upon the trust of this gentleman?

Maid. Why, do not you know him? Oh, strange! why 'tis master Oracle, man: trust him? an I had a maidenhead to spare, I durst trust it naked in bed with him.

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my nerves faint: I am abus'd; my attendant demon prompts me, I am abus'd.

Cent. Where?

Maid. Or by whom?

Pin. Here, and by thee, by both; a false impostor and a common strumpet.

Maid. Do you mistrust my honesty?

Cent. Or my art?

Pin. Both, they are both dissembled, and my noble purpose frustrate! this is not the ring.

Maid. Not the ring?

Pin. And you the woman my fate points at: how simple innocence may be play'd upon!

Maid. How, not the ring? return it back then.

Pin. No, I will keep it to witness and evidence against you; for instantly expect the severest punishment the law can inflict upon impostors of this kind. [*Exit.*

Cent. Disparagement to my art! have you brought a false ring?

Maid. The right, on my faith! as I hoped to be a lady! the right.

Cent. I am proud of that. *(Aside)* This trial was not amiss though.

Maid. But, oh, master Oracle! how have you deceived me?

Cent. I was deceived myself. I see my error now: only a mistake in the sign; I sought for Mercury in one house, and he lodged in the next: I must change my lodging; the city stones will grow too hot for me, I must go cool my feet in the suburbs. The all and only mistake was in the sign.

Maid. The Labour in Vain! A fire on the sign,

and you too! My Donna turned to this? my preferment to this? a lady in the morning, and a beggar before noon? Here's quick work indeed; a cunning man? a cunning rogue! If e'er it be my luck to see thee preach through a pillory, as one of the cast limbs of your cursed crew did not long since, the hangman shall have you by the ears for this: but I'll back and lay my case open to my lady. [*Exit.*

Cent. Your only curses. And now aboard for Spain,
Her shame's our honour, and her loss our gain.
[*Exit.*

Enter MANHURST, *with a false Beard in his Hand.*

Man. The Spaniard's noble, beyond thought or expectation noble: instead of a dungeon, he has furnished me with means, and sent me home with a letter of his purposed friendship to my friend. And now, though freed both from Turk and Spaniard, I live slave to a more cruel nation than both, my own countrymen; for suretyship and debt (diseases, that many a gallant lies sick to death on) have ta'en hold on me, and though I know it improbable, and partly ridiculous, that a false beard, and a fantastical habit, should mar my creation and make me a new creature, it has passed current with some in this place, and I may the bolder venture on't. First then, to my friend's sister, the young Lady Ferrers: I think her virtuous; but withal know her for a woman, and dare not trust my liberty in so weak a sto-

mach: in this disguise then, I'll address me to her presently. [*Exit.*

Enter HELLENA *and* MAID.

Hel. Thou tell'st me wonders! cheated of my ring by a cunning man, and a crafty Spaniard? the cozenage was premeditate: a Spaniard was he?

Maid. Some Don or nobleman at least; he wore very good clothes.

Hel. So may a cheat, or a pickpurse; the better body, the plainer the habit; painted cloths were devised for ruined ceilings and sluttish walls; its the apparel of the mind, crowns the within noble.

Maid. Then was he a very beggar to cheat for so poor a trifle as a ring.

Hel. 'Twas not so much for the value of the thing, as to impoverish the oath of the wearer: some crafty sinner had a hand in't: or it might be Bonavida's plot, to try my loyalty: and yet it relishes too much baseness to come from so noble an author: however, shall I see this, turn coward, and, like a falling tower, bury my beauty in my own ruins? no, rather like the glorious sun, dissolve, and scatter these clouds of infamy. It is resolved, I'll after 'em to Spain: Your purpose, Rosara?

Maid. To give you my best attendance to the last minute, please your ladyship accept it.

Hel. And freely pardon thee: receive a few directions for our voyage.

Enter MANHURST *disguised.*

Man. (Aside.) Yes, this disguise will do't; and for my friend, her noble brother's sake, I'll make the first tender of my service to her.—Save you, lady.

Hel. You're welcome, sir; would you any thing with us?

Man. Impart a secret to you.

Hel. To a woman? by no means, we want discretion to keep our own.

Man. Strange! Had I a secret concern'd my life, I'd trust it in a woman's bosom to choose, and think I laid it up safe too.

Hel. Your reason, sir?

Man. Because no wise man will ever look for any matter of worth in such a weak building.

Hel. (Aside.) A fellow of a bold aspect, and such a one, were I assured of his carriage, as would much avail me in my voyage.—Art willing to serve?

Man. Mine own turn with all my heart. *(Aside.)* This fashions to my wishes.—What? if your ladyship do want a servant, I am your man, your first man too, and such a man as knows the world.

Hel. And such a man do I want: you have been in Spain then? Didst hear no talk of an Englishman there, one Ferrers?

Man. And one Manhurst his friend? they are both prisoners, and lie only for ransom.

Hel. My brother prisoner? This news wings me for my voyage.

Man. Are you for any adventures, lady?

Hel. Thy bad news enforces me.—*(Aside.)* I'll make that my colour, at least.—That gentleman is my brother, and cost it the last penny of my dower, I will not see him want: I'll furnish our voyage instantly.

Man. (Aside.) As generous as he is valiant! 'Twere cowardice in me to dishearten her.—We must be gallant; what habit were I best to travel in? let me see: a Spanish slop? good easy wear, but that, like chambermaids, they are loose, and somewhat too open below.

Maid. Methinks your Dutch cassock is a comely wear.

Man. It hath been, but now-a-days it grows shorter and shorter, like your court allowance: their tailors are good husbands, though they make little or no waist at all; and that makes your gallants stand so much upon points: your button-hose is a good wear for courtiers.

Maid. Why for courtiers?

Man. 'Cause they are full of large promises outward, but lined with narrow and scant performance within.

Maid. 'T'as been a good fashion, but 'tis old.

Hel. So is all goodness else; we have nothing new but oaths and diseases.

Man. No, for my money, give me your substantial English hose, round, and somewhat full afore.

Maid. Now they are, methinks, a little too great.

Man. The more the discretion of the landlord that builds them: he makes room enough for his tenant to stand upright in; he may walk in and

out at ease without stooping: but of all the rest, I am clean out of love with your Irish trowses*; they are for all the world like a jealous wife, always close at a man's tail: out of all these will I cut and fashion that shall be new and imitable: will you follow?

Hel. Even where fate leads me; we are all her slaves,
And have no dwellings of our own.

Man. Yes, graves.

* From the description here given, it is evident, that these trowsers were very tight, and sat close to the skin. The present passage must have escaped the notice of Stevens, as he explains *trossers* to be *loose breeches:* he has, however, been set right by Mr. Weber.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

Enter FERRERS *and* PETROCELLA.

Pet. I never heard a fellow, since my years
taught me how to distinguish ill from good, to
talk in this strange key: how English this? What
art thou in thy country?

Fer. There a man.

Pet. What here?

Fer. No better than you see, a slave.

Pet. Whose?

Fer. His that hath redeem'd me.

Pet. Valladaura's?

Fer. Yes, I proclaim't, I that was once mine
own,
Am now become his creature.

Pet. I perceive,
Your coming is to make me think you noble.
Would you persuade me deem your friend a god?
For only such make men. Are you a gentleman?

Fer. Not here; for I am all dejectedness,
Captive to fortune, and a slave to want;
I cannot call these clothes I wear mine own;
I do not eat but at another's cost;
This air I breathe, is borrowed; ne'er was man
So poor and abject. I have not so much
In all this universe, as a thing to leave,
Or a country I can freely boast is mine:
In all the world, I had but one true friend,
And he is ravish'd from me:

My essence, and my being, is another's.
What should I say? I am not any thing,
And I possess as little.

Pet. Tell me that?
Come, come, I know you to be no such man.
You are a soldier, valiant, and renown'd,
Your carriage try'd by land, and prov'd at sea;
Of which I have heard such full expression,
No contradiction can persuade you less,
And in this faith I am constant.

Fer. A mere worm,
Trod on by every fate.

Pet. Rais'd by your merit
To be a common argument through Spain,
And speech at prince's tables, for your worth:
Your presence, when you please t'expose't abroad,
Attracts all eyes, and draws them after you;
And these that understand you, call their friends,
And pointing through the streets say, this is he,
This that brave and noble Englishman,
Whom soldiers strive to make their precedent,
And other men their wonder.

Fer. This your scorn
Makes me appear more abject to myself,
Than all diseases I have tasted yet
Had power to asperse upon me: and yet, lady,
I could say something, durst I.

Pet. Speak't at once.

Fer. And yet——

Pet. Nay, but we'll admit no pause.

Fer. I know not how my phrase may relish you,
And loth I were to offend. Even in what's past
I must confess I was too bold:—farewell,
I shall no more distaste you.

Man. Are you for any adventures, lady?

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In all this universe, as a thing to leave,
Or a country I can freely boast is mine:
In all the world, I had but one true friend,
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Fer. I know not how my phrase may relish you,
And loth I were to offend. Even in what's past
I must confess I was too bold:—farewell,
I shall no more distaste you.

Pet. Sir, you do not;
I do proclaim't you do not. Stay, I charge you;
Or, as you say you have been fortune's scorn,
So ever prove to woman.

Fer. You charge deeply,
And yet now I bethink me——

Pet. As you are a soldier,
And Englishman, have hope to be redeem'd
From this your scorned bondage you sustain,
Have comfort in your mother, and fair sister,
Renown so blazed in the ears of Spain,
Hope to rebreathe that air you tasted first,
So tell me——

Fer. What?

Pet. Your apprehension catch'd
And almost was in sheaf.

Fer. Lady, I shall.

Pet. And in a word.

Fer. I will.

Pet. Pronounce it then.

Fer. I love you.

Pet. Ha, ha, ha!

Fer. Still it is my misery
Thus to be mock'd in all things.

Pet. Pretty, faith.

Fer. I look'd thus to be laugh'd at; my estate
And fortunes, I confess, deserve no less;
That made me so unwilling to denounce
Mine own derisions; but, alas! I find
No nation, sex, complexion, birth, degree,
But jest at want, and mock at misery.

Pet. Love me?

Fer. I do, I do, and maugre fate,
And spite of all sinister evil, shall.

And now I charge you, by that filial zeal
You owe your father, by the memory
Of your dear mother, by the joys you hope
In blessed marriage, by the fortunate issue
Stor'd in your womb, by these and all things
else,
That you can style with goodness; instantly,
Without evasion, trick, or circumstance,
Nay, least premeditation, answer me.
Affect you me, or no?

Pet. How speak you that?

Fer. Without demur or pause.

Pet. Give me but time
To sleep upon't.

Fer. I pardon you no minute; not so much
As to apparel the least phrase you speak:
Speak in the shortest sentence.

Pet. You have vanquish'd me
At mine own weapon: noble sir, I love you:
And what my heart durst never tell my tongue,
Lest it should blab my thoughts, at last I speak,
And iterate, I love you.

Fer. *(Aside.)* Oh, my happiness!
What, wilt thou fool me still? art thou not weary
Of making me thy may-game, to possess me
Of such a treasure's mighty magazine,
Not suffer me t' enjoy't; ta'en with this hand,
With that to give't another.

Pet. You are sad, sir:
Be so no more: if you have been dejected
It lies in me to mount you to that height,
You could not aim at greater: I am yours:
These lips, that only witness it in air,
Now with this truth confirm it. [*Kisses him.*

Fer. (Aside.) I was born to't,
And it shall out at once.

Pet. Sir, you seem passionate,
As if my answer pleas'd not.

Fer. (Aside.) Now my death!
For mine own tongue must kill me:
(To her.) Noble lady,

Enter VALLADAURA.

You have endeared me to you, but my vow
Was ne'er to match with any, of what state
Or birth soever, till before the contract
Some one thing I impose her.

Pet. She to do it?

Fer. Or if she fail me in my first demand,
I to abjure her ever.

Pet. I am she,
That beg to be employ'd so: name a danger,
Whose very face would fright all womanhood,
And manhood put in trance, nay, whose aspect
Would ague such as should but hear it told;
But to the sad beholder, prove like those
That gaz'd upon Medusa's snaky locks,
And turn'd them into marble: these and more
Should you but speak't, I'll do.

Fer. And swear to this?

Pet. I vow it by my honour, my best hopes,
And all that I wish gracious: name it then,
For I am in a longing in my soul,
To shew my love's expression.

Fer. You shall then——

Pet. I'll do it, as I am a virgin:
Lie it within mortality, I'll do it.

Fer. You shall——
Pet. I will: that which appears in you
So terrible to speak, I'll joy to act,
And take pride in performance.
Fer. Then you shall——
Pet. What, soldier, what?
Fer. Love noble Valladaura,
And at his soonest appointment marry him.
Pet. Unkind man, thou hast kill'd me.
Fer. And myself,
With the same stroke.
Val. Oh, noble Englishman!
Thou now appear'st a mirror.
Pet. But in this,
Pray, sir, can you be serious?
Fer. As I would
In death unto my confessor.
Pet. *(Aside.)* Then I am lost:
Now baser than this fellow termed himself,
To him that was on earth most miserable,
I am now become a vassal: nay, despis'd.
I that but once to-day thought myself rival,
For face and virtue, to the peerless queen,
Both these have prostituted to a slave,
To be more slave than he: but shall he thus
Behold in me this passion, to usurp,
Triumph in my disgrace, and boast abroad
Of this so poor a conquest?
No, Petrocella! recollect thyself,
Preserve thy honour, though against thy spirit,
And where thy heart is sick, complain thy heel*,
Let not thy seen grief please him.

* *i. e.* Dissemble the real cause of thy complaint.

Fer. Home and retire? Why should you strive thus
To undo one that is already conquer'd?

Pet. Poor exile! oh, with what slight attribute*
Shall I devise to give thee expression,
Thou all that baseness thou hast term'd thyself?
Thou look'st now I should whine, and pule, and weep,
Hang 'bout thy neck, submit, and kneel for grace,
As if thou wert that brave man so reported:
Know I am no such creature; neither think I
There can be ought good in thee, saving this
Which was the last, that thou hast plighted me,
To one more worthy, one, whose very shadow
I prize above thy being, one whose actions
Were never tax'd in any thing save this,
To ransom such a—what thou knowest thyself!
Him I'll both love and marry: hence! depart!
(Aside.) Oh heaven, how far my tongue speaks from my heart! [*Exit.*

Fer. I would 'twere but a dream, then there were hope
I might be once awake, and so see day;
But night is lodg'd within me, night perpetual,
Darker than the Cimmerian, all my lights
Have only been mere flashes that precede
Tempestuous cracks of thunder.

Val. (Aside.) Now 'tis time
To rouze him from his slumber. *(Comes forward.)*
Worthy friend,
How have you sped this day in my behalf?

Fer. As you would wish.

* "*Slight attribute,*" *i. e. slighting*, contemptuous.

Val. You need not speak't again.
You aver no more than what my ears have wit-
ness'd,
In which you have us'd such fidelity,
I needs most freely must acquit all debts
'Twixt you and me, and there ingenuously
Confess myself in rerage.
Fer. Oh, I still
And evermore must owe you.
Val. But if you
Would add a second to this courtesy,
I should report you for the constant'st friend
That ever striv'd to exceed in gratitude.
Fer. Name it, I pray you; having one thing
done,
I now am in at all things.
Val. Upon your honour?
Fer. That which you have bought,
And pay'd for, with your money.
Val. That no more,
I charge you by our love.
Fer. Why, I have done.
(Aside.) What I shall ever rue.—Nay, give it
motion,
I being now all for action.
Val. Only this,
For some occasions to myself best known,
And which I now intreat you not inquire,
But personate that priest shall marry us*:
For your disguise, and all things fitting to't,
Leave it to my discretion to contrive,
And this is all I enjoin.

* Here is another deviation from the quarto, which reads,
"But *prosecute*, that priest shall marry us."

Fer. And this I'll do.
Val. And bind me to you ever.
Fer. I am in,
Past half already, why not up to th' chin?
[*Exeunt.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ISABELLA, CENTELLA *and* PINEDA, *with other Followers and Attendants.*

Sebast. Centella and Pineda, we have long
Mourn'd for your absence: had not our bright queen
Made us acquainted with th' intent thereof,
We had not took it of you subject like,
You so unfriendly left us without leave;
But you are nobly welcome.
Isab. As the men
Have crown'd us with a wreath of rarer worth
Than can the united births of Spain and Portugal
Maintain to us: they make us still supreme,
And we by them find no competitor.
The token that confirms infallibly,
That beauty stands corrupted.
Cent. Sacred empress,
Behold the ring: the manner how she fell,
How easily, and with what facility,
She yielded almost at the first demand,
We shall relate at full.
Isab. Forbear, Centella; for to vex him more,
It shall be in his hearing: one of you
Release him from the torment of his prison,
To endure a greater here: *(Exit Pin.)* and, mighty prince,
Give me but leave, since he so proudly durst

Deprave our worth, to spite (for all his grief)
And triumph in his wilful misery.

Sebast. You speak but what is just and necessary,
In others to deter the like presumption:
I pray, sir, reprehend him; you cannot be
Too bitter in his just reprehension.

Enter PINEDA, *followed by* BONAVIDA *and his Man.*

Cent. See, he's come.

Isab. We have sent to prove your mistress.

Bon. And her constancy
Hath purchas'd my release, is't not so, madam?

Isab. We are put down; I fear'd if any clime
Could yield rariety * to equal ours,
It would be found in England.

Bon. So I said:
And, royal mistress, had you seen that face,
And made such proof as I did of her heart,
You would esteem it no disgrace at all,
To honour her, that's your sole paragon.

Isab. (Aside.) Impudent slave!
But we'll contain our spleen.—But 'tis my grief
To be excell'd in both; to have fail'd in one,
Had been the less vexation.

Bon. Oh, my fair Hellena!
Thou hast fill'd my soul with rapture, and releas'd me
From melancholy durance. Madam, what were they

* Although I do not remember ever to have seen this word before, I am inclined to believe it genuine. If the reader prefer it he may read, "*a rarity*."

That made this happy trial, and inform'd you
That truth, to make her this acknowledgment?

Isab. Behold them: these are the witnesses
Of my disgrace through Spain.

Bon. They're noble lords,
By whose approved censures you have made
Her highness to confess mine injuries.
At your return in what plight did you leave
Th' unequal'd lady?

Cent. Faith, in health of body.

Bon. Be proud my genius on't!

Pin. And lusty, wondrous lusty.

Bon. Was she seen?

Cent. Yes, seen, and felt, and heard, and understood;
We found her a noun substantive*.

Bon. Oh, my blood! why flyest thou from my heart?

Cent. Yet she stood,
And by herself too, when she was alone;
But lighting upon company she leak'd,
Poor prostitute! she fell.

Bon. Unriddle me,
And let me know thy meaning.

Cent. Then in plain,
Your mistress is a whore.

Bon. Centella, spak't!

Cent. And will make 't good; more, Bonavida, mine;
My prostitute, most base and mercenary,
Bowing her lust beneath the price of gold,
For a few Spanish rials.

* Heywood has very exactly copied Lily's definition of a noun substantive.

Bon. Oh, my rage!
Whither wilt thou transport me? Villain! dog!
False, and unworthy any noble style,
Scarce th' attribute of man!
Cent. Oh, sir, anon
I hope you'll have more patience.
Bon. Patience, devil?
Let it fly to th' Antipodes, and we
Wrastle in wrath in fury, that base lie
I'll stab with my stiletto down thy throat,
And make thee swallow both.
Pin. You are now heated:
A little pause will cool you.
Bon. King, 'tis false!
Believe him not, great princess, 'tis unjust;
Unless an angel should descend and speak't,
And for an instance straight produce that ring,
It wins with me no credence.
Isab. Know you that? [*Shews him the ring.*
Bon. Ha, this? I do, and therewithall dare swear
That there's no faith in woman.
Isab. Ha, ha, ha!
What thinks the great censorious carper now?
Bon. That there's not one (give my allegiance leave)
I durst suspect even you, since she is fall'n.
Isab. Ha, what of us?
Bon. That I have calumnis'd
Your fame and virtue, that I merit death,
That I am now profess'd antagonist
(Saving your majesty) to all your sex,
That I am weary now the air I breathe,

Fer. And this I'll do.
Val. And bind me to you ever.
Fer. I am in,
Past half already, why not up to th' chin?
[*Exeunt.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ISABELLA, CENTELLA *and* PINEDA, *with other Followers and Attendants.*

Sebast. Centella and Pineda, we have long
Mourn'd for your absence: had not our bright queen
Made us acquainted with th' intent thereof,
We had not took it of you subject like,
You so unfriendly left us without leave;
But you are nobly welcome.
Isab. As the men
Have crown'd us with a wreath of rarer worth
Than can the united births of Spain and Portugal
Maintain to us: they make us still supreme,
And we by them find no competitor.
The token that confirms infallibly,
That beauty stands corrupted.
Cent. Sacred empress,
Behold the ring: the manner how she fell,
How easily, and with what facility,
She yielded almost at the first demand,
We shall relate at full.
Isab. Forbear, Centella; for to vex him more,
It shall be in his hearing: one of you
Release him from the torment of his prison,
To endure a greater here: *(Exit Pin.)* and, mighty prince,
Give me but leave, since he so proudly durst

Deprave our worth, to spite (for all his grief)
And triumph in his wilful misery.

Sebast. You speak but what is just and necessary,
In others to deter the like presumption:
I pray, sir, reprehend him; you cannot be
Too bitter in his just reprehension.

Enter PINEDA, *followed by* BONAVIDA *and his Man.*

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And by herself too, when she was alone;
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And let me know thy meaning.
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Isab. Ha, what of us?
Bon. That I have calumnis'd
Your fame and virtue, that I merit death,
That I am now profess'd antagonist
(Saving your majesty) to all your sex,
That I am weary now the air I breathe,

And should you grant it, madam, would not live;
That I no better than a traitor am,
And in the highest degree have injur'd these,
But most, your sacred self: if for all these,
You do not mount me on the public scaffold,
I will lay violent hands upon myself:
I beg my merited doom, my sentence crave,
Which with severest rigour let me have.

Isab. We limit thee two days for thy repentance,
The third's thy death.

Bon. My Hellena prove base?
Mount thoughts towards heaven, you have on earth no place.

Sebast. He hath but what he merits.

Isab. And, great prince,
Now boast yourself 'bove Brutus, Collatine,
Or those most famous for their constant wives:
And I myself unequal'd and unpeer'd
May on the earth a blazing comet shine,
Seeming 'mongst others terrene sole divine.
(To Cent. and Pin.) Our trusty friends and subjects henceforth live
In our highest grace, and trust: how we will right
You, that for zeal to us have injur'd been,
In our apparent justice shall be seen. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PETROCELLA *and* VALLADAURA.

Val. You sent for me?

Pet. I did; to tell thee a word, of which no ear is worthy but thine own; I love thee.

Val. Possible, vexation should take new shapes to haunt me? You love me! come, this jest might pass upon one of Cupid's fashion; but I, being

a sound sophister in the art, am too familiar with your fallacies, to credit them or you.

Pet. Let not your comming betray your folly, though it be common with ladies, 'twould show very ill in a courtier. I confess I seem'd strange to you, till I was acquainted with your worth.

Val. How grew that acquaintance? 'twas without my knowledge?

Pet. Not to dissemble, some impulsive Nuntios have wrought very strangely for you: but examine not particulars: suffice, I say I love you; an you dare not take my word, I can put you in no better security.

Val. I desire none, only, but silence: you have vouchsaf'd me a happiness, beyond merit or expectation.

Pet. You're the more beholding to me; and courtesy that comes from a woman freely, is worth twenty pleasures enforc'd: neither would I have you tax my love of immodesty, nor think I purpose to make you pay for the nursery of another man's pleasure; though it be common with some at court, I have a kind of thing within me call'd conscience; only I love you, and out of a compassionate charity purpose to marry you.

Enter ALDANA, PINEDA, CENTELLA, *and* FERRERS *like a Priest.*

Val. He's done't to purpose? I know not how to take you, lady.

Pet. E'en as you find me, that's with more faults than virtues. But see, my father and some of my best friends, to whom I have read the

story of my love, come in person to dispatch the nuptials.

Val. Then I presume you're earnest? *(To Ald.)* Sir, I must call you father.

Ald. And never miscal me, if she be thy wife, as I think she will be.

Val. With your consent.

Ald. Get hers, 'tis not a straw matter for mine; and yet to make her no worse than she is, I must needs say she will do any thing she list herself in spite of my beard, my further honour still! but take her to thee; I thought so, as soon as ever I saw thee smack, I knew 'twould prove a match, and now 'tis out; my further honour still!

Pet. Out before 'tis thoroughly lighted? Such matches were ne'er kindled at Hymen's altar: have you sufficient certificate of my love now?

Val. Yes, sweet; and now my resolution's wings
Fly with some feathers: thou the man must join us?

Fer. (Aside.) Yes, and divide myself from happiness; this hand
Must forth my bosom pluck a blessedness,
And place it in another's.—Are you ready?

Val. (Aside to Fer.) To shake thine honour, which 'gins faint already.—
We are; set on, let music speak aloud,
At such chaste unions Jove himself is proud.

[*Music sounds, while Ferrers in the habit of a priest joins them. Exeunt all but Ferrers.*

Fer. Awake, or in a dream? I hope the last;
The god of marriage would not see his shrine
So much abus'd: the hallow'd lights burn out
Themselves in anger, and the cov'nant book

Dropp'd down for shame; my hand shook, and my tongue,
Like a false evidence before a judge,
Falter'd, and gave itself the lie; and yet
My treacherous heart agreed to't; and this habit,
Oh, could I throw my grief as easily from me,
As I do thee! *(Throws off his disguise.)* Ne'er did religious shape,
Count'nance or shelter such a horrid act.

Enter VALLADAURA.

Val. Friend Ferrers——
Fer. Ha! that very accent, friend,
Gives my faint fears the lie; and writes my act
Noble and lawful: had I giv'n him my life
'Twas but his own.
Val. (Aside.) Will not this marble weep?
Nor shed a tear yet? Not? He quite outdares me,
In noble courtesies: all my attempts
Like curses still * against the wind fly back
In mine own face and soil it.—Noble Ferrers,
Thy manly undertakings half persuade me
Thou'rt more than man.
Fer. Mine? 'las, I have done nothing
Worthy your least good thought: if you—*(aside)* (or hell)
Can find a service to enjoin your slave
More hard—*(aside)* (or damnable) that may become
(Aside) (The devil to will) a servant to effect,
Urge one more trial.

* The quarto reads, "*shall*;" but Valladaura is speaking of his past attempts, and not of those to come.

Val. And with that I'll claim thee
King of thyself and thy affections.
And thus it is: for reasons yet conceal'd
And strangely working in my mutinous thoughts,
I would—and yet 'tis a request nor fitting
Me to enjoin, nor thee to practise.

Fer. Name it;
And if I do't not——

Val. I am asham'd to own it,
'Tis so uncomely and beyond the strength
Of man to act: yet, in a word, this night
Thou shalt (deny't not) under my name and habit,
Sleep in my marriage sheets and with my wife.

Fer. Sleep with your wife! and is that all?

Val. Yes, all
That I allow; if after I shall prove,
Thou art unchaste, so much as in a kiss,
All thy past worth is blemish'd; never demand
The reason on't, that's buried.

Fer. I will do't; sleep with your wife? I'll do't,
No eunuch like me.

Val. She's now gone to her chamber,
Ladies and all have left her; under this cloud
Go shrow'd thyself.

Fer. 'Tis done;
Howe'er I set, I'll rise bright honour's son.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter VALLADAURA, ALDANA, PINEDA, *and* CENTELLA.

Pin. What disturbs Valladaura?
Ald. What means my son?
Val. To run, and roar, and bellow.
Cent. You are not mad?
Val. As the great beast call'd bull. Oh, the cramp! the cramp!
Ald. Where?
Val. Here, there, every where! in my cry*! my mouth! my tongue! pull, and you love me, pull!
Pin. Where?
Val. In the middle there.
Ald. What do you mean?
Val. Shew you a true emblem of myself: I am married.
Ald. True, to my daughter.
Val. Yes, to a strumpet, to a lascivious strum-

* "*In my cry!*" It is difficult to understand what *is the emblem of himself* which Valladaura proposes to show them; "*in my cry,*" is still more obscure; and I am inclined to think we should read,

Here, there, every where! in my—(*cries*) my mouth! my tongue! &c.

pet; not possible to draw on my wedding shoes without a horn.

Ald. You are too dark.

Val. And your daughter too light.

All. Speak your griefs fully.

Val. As patience not suffer me: this piece
Of frailty, cut out of the heart of beauty,
Where I so lov'd, as it was doubtful whether
She or my life were dearer to me; she
Whom by me married, is this night
Clasp'd with a stranger; makes her father's house
The wedding chamber, and her nuptial sheets
Reek to adulterate pleasure.

Ald. Little to my honour, and this be true.

Val. Would, oh, my lost life! I could prove it false;
Fate's not so merciful: late up at revels,
I will not say some of her sect of late
Ply'd me with wine, to give her purpose food;
But healths flew round, and with full wing, and still
I was their aim.
They miss'd their aim though, and yet hit* a fairer:
As soon as opportunity serv'd me,
Unseen I left 'em, and by a private key
Went to my chamber, where I saw †——I'll dare call her
Neither my wife, nor bride—your lustful daughter.

* The quarto reads, "and yet *but* a fairer." I believe Valladaura's meaning to be, "they failed in their aim of making me drunk, but succeeded in one of more consequence—the debauching my wife."

† "Where I *said*, I'll dare call her," in the quarto.

Ald. Doing no hurt, I hope; she has more care of him than so.

Val. Wearied with pleasure; she lies fast asleep,
Laid in a stranger's arms: she's stay'd my speech,
'T has dim'd mine eyes from sight, and patience,
Restrain'd my hand * from fury: what he is,
Or whence, I neither know nor question.

Ald. I commend ye: my daughter a whore, make my house a stew, and her father a pander; is this all the honour she doth me?

Pin. Dishonour'd above sufferance.

Ald. Wine! and a strumpet? were there no hope of generation, but in her only, this hand should be her hangman: a whore on her wedding night! There's more modesty contain'd in a goat: strumpet! whore! I will not call her daughter; I'll loose her. Will you lead the way?

Val. Your pardon;
I am so mildly temper'd, the expense
Of one cheap tear would buy her pardon; had
Her fault struck at my life: If you intend
Revenge, do't in my absence.

Ald. Thou'rt a chicken; leave us: though a father's name, I'll bear a lion's heart: break ope the doors. *(Calls.)* Strumpet! why, impudence! break ope the door.

Enter PETROCELLA, *with a bloody Poniard.*

Ald. A strumpet! thee! a——I can't devise a name bad enough for thee.

* The quarto reads, "*head.*"

Pet. I'll give myself one; call me murderess;
A name I am proud of.
Val. Ha?
Ald. She has sav'd us a labour: what means
this bloody poinard?
Pet. Read in my brow, do you not see his name
Writ in red letters?
Ald. I see none. Whose? what name?
Pet. Base Valladaura's.
Ald. Thy husband?
Pet. He was never mine; for though you join'd
our hands,
My heart ne'er ty'd a man to't; and however duty
Lives at command, love cannot be enforc'd;
And rather than live bound to one I love not,
I have bought my freedom with his life.
Val. False woman!
Pet. Alive again? bless'd star!
Val. I ne'er was dead;
But thou hast kill'd a man, whom to have sav'd,
Had I a thousand lives, I'd lose them all:
Oh, valiant Ferrers, a more noble gentleman
Never drew air.
All. The Englishman?
Val. The wonder,
And abstract of all virtues: did you but know
What bold and noble passages of honour,
He for my sake, with danger hazarded,
You would have thought there were more deity
Than man within him.
Pet. Choked in my revenge!
This joys me yet, that though I miss'd thy life,
I reach'd thy friend's.
Val. My friend indeed: and one,

That did'st but know how ardently he lov'd
Thee, tiger, thee his cruel murderer,
Thou'dst curse thy hand, and hate thy bloody self,
For thy not loving him.

Ald. If he were so loving to her, and honourable to you, what business had he in your chamber?

Val. Much, and far more than ever was in man:
But passing many unmatch'd courtesies,
In honour's duel, when I all hope had lost,
Ever to win thee.

Pet. That slave woo'd me for you, so much the sweeter
By that, the thought of my revenge.

Val. To try him further, in a churchman's habit,
Although he lov'd thee dearer than his life,
At my entreat he married us.

Pet. White-liver'd peasant!
I have given him a due recompense.

Val. But last,
And it may stand, writ in the roll of time,
A daring challenge to all ages——

Pin. You sent him to bed to your wife.

Pet. Which, though I hated him, I must acknowledge
Him noble that way.

Val. Every way; the world
Has lost a jewel, not to be regain'd
By loss of twenty worlds.

Cent. But to what purpose did you send him to your wife's bed?

Val. My purpose was, having once pass'd that trial,
To have made you man and wife.

Ald. How could that be, when you were married before?

Val. She was never mine; the marriage was not lawful,
Done by a layman; but, man's fate! 'tis thrown
Above his reach; our hopes are not our own.

Pet. Ha, ha, ha!

Val. Dost laugh at sorrow?

Pet. Would you have me turn crocodile, and weep? Ferrers, Mont. Ferrers*, prithee come help me to laugh a little.

Enter FERRERS.

Val. Ferrers! my friend alive?

Pet. By this blood of a turtle, and that's a chaste oath, he never died.

Val. Hast fail'd thy promise, and abus'd thy trust?

Pet. Do but name the word *abuse*, by love, and I'll kill him indeed: what should he do? He came to bed, and for his eyes' sake, slept with me, yet ne'er so much as kiss'd me; but I confess I gave him twenty.

Val. To quittance with him thus, I give him thy hand.

Fer. I ask no more, I have her heart already.

Pet. Have heart and faith, noble Mont. Ferrers.

Ald. My daughter chaste, my house honest,

* It is very probable that *Montferrers* is the right name of this person; Mr. Lamb is of that opinion, and has prefixed "*Mont*" to all his speeches: but in a matter of so much indifference, I see no reason to deviate from the quarto.

and noble Ferrers my son-in-law; this happens to my further honour indeed.

Pin. Noble of all sides; and so for joy of your friendly agreement, the amorous sun is come to give you a hunt's-up *.

Cent. Aurora looks red at that: but with the new light, new business meets us; Bonavida's execution.

Pin. Ten o'clock is the last hour his life has to reckon.

Ald. Please you take part of a short breakfast, we will accompany you.

Val. Come, Ferrers, now all trials are confirm'd
In this embrace.

Fer. You have been ever noble. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HELLENA, *attended by* MANHURST, *and her Maid dressed like a Page.*

Hel. This then is Spain, into which continent
You promis'd to conduct me.

Man. Yes, it is.

Hel. And what this city's name?

Man. Seville, the chief of Spain; where I presume
You never were till now.

Hel. As I remember,
I never was in Seville; but being here,
How shall we best dispose us?

Man. Doubt not me;

* The *hunt's-up* was literally the name of the tune which was played to awaken the hunters, and collect them together; but it also signified a *morning song* to a new married woman. In that sense it is used here, and perhaps most frequently by our ancient dramatic writers.

I'll fit you with a lodging: here's a Spaniard,
I'll sound him to that purpose.

Enter the CLOWN.

Clown. Trust a woman? trust thy mortgage to a usurer, thy shoulder to the mace, or thy bare back to the beadle, thou wilt be whipp'd on all sides. A woman?

Hel. This fellow, as I recollect myself,
Was servant to the noble Bonavida.

Rosa. I know him, 'tis the same.

Clown. Why are they call'd fair, but that they are like a fair where every one sets up shop, and any man may buy for his money? Why lovely, but to denote unto us they lie when they tell a man they love him? Why chaste, unless from coast to country, and from constable to constable? Why virgin, but that they are merely gins and snares to entangle poor men in? Why, when a man courts them, do they cry, Away! away! but only to tell a man that there is a way, if he have the wit to find it. Oh, women, women, *femineo generi tribuunter propria quæ maribus.*

Man. This fellow I perceive's a satirist
Against the feminine sex. Save thee, my friend.

Clown. From women and I care not; for there's against them no standing.

Hel. Is there in them such danger?

Clown. Danger? I find but a little in that face, and 'tis a face able to outface the best face in Spain: a face that I have been face to face with before now; but 'tis so long since I cannot tell *when*, and we have travell'd so many countries, I

cannot guess *where*. Are you a stranger, fair lady?

Hel. Yes, and a traveller.

Clown. I love you the better for that; for indeed I myself have seen countries, and I see no reason, but that if both parties were agreed, we two might lie together by authority.

Man. Why, I have travell'd too——

Clown. Alas, poor fellow! thou look'st not with the face; but if thou canst give me but the true fashions and descriptions of countries, or my friend, with me you can purchase no credit.

Man. I shall, and thus in brief too.

SONG.

The Spaniard loves his ancient slop;
A Lombard the Venetian;
And some like breechless women go,
The Russe, Turk, Jew, and Grecian:

The thrifty Frenchman wears small waist,
The Dutch his belly boasteth;
The Englishman is for them all,
And for each fashion coasteth.

The Turk in linen wraps his head,
The Persian his in lawn too,
The Russe with sables furs his cap,
And change will not be drawn to:

The Spaniard's constant to his block,
The French inconstant ever;
But of all felts that may be felt,
Give me yonr English beaver.

The German loves his coney-wool,
The Irishman his shag too,
The Welch his Monmouth loves to wear,
And of the same will brag too.

Some love the rough, and some the smooth,
Some great, and others small things;
But oh, your liquorish Englishman,
He loves to deal in all things.

The Russe, drinks quasse; Dutch, Lubeck's beer,
And that is strong and mighty;
The Brittaine he Metheglen quaffs,
The Irish aqua vitæ:

The French affects the Orlean's grape,
The Spaniard sips his Sherry,
The English none of these can 'scape,
But he with all makes merry.

The Italian in her high chioppine,
Scotch lass, and lovely Erse too,
The Spanish donna, French madam,
He doth not fear to go to:

Nothing so full of hazard, dread,
Nought lives above the centre,
No health, no fashion, wine or wench,
On which he dare not venture.

Clown. God-a-mercy for this! in faith, and were it not that the grief for my noble master's death, and that to-morrow too.

Hel. Why, hast thou a master to suffer?

Clown. Yes, and about a face too that would have serv'd the turn, if the heart had been correspondent. If you have a mind to see the pitiful spectacle, I'll help you to a place, where you

shall have room to see, leisure to lament, and time to shed tears.

Hel. Strange, most strange, I will enquire this further;
I' th' meantime canst help us to a lodging?

Clown. Yes, especially for such a face: if you desire a strong one, to a prison; if you would lie cheap and save charges, 'tis but speaking treason, and I'll help you to be billetted at the king's castle. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BONAVIDA *with Officers and Executioner.*

Bon. The queen plays with my death,
And bids me act a bold tragedian's part;
To which, such moving action I will give,
That it shall glaze this theatre round with tears,
And all that shall behold me on this stage,
(Pitying my fate) shall tax her cruelty:
And to the Spanish chronicles let this add,
That he whose tongue hath justified their sex,
Whose sword hath cop'd brave champions for their fame,
Whose travels have been to maintain their honours,
And of their virtues to give large approof;
That he, whose labour was their praise t' uphold,
Should by a woman fall; a fair, false woman:
And be it not the least stain to that country,
That she was bred in England.

Flourish. Enter SEBASTIAN, ISABELLA, FERRERS, VALLADAURA, ALDANA, PINEDA, PETROCELLA, *&c.*

Sebast. The character you have given that noble stranger,
His valour, faith, and friendship, Valladaura,

So deeply hath impress'd us, that we are pleas'd
To see him match'd into a noble house,
And we from henceforth shall account him ours.

Isab. Fair Petrocella, we commend your choice,
For if renown hath blazon'd him aright,
Spain it could scarce have better'd: we have stor'd
Favours for you, and high respect for him,
Which leisure shall make known; but to the prisoner,
That's now our present business: Seat you, lords;
Pineda, you next us.

Bon. Queen, here's your sport,
And this the mark you aim at: yet in this
Deal gently with me; do not mock my death,
And I'll expose my life as willingly
As in my ripest joys and best of pleasures,
In love which most I wish to have preserv'd.
Nor trouble me with vain inter'gatories,
To turn my soul (in the high road to heaven)
Into some dangerous bye-path: grant but this,
My death I freely pardon.

Isab. Those small minutes
You have to spend, are at your own desires;
No tongue shall interrupt you.

Bon. Now you are kind:
I now, with what prepared speed I can,
Will come to kiss my fate. [*Prepares for death.*

Enter MANHURST, HELLENA, *and the* MAID.

Man. Come, lady, if we press not through the throng
We shall not get to th' hearing.

Hel. 'Mongst all these courtiers, point me out the man.

Maid. That pick-devant that elbows next the queen.

Hel. Enough! no more.

Bon. Now farewell, royal sovereign and great queen,
Unto whose high and sacred majesty
My forfeit head thus stoops: and best lov'd peers,
I only wish this blood you shall see drawn
Had drop'd before the common enemy,
The barbarous Turk, in some just christian cause,
Not in this feminine quarrel; I had then
Died a crown'd martyr, that offender like
Now bow to th' axe of justice. Farewell to
Thee, for whose love I undergo this shame:
May thy repentance for thy guilt beg pardon,
That we may meet in bless'd Elysium;
There our souls kiss together. Farewell world,
Grown so corrupt, thou wilt not suffer virtue
And beauty roof together: may thy charity
Guide me to yon safe harbour. Thus I fall
Beneath my offences, and take leave of——

Hel. Stay!

Isab. Who interrupts our justice?

Hel. As you are royal,
And worthy of those honours arch your head,
Defer that bloody business now in hand,
To right an injur'd woman.

Man. What means this?

Sebast. A lovely and sweet presence.

Fer. That apparition transports me into wonder.

Isab. A rare aspect! had she a suiting virtue,
Pineda, I should half suspect my challenge,
And willingly compound.

Pin. Most divine princess,
Should they meet here, I should not blame your fears,
Since th' one appears to be incomparable.
Sebast. What seek you from this throne?
Hel. That in which kings
Resemble most the gods: justice.
Isab. 'Gainst whom?
Hel. Against a felon, robber, a base thief,
Harbour'd in this your court.
Sebast. If such live here,
As we are king, we banish him our patronage,
And yield him up to sentence: first, fair creature,
Give us your name, your birth, and quality.
Hel. My nation foreign: birth, not high degree'd,
Nor every way ignoble: for my quality,
Some that presume to know me, call me libertine,
Wanton, and wild wench; nay, a courtezan:
But were I looser than e'er Lais was,
It should not bar me justice.
Sebast. Thou shalt have't.
Fer. (Aside.) That word quak'd all the blood within my veins,
And agues all my nerves.
Pin. You keep your own yet, madam*.
Isab. And of that,
Pineda, I am proud, infinite proud!
I ne'er was pleas'd with any; since till now;
It makes me still unpeer'd.
Sebast. Speak, what's your wrong?

* *i. e.* You are in no danger of losing the pre-eminence in beauty and virtue, as the lady before you confesses herself to be a wanton.

Hel. See you this pantofle?
'Twas a rich pair, till the base felony,
Of one of this your court divided them;
For being lodg'd, and nobly entertain'd,
Was not alone content to vitiate
Both fame and body, and to take full surfeit
Of that my prostitution, but unworthy
The title of a noble gentleman,
He stole the slipper there, that fellows this,
Valued at no less than a thousand crowns.

Sebast. And cheaply rated too: find out the man,
And be he one enthron'd in our highest grace,
He shall be thine to censure.

Isab. Take survey,
Make strict enquiry, single man by man:
For mine own part, so much I grieve thy loss,
And his base theft abhor, that were the man
Upon whose shoulder we did use to lean,
Severity should judge him.

Hel. You are all gracious,
And I'll make bold to use the benefit
Of this your clemency.

Fer. (Aside.) Oh that some whirlwind would but snatch me up,
And bear me to some desert wilderness,
Where never man was known, to sunder me
So far, if not much further, from my shame!

Pet. Pray, sir, why should this beauty trouble you?
Is't one of your acquaintance?

Fer. I hope, lady, you are not jealous, are you?

Hel. Sir, look up: you are no whit like the man.

Bon. (Aside.) But she the woman,

For whom the sword thus thirsts: Is this a vision?
Or else some waking dream?
Hel. (To Pin.) And have I found thee, villain?
Think'st thou majesty
Can be protection for a common thief?
This is that base felonious impudent,
Shame to his nation, scandal to his birth,
And a disgrace unto that royal court,
In which he seems protected.
Pin. Ha! who, I?
Isab. Pineda guilty; shall we bolster theft,
And patronage dishonour?
Hel. Justice, queen;
Justice, great sir: let not this high tribunal,
So famous by that virgin sent from heaven,
That bears the sword and balance, now be tax'd
Of favour, or connivance.
Sebast. As we hope,
To be held worthy of the crown we wear,
Thou shalt not find us partial.
Isab. Hence, from us!
For till thou canst approve thine innocence,
And clear this black aspersion thrown on thee,
We here abandon thee to the severity
Of the law's rigorous censure.
Pin. You amaze me,
Nor know I what this means.
Hel. I challenge then this man for stealing from me
The fellow to this slipper.
Pin. Of which crime,
I here protest me clear: name the time when.
Hel. That night, when I became thy paramour,
Breasted thee, in these arms received thee

Into my free embraces, and imparted
The lavish store of such voluptuous sweets,
I lent with all profuseness.

Pin. I do this!
Madam, by all my favours stor'd in you,
I never look'd upon that face till now;
Nor do I know what this impostor means.

Hel. What saith my page to this?

Maid. That 'tis most false:
And, what my lady here protests for true,
That noble sir, *(pointing to Cent.)* can witness*,
as a man
To all his unjust actions accessary.

Cent. Produce me as a party? May this presence,
And awful throne, 'fore whom I stand accus'd,
Pronounce me as a man forsook and lost,
If in the least of what these two suggest,
I have the smallest knowledge.

Sebast. Both ways strange.

Pin. Bring me in censure? by that royalty,
Beneath whose grace I breathe, she is to me
As foreign as an Indian; and her cause
As far from my acquaintance: by my life,
Which ne'er before a more royal court,
Could have been call'd in question; what she is,
I know not: of what nation, birth, degree;
How, or from whence deriv'd, what continent,
Or from what place she's come; she may be Turk,
But Moor she cannot be, she is so fair:
She's strange to me, yet somewhat should I say:
To *breast* with *her!* I might as well have done it

* The quarto reads,
"That, noble sir, *I'm* witness."

With a bear, or lioness: madam, with her
I vow I never did.

Hel. Give me thy oath of that.

Pin. I can, and dare.

Cent. And I as willingly,
That I was never second to a man,
In any such false business.

Hel. Let them swear.

Isab. They shall.

Pin. We will.

Bon. This is a conflict worse
Than in the sad duel 'tween death and life,
When neither's certain: both in difficulty,
As it is now with me! I pray ha' done
That I were posted to your country! there
To finish all my travels.

Hel. Both have sworn:
And princes, as you hope to crown your heads
With that perpetual wreath which shall last ever,
Cast on a poor dejected innocent virgin
Your cries of grace and pity: what sin is't,
Or who can be the patron of such evil,
That a poor innocent maid, spotless in thought,
And pure in heart, born without spleen and gall,
That never injur'd creature, never had heart
To think of wrong, or ponder injury;
That such a one in her white innocence,
Striving to live in the peculiar compass
Of her own virtues, notwithstanding these,
Should be sought out by strangers; persecuted,
Made infamous, even there where she was made
For imitation; hiss'd at in her country,
Abandon'd of her mother, kindred, friends;
Deprav'd in foreign climes, scorn'd every where,

And even in princes' courts reputed vile:
O pity, pity this!

Sebast. Thou speak'st enigmas, woman, and hast need
To find a sphinx to explain them.

Hel. Then behold,
The strangest calling [now] impos'd on me
That e'er was laid on virgin: I am she
For whom this noble sir hath undertook,
And wrongly stands convicted; this that body
So stain'd and sullied by these barb'rous tongues,
That even in scolding lies justice; for heav'n
Hath forc'd them to swear truth: *they never saw me,*
How am I then polluted, gracious queen?
How can such find competitors in virtue,
That will not give it countenance? had those murder'd me,
(As they have kill'd my fame, and havock'd that)
A pity'd and crown'd martyr I had dy'd;
That am in censure now, a condemn'd heretic,
And mere apostate to all womanhood,
And (what I ever made my precedent)
Sincerity and goodness: Villains blush!
And, sir, outgaze their falsehood: queen be just;
Lest in the ocean of that prize you steal,
You shipwreck all your glories.

Sebast. 'Tis most strange.

Isab. We know you not,
Give us some lively instance you're the woman.

Hel. How should I know that ring to be the same
Of which my credulous maid was by these two
Cheated and robb'd, most treacherously betray'd?

That carkanet you wear, peruse it well,
Hath both my name and picture; marks sufficient
To prove me no impostor. *(Pin. and Cent. fall on their knees.)* Doth your guilt
Bow you so low already? let your penitence
There stay you, lest your sin's weight cleave the earth,
And sink you down to hell.

Bon. What prostrates them
Mounts me to expectations: my bless'd choice!
Now I have seen thy apparent innocence,
Queen I shall die contented.

Isab. Oh, till now,
I never thought to be vanquished.

Pin. Pox on that slipper!

Fer. Stand you all mute? then give me leave to speak.

Pet. Sir, what doth this concern you?

Fer. Woman, peace.

Hel. Oh, sir, you are my brother.

Fer. Strumpet hence!
Would I had never known thee: thou hast made me
A foreign scorn, and where I aim at honour
Most infamous and loath'd: this vitiated beauty,
Even by her own confession late deflower'd,
I beg from this most sacred majesty,
To see severely chastis'd: being English
To have that English shame and punishment,
Due to the like offenders.

Sebast. She stands clear'd
By her accusers' silence.

Fer. This may be
A mere confederacy, but to my fears

At all no satisfaction; her own tongue
Hath publish'd her a mechall prostitute*,
And that is my first truth.

Val. I pray, sir,
What is this matchless beauty unto you,
Being already in yourself engag'd
To this fair creature, that this stranger's case
Should any way be yours?

Fer. Spain's admiration,
And wonder of a friend! I dare to you
Be plain and serious: to all others' ears I
Wish my words lock'd in silence: Oh, with shame
And infamy I speak it, desiring heaven
'T might be my last of speech, this thing polluted,
This (would I had ought else to style her by)
But needs out, out it must, she is my——my sister.

Val. Flesh and blood?

Fer. The same; oh me! the same, my natural sister.

Val. Father and mother?

Fer. So.

Val. You are not honest,
And now no more my friend: I do begin
To doubt you, nay, most heinously suspect you,
I scarce can think you a true moral man,

* "*A mechall prostitute.*" It seems evident, that *mechall* is here used to aggravate her guilt; as I knew of no explanation or authority for the word, I was at first inclined to think that the French adjective "*mechante*" might be meant; but, as Hellena was *contracted*, though not *married*, I believe "*mæchall*," from the Latin "*mæchá*," an adultress, is the true reading; and though the word may have been of our poet's coinage, it certainly bears both a strong and an apposite sense.

Much less religious: Ferrers, before these,
This royal bench, either confess thee mad,
Desperate, and quite given o'er to calumny,
Or in behalf of this (I know not who)
I challenge thee the combat.

Fer. Oh, you are mine,
And I vowed ever yours.

Val. Come, no such thing,
Either pronounce this lady innocent,
Or I denounce thee miscreant.

Man. Though I have stood
In silence all this while, yet in this cause
I, I myself am tax'd. and to approve
This lady's beauty, virtue, chastity,
I'll be the Spaniard's second.

Bon. I am wrong'd,
And thou hast don't: try both, I should be first;
But be thou what thou canst be, he or thou,
So freely hath this lady shew'd herself
Mine (so I now dare term her that, in spite
Of spleen, or envy's opposition)
It is a thing I do desire to embrace
And meet in violent lightnings; and then
I speak it, she is mine; and this encounter
Concerns me, only me; who intercepts me
Is guilty of my challenge, his own death,
Her injury, and my most just revenge.

Fer. Pray let's talk mildly:
And first to you, to whom my soul's engag'd,
Why should you hazard such a precious life
For one by her own language stands condemn'd?

Val. Because she is thy sister; and so well
I love thy merit, that no new impression
Can sink in me that any of thy line

Can ever stand polluted: I have found thee
In all thy deeds so noble——
Fer. Oh, you have moulded her
In me anew: and from* your confirmation,
I do receive her perfect, as the woman,
Whose acts are laws, whose sayings oracles;
And she was never truly mine, till now,
So I receive her from you. *(To Man.)* But,
I pray,
What might you be of whom I have deserv'd
So ill to make you my antagonist?
Val. Or why to me, to be so dear a friend
As to become my second? since your face
I never saw till now.
Man. Not Manhurst?
[*Throws off his disguise.*
Fer. Friend!
Man. Oh, sir, you were my ransom.
Bon. I am wrapt!
Spain shew thy justice now; where, or from whence
Canst thou desire so rare a precedent:
Wouldst thou see beauty? look upon that face:
Or virtue? here, see thy true innocence;
Valour in him, true nobleness in them all:
And happy them, that naked of all these,
Hath sent thee hither foreign precedents,
For instruction and example.
Isab. Now I yield;
And till now never: hence, base sycophants,
I shall abjure you ever; flattering glasses,
That gave me a false face: but in this crystal,
I now behold me truly; you are she

* The quarto reads "*friend.*"

By whom I'll henceforth dress me, and not wear
No part*, of which you are not precedent;
Be ever mine: next her, you that have travell'd
To fetch me o'er this mirror, which I'll casket,
As my best jewel; I now find myself,
That to myself, was till this day unknown:
I have transgress'd in that I sought to fleece
So pure a diamond.

Sebast. Come, we'll end all this:
First, lady, we'll acquit your jealousy,
She is his sister: Ferrers, we shall rank you
In as high grace, as you are in his love:
Nor have you, Manhurst, least express'd yourself,
In gratitude to him, friendship to both:
You, Bonavida, we restore; you stand
In the eye of our preferment: you we admire:
And thus conclude: two nations have contended
For breast and face†, in you both these are ended.

[*Exeunt.*

* The quarto reads, "*no hurt.*" The emendation I have ventured on is not the most satisfactory.

† "*For breast and face,*" *i. e.* I believe, *courage and beauty.*

THE

EPILOGUE.

In battles some men fall, others again,
Come off with honour'd scars, wounded, not slain;
In shipwrecks some sink, and are seen no more,
Others on masts, and planks, attain the shore;
'Tis so 'twixt us and you; your smile or frown,
Can save, or spill, to make us swim, or drown.

FINIS.

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